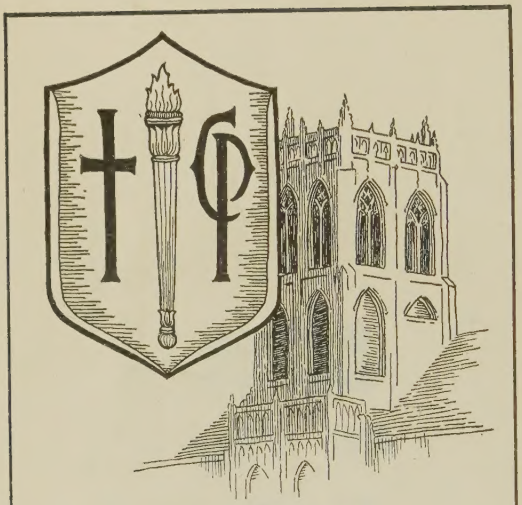

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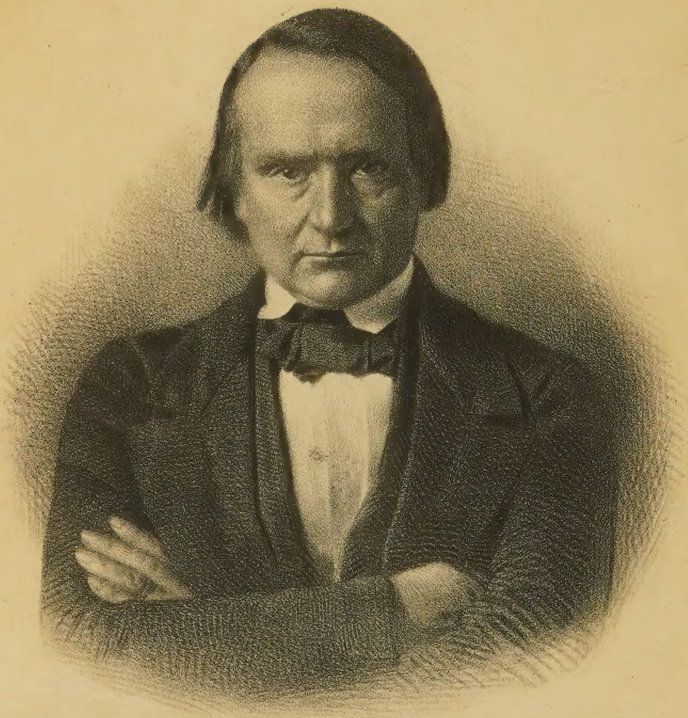

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Portrait of Victor Hugo—as Representative of the People in 1848.

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INTERNATIONAL LIMITED EDITION

THE

HISTORY OF A CRIME

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE

BY VICTOR HUGO

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

PUBLISHERS

INTERNATIONAL LIMITED EDITION.

Limited to One Thousand Copies.

No. 471

COLLEGE OF
THE PACIFIC
1915

TYPOGRAPHY, ELECTROTYPING, AND PRINTING BY JOHN WILSON AND SON, UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.

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THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.

The Fourth Day.

THE VICTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEEDS OF A NIGHT. — RUE TIQUETONNE.

JUST as Mathieu (de la Drôme) said, "You are under King Bomba," Charles Gambon entered the room. He threw himself into a chair, and muttered, "It is too horrible."

Bancel followed him. "We were coming along," said he. "Gambon managed to take shelter in a doorway. Before The Barbadian alone we counted thirty-seven bodies."

But what does this mean? What was the object of this terrible massacre which seemed to take place by chance? No one could understand it. The butchery was a perfect riddle. We were in the cave of the Sphinx.

Labrousse came in next. He impressed upon us the necessity of at once leaving the house of M. Dupin White, which was upon the point of being surrounded. In a few minutes the Rue Monthabor, which is generally a lonely street, was filled with suspicious-looking per-

sons. These men seemed to be attentively observing No. 11. Some of these men, who appeared to know each other, belonged to the former "Club of Clubs," which, thanks to the manœuvres of the reactionary party, had a vague odour of the police. It became necessary to fly.

Labrousse said to us, "I have seen Longepied hanging about here."

We separated; each of us went alone his own way. We did not know when we should see each other again, or even if we should do so.

What was going to happen, and what was to become of us? We knew not; we breathed a perfect atmosphere of terror.

I went towards the boulevards, being anxious to see what was going on.

What was going on I am about to tell you. Bancel and Versigny had joined me. As I was leaving the boulevard, entangled in a whirlwind of terrified fugitives, and hardly knowing where I was going, but making for Central Paris, a voice suddenly struck upon my ear. "There is something that you ought to see." I recognized the voice; it was the voice of E. P——. E. P—— is a dramatic author, a man of talent, whom, under Louis Philippe, I had managed to get exempted from military service. I had not met him for four or five years, and now I came across him in all this tumult. He spoke to me as if we had only met yesterday. Such are the effects of panic; we have no time to obey the rules of society. We speak as if all the world was in terror, as we were.

"Ah," cried I, "is it you? What do you want me for?"

"I live in a house over there," answered he. "Come."

He drew me down a narrow street. I heard the sound of firing. At the bottom of the street I could see a

ruined barricade. As I said before, Bancel and Versigny were with me. E. P—— turned towards them.

"These gentlemen may come," said he.

"What is this street?" asked I.

"The Rue Tiquetonne. Come with me."

We followed him. I have told this tragical story elsewhere.[1]

E. P—— stopped before a tall black house. He pushed open a door which was unclosed, then a second door, and we went into a low room lighted by a lamp.

This room seemed to be at the back of a shop. At the end of it we saw two beds, side by side, a large and a small one; above the small one was a portrait, and above the other a branch of palm. The lamp was placed upon the mantel-piece, and a small fire was burning in the fire-place. Near the lamp was a chair, and in it an old woman was seated, bent, and leaning over something which she was holding in her arms. I came near her: what she held in her arms was a dead child. The poor woman was sobbing silently.

E. P——, who resided in the house, touched her on the shoulder and said, "Let them see it."

The old woman raised her head, and I saw on her knees a little boy very pale, and half undressed, very pretty, with two bleeding wounds in his forehead.

The old woman looked at me, but evidently she did not see me, and she muttered as though she were speaking to herself. "And to think," muttered she, "that he called me 'good mama,' this morning."

E. P—— took the little one's hand in his, but it fell back again.

"Seven years old," whispered he to me.

There was a basin on the floor in which they had been washing the child's face; little drops of blood kept

[1] In "The Punishment."

oozing from the wounds in its face. At the other end of the room was an open cupboard in which linen could be seen, and by it was a woman of some forty years of age, calm, poor, and clean, but still very good-looking.

"One of the neighbours," remarked E. P——.

He then explained to me that the doctor had gone downstairs saying, "There is nothing to be done." The child had been struck twice in the head whilst it was crossing the road in an effort to save itself. It had been brought home to its grandmother, who had no one else in the world but it. It was the portrait of the mother that hung over the little bed.

The child had its eyes half opened, filled with that strange far-away look, in which the real is replaced by the imaginative. The poor old grandmother kept muttering in the midst of her sobs: "Ah, can there be a God? What an idea, the villains!" Then she exclaimed: "Is this what they call a Government?"

"It is," said I.

We finished undressing the child. There was a top in its pocket. Its head fell from one shoulder to the other. I held it steady, and kissed the child's forehead. Bancel and Versigny took off the socks. Suddenly the grandmother made an abrupt movement. "Do not hurt him," said she, and she took the two poor little white feet in her hands and tried to warm them. When the little corpse was bare, the neighbour took out of the cupboard a sheet in which to wrap it; then it was that the grandmother burst into a terrible access of excitement. "Give it to me!" cried she, and then went on raving in a terrible manner, and mixed up Bonaparte and God and her little one, the school to which it had gone, her daughter whom she had lost, and even abusing us. She was pale and haggard, having a dreamy look in her eyes, and looking more like a ghost than her poor dead grandchild.

Then she again placed her head between her hands, and recommenced her sobs.

The woman, who was looking on, came up to me, and without saying a word, wiped my lips with her handkerchief. There was blood upon it, for I had almost bitten them through. What could we do? Alas! there was nothing to be done, and we left the house overcome with anguish.

Night had come on, and Bancel and Versigny left me.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARKET DISTRICT.

I RETURNED to my temporary asylum, No. 19, Rue Richelieu. The massacre seemed to be over as I heard no more firing. I hesitated for a moment as I knocked at the door of No. 19. There was a man there, who seemed to be waiting for me. I walked straight up to him and said: "You seem to be waiting for some one."

"Yes," answered he.

"For whom?" asked I.

"For you:" then lowering his voice, he added, "I came to speak to you."

I looked at him attentively; he was under a lamp and did not seem to shun the light. He was a young man with a fair beard, dressed in a blue blouse; he had the calm expression of a deep thinker, and the powerful hands of a working-man.

"Who are you?" asked I.

"I belong to the Association of Last-makers," replied he. "And I know you very well, Citizen Victor Hugo."

"From whom do you come?" continued I.

"From Citizen King."

"Very good," said I.

Then he gave me his name, but as he has survived the dangers of that night, and up to this time has escaped being denounced, it will be easily understood that

we refrain from giving his name, and shall speak of him in the future as the last-maker.[1]

"What have you to tell me?" asked I.

He explained to me that matters were not entirely at the worst; that he and his friends were determined to continue their resistance; that the meeting-place of the Trades Unions had not yet been fixed upon, but that they would be so in the course of the evening; that my presence was urgently required, and that if I would be in the Arcade Colbert at nine o'clock, he and another would meet me and take me to the appointed spot, accosting me with the password, "What is Joseph doing?"

I do not know if he fancied that he saw in me an expression of doubt or distrust, but he interrupted himself, and said suddenly: "However, you are not obliged to believe me. One cannot think of everything, and I ought to have brought you a note. At a time like this one distrusts everybody."

"On the contrary," replied I. "We trust every one. At nine o'clock I shall be at the Arcade Colbert," and with these words I left him.

I returned to my hiding-place. I was wearied out and hungry. I had recourse to some chocolate which Charamaule had given me and a piece of the bread which still remained. I threw myself into an arm-chair and ate and dozed. I had nightmare. I dreamt of the dead child and the gory wounds in its forehead, which like two open mouths seemed to say, the one "Morny," and the other "Saint Arnaud." But dreams have no place in history, and so I will say no more on the subject. I woke up suddenly with a start. "I hope," thought I, "that it is not yet nine o'clock." I had forgotten to wind up my watch, and it had stopped.

[1] To-day, however, after the lapse of twenty-six years, we may give the name of this faithful and courageous man; it was Galoy.

I left the house hastily. There was not a soul in the street, and the shops were all closed. In the Place Louvais I heard a clock strike. It was most likely the clock of Saint Roch. I listened, and counted nine. In a few minutes I reached the Arcade Colbert. I peered into the darkness; there was no one in the arcade. I felt that it was impossible to remain there with the appearance of waiting for some one. Close to the Arcade Colbert there was a police-station, and the patrols were passing very frequently. I therefore turned into the street. I met no one, and went as far as the Rue Vivienne, where a man was standing before a placard, reading it, or perhaps waiting for an opportunity to tear it down. On my approach he turned and fled suddenly, doubtless taking me for a detective. I retraced my steps. Upon again reaching the Arcade Colbert, just where they put up the bills of the play, a working-man passed me and said rapidly, "What is Joseph doing?"

I recognized the last-maker.

"Come," said he to me.

We started at once without speaking or without having the air of even knowing each other, he walking a little in advance. We went first to two houses, the position of which I dare not indicate for fear of consequences. At these two addresses we could gain no information, as no one had been there on the part of the Trades Unions.

"Let us go to the third spot," said the last-maker; and then he explained to me that those different places had been appointed so that in case of police interference there might be no difficulty in gaining intelligence.

We were now in the district of the Markets; there had been fighting going on there all day and there was not a lamp left in the streets. We halted every now and again and listened, so as not to rush into the arms of the

patrol. We climbed over a palisade of planks which was almost entirely destroyed, and which had been used to make the barricade with, and we passed through all the alterations and improvements which were then going on at the lower ends of the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Montorgueil. On the pinnacles of the lofty dismantled gables could be seen the reflection of a red glare which most likely came from the bivouacs of the troops encamped near the Markets. This light assisted us in finding our way, though the last-maker narrowly escaped falling into a deep hole, which was the cellar of a demolished house. When we left these spaces of open ground covered with ruins, we perceived here and there some trees, the relics of former gardens long since passed away. Passing these, we came into a number of narrow winding streets entirely dark, through which, however, the last-maker walked with the most perfect confidence, as if it was full daylight. Once he turned round to me and said, —

" The whole of this district is barricaded; and if our friends turn out, as I hope they will, you will find that this part of the town will be thoroughly well defended."

He came to a sudden halt. " Here is one," said he.

We were, in fact, some seven or eight paces from a barricade of paving-stones, not much above a man's height, and which in the darkness looked like a ruined wall. There was a narrow opening at one end of it through which we passed, but found no one behind the barricade.

" There has already been fighting here," murmured the last-maker, in a low voice. " We are getting near them now."

The tearing up the paving-stones had left many holes which it was necessary to avoid. However dense the darkness, there was always a strange kind of light floating about. Right in front of us on the pavement

we saw something that looked like a human body stretched out at full length. "The deuce!" whispered my guide. We were almost treading upon it; and taking a wax match from his pocket, he rubbed it on his sleeve. It lighted, and its ray fell upon a pallid face that seemed to stare at us with its fixed eyes. It was a corpse that was lying there,—the corpse of an old man. The last-maker hastily passed the light along it from the head to the feet. The arms were extended on each side, the white hair was stained a dull crimson at the ends, a huge black patch on the waistcoat marked the spot where the bullet had pierced the breast; one of the braces was unfastened, and there were heavy laced boots on the feet. The last-maker lifted one of the arms. "The shoulder is broken," remarked he.

This movement made the head stir, and the open mouth turned towards us as if it was about to say something. I looked at the apparition, I almost listened for the words, when it suddenly disappeared. The figure vanished in the gloom. The match had just gone out.

Still we kept advancing. From the cellars to the roofs, and from the ground-floors to the garrets, there was not a light in the houses. It seemed as if we were marching through some vast funereal vault.

A strong sonorous voice suddenly issued from this gloom. "Who goes there?" it cried.

"Ah," cried the last-maker, "there they are;" and he began to whistle in a certain manner.

"Come on," said the voice.

Yet another barricade. This one was higher than the other, and separated from it by a distance of about one hundred paces. As far as I could distinguish, it appeared to have been built of barrels full of paving-stones. The wheels of a truck that had been built into it showed

themselves on the top. A still narrower entrance than in the other barricade had been left open.

"Citizens," asked the last-maker, entering, "how many are there here?"

The same voice that had challenged us replied: "There are two of us."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

There were in reality only two men, who in the darkness of the night, in a lonely street, sheltered only by a mass of paving-stones, awaited the attack of perhaps a regiment. They were working-men dressed in blouses, a gun on their shoulders, and a few cartridges in their pockets.

"What!" cried the last-maker, with an air of impatience, "the friends have not come yet?"

"Then let us wait for them," said I.

The last-maker spoke for some time to the men in a low voice, and probably told them who I was, for they came up to me, and with a rough bow said, —

"Citizen Representative, there will be hot work here presently."

"And in the mean time," said I, with a smile, "I am feeling very cold."

It really was cold. The pavement had been entirely torn up, the road was a mass of mud, and the water was up to our ankles.

"I tell you," repeated the man, "there will be warm work here, and you had better get further away."

The last-maker placed his hand on the man's shoulder. "Comrade," said he. "We must remain here. It is here in the ambulance that the place of meeting has been fixed."

"That is all right," replied the other man, who was excessively short; "but for all that, the Citizen Representative would do well to go."

"I can very well remain where you do," answered I.

The night was quite dark, and not a vestige of sky was to be seen. Inside the barricade on the left, where the entrance had been left, there was a high partition made of roughly joined planks, through which a dim light occasionally shone. Above this towered a tall house of five or six floors, the summit of which was lost in the darkness. A ray of light which gleamed through the planks fell upon the opposite wall and lighted up an old torn bill, upon which could be read, "Asnières. Water Tournaments — Grand Ball."

"Have you another gun?" asked the last-maker of the taller of the two men.

"If we had had three guns there would have been three men here," replied he.

"Do you think that the will is wanting?" asked the other one. "There are plenty of musicians, but we have no clarionets."

In the side of the partition a low narrow door could be seen, which had more the air of an entrance to a stall than to a shop. The shop to which this door belonged was hermetically closed, and the door seemed to be equally securely fastened. The last-maker went up to it and pushed it; it yielded to his touch.

"Let us go in," said he.

I went in first, he followed and shut the door behind him. We were in a low room; at the other end of it a half-opened door allowed a ray of light to escape. The last-maker walked rapidly towards it, I did the same, and we found ourselves in a kind of large gallery, lighted by a single candle. We were on the other side of the plank partition, which was all that intervened between us and the barricade. This gallery was the ground-floor of a house in process of demolition. Its iron columns, painted red and let into blocks of stone,

held up at equal distances beams of the ceiling. In a corner there were a number of masons' tools, a heap of mortar, and a long double ladder. A few rush-bottomed chairs were placed here and there, and the damp earth formed the only floor. By the side of a table upon which the candle stood, amidst a quantity of medicine bottles, was seated an old woman, whilst a girl of about eight years of age stood by her side, and, stooping over a large basket of linen rags, was engaged in making lint. At the bottom of the room, which was lost in the shadow, was a quantity of loose straw upon which three mattresses were laid. An occasional groan came from this direction.

"It is our hospital," said the last-maker.

The old woman turned her head, and catching a glimpse of us, gave a convulsive start; but reassured by the sight of the last-maker's blouse, she rose from her seat and came towards us. The last-maker whispered a few words in her ear, and she replied, —

"I have seen no one, and what makes me most uneasy is that my husband has not yet come in, and there has been firing going on all the evening."

Two men were lying upon two of the mattresses; the other one was empty, and was waiting for its occupant. The wounded man who was nearest to us had received a grape-shot in the stomach; it was he who was groaning. The old woman went close to him with the candle in her hand, and whispered to us, —

"If you could see what a hole! We put in a piece of lint as big as this," and she showed us her closed fist. "He is only twenty-five," she continued; "and he will be dead to-morrow morning."

The other one was much younger, — scarcely eighteen.

"He had on a nice black great-coat," said the old woman "I expect he was a student."

This young man had all the lower part of his face swathed in bandages of bloodstained linen. The man explained that he had received a ball in the mouth that had broken his jaw. He was in a high state of fever, and looked at us with eyes full of brilliancy. Every now and then he stretched out his arm to a basin full of water, in which was a sponge, with which he moistened the bandages. I fancied that he looked steadily at me, and going up to him, I held out my hand, which he took.

"Do you know me?" asked I.

He answered "Yes" by a clasp of the hand which went to my heart.

The last-maker came up to me and said, "Wait here a little for me. I am going about to see if I can't get a gun. I shall be back presently. Do you want one for yourself?"

"No," replied I, "I will remain here unarmed. I only go half-way in this civil war. I am willing to die, but not to kill."

I asked him if he thought that his friends were coming, and he replied that he could not understand the matter at all; that they ought to have been here long ago; that instead of only two men at the barricade there ought to have been twenty; and that in place of two barricades there should have been ten.

"At any rate," added he, "I will go and see what is the matter; promise to wait here for me."

"I promise," said I, "and I will wait all night for you, if necessary."

He left me. The old woman had resumed her seat near the little girl, who seemed not to understand what was going on around her, and raised her great calm eyes to mine. Both were very poorly clad, and the child seemed to have no stockings on.

" My man has not come back," said the old woman; " my poor man has not come back. Pray Heaven that no harm has happened to him."

With this appeal to Heaven, which seemed to pierce my heart, she went on scraping lint and weeping quietly. I could not help thinking with a feeling of anguish of the old man whose body we had seen stretched on the ground a few yards off.

On the table was a newspaper. I took it up and unfolded it. It was the " P——," the rest of the title had been torn away, and it was marked with the print of bloodstained fingers. A wounded man had probably placed his hand on it when he came in. These lines caught my eyes, —

"M. Victor Hugo has just sent out an appeal to Murder and Pillage."

It was in these terms that a paper devoted to the interests of the Elysée spoke of the proclamation which I had dictated to Baudin, and can be read at the commencement of this book. As I replaced the newspaper on the table, one of the defenders of the barricade came in; it was the smaller one of the two.

" A glass of water," said he.

There was a water-bottle standing amongst the medicine phials; he filled a tumbler, and drank greedily. He had in his hand a piece of bread which he was eating.

All at once we heard several successive detonations which seemed not far off. In the silence of the night it resembled the sound of the contents of a cart-load of wood being thrown down on the pavement.

The calm grave voice of the other man was heard outside. " It has begun," said he.

" Have I time to finish my bread? " asked the smaller one.

"Yes," answered the other.

The little man turned to me. "Citizen Representative," said he, "that is the firing of the troops; they are attacking the barricades over there. Really, you must get away from here."

"But you will remain, will you not?" asked I.

"We are armed," returned he, "and you are not. It is no good your getting killed for nothing. If you had a gun I would not say a word, but you have nothing. You had better go."

"I cannot," answered I; "I am waiting for some one."

He pressed me further.

"Let me do as I like," said I.

He understood that it was my duty to remain, and said no more. There was a moment of silence, and he went on gnawing his bread. The only sound that broke the silence was the groans of the wounded. Just then we heard a dull heavy sound.

The old woman started from her chair murmuring, "It is a cannon."

"No," replied the little man, "it is some large door being closed. There, I have eaten my bread;" and clapping one hand against the other he left the room.

The reports however continued, and seemed to draw nearer. A slight noise was heard outside, and the last-maker came in. He was very pale.

"Here I am," said he, "I have come back for you. We must be getting home. Come at once."

I rose from the chair in which I had seated myself. "What does this mean?" asked I. "Will they not come?"

"No," said he, "no one will come; it is all over."

Then he hurriedly explained to me that he had been all over the neighbourhood to try and get a gun, but in vain; that he had spoken to two or three of his com-

rades, but they would not turn out. What had taken place during the day had frightened them, and the bravest hearts were struck with terror that the boulevards were strewn with dead bodies and that the troops had committed atrocities. That this barricade was going to be attacked, and that on his way he had heard the sound of troops marching at the cross-roads; that there was nothing further for us to do; that the house had been badly chosen as there was no back exit; that even now we might have trouble in getting away by the street and that there was no time to lose. All this was uttered hurriedly and every now and then interrupted by the exclamation "And I have no weapons. To think that I have n't a gun!"

As he finished speaking, we heard from the barricade the cry of "Attention!" and immediately afterwards a shot was fired. A volley replied to it. Several bullets struck the side of the temporary hospital, but they were fired in too slanting a direction for them to penetrate. We heard several broken panes of glass fall with a ringing sound into the street below.

"There is no time to escape now," said the last-maker, "the barricade is being attacked."

He took a chair and seated himself. The two workingmen were excellent shots. A heavy fire was kept up on the barricade, to which the defenders replied with vivacity. Then the firing died away and there was a silence.

"They are coming to the bayonet; I can hear them at the double," exclaimed a voice from behind the barricade.

Another voice answered, "Let us be off, then."

A last shot was fired, then a heavy shock, which we took for a warning, made our wall of planks tremble. It was in reality one of the workmen who had thrown away his gun before he retired, and which in falling had struck against the partition. We heard the rapid

footsteps of the defenders as they fled down the street. Almost immediately a tumult of voices and the ringing of the butt-ends of muskets on the pavement filled the barricade.

"It is all over," remarked the last-maker, as he blew out the candle.

To the dead silence which had filled the street, a tumult of sinister sounds now succeeded. The soldiers beat against the door with the butt-ends of their muskets, and it was a perfect miracle that the door of the shop escaped their notice. Had they touched it in the slightest manner, they would have seen that it was not closed, and would have come in.

A voice, which was evidently that of an officer, exclaimed, "Light up the windows!"

The soldiers were swearing; we could hear them say, "Where are these Red Republican hounds? Search the houses!"

The temporary hospital was plunged in the deepest obscurity. Not a word was spoken; we barely breathed. The dying man, as if he understood the danger, ceased to groan. I felt the little girl creeping up to my knee.

A soldier kicked the barrels. "Here is something to make a fire with to-night," said he.

"Where can they have got to?" asked another; "there were at least thirty of them. Let us search the houses."

Another soldier opposed this. "Pooh!" said he. "What can we do on a dark night like this. There is a lot of ground about here that has not been built over; they have got off that way."

"Never mind," said a fourth, "let us search the houses."

At that moment a shot was fired at the other end of the street. That shot saved us. It was probably fired by one of the working-men to draw attention from us.

"That comes from down there!" cried the soldiers. "They must be in that direction;" and all rushing in the direction of the shot, they left the barricade and ran down the street. The last-maker and I got up.

"They have all gone," whispered he. "Quick, let us be off!"

"But this poor woman," replied I; "we cannot leave her here."

"Oh," exclaimed she, "don't be alarmed. I have nothing to fear. I belong to the ambulance, and have wounded men here. I shall re-light my candle as soon as you have gone; but what is fretting me is, that my man has not come in yet."

We crossed the shop on tiptoe. The last-maker half opened the door, and peeped out into the street. Some of the inhabitants of the houses had obeyed the order to light up the windows, and four or five candles stood in the casements with their flames flickering in the air.

"No one about," said the last-maker, "but be quick, for they may return."

We went out. The old woman closed the door behind us, and in an instant we were in the street. We clambered over the barricade and hurried away. We passed by the dead body of the old man, which was still prostrate on the pavement, whilst the light from the candles played fitfully over his features. As we reached the second barricade we heard the tramp of the retiring soldiers.

We managed to reach the unbuilt-on ground. There we were in safety, though we could still hear the sound of musketry.

The last-maker said, "They are fighting over by the Rue de Cléry."

After leaving the site of the alterations, we went round by the Markets, not without great risk of falling

into the hands of the patrols; then making a wide circuit, and by going through unfrequented streets, we reached the Rue Saint Honoré. At the corner of the Rue de l'Arbresec we parted company,— for as he said, "two run more danger than one," — and at last I reached my asylum, No. 19, Rue Richelieu. As we passed the Rue Bourdonnais we saw the bivouac in the Place Saint Eustache. The troops who had gone out to attack the barricades had not yet returned, and only a few companies were left as a guard. We heard bursts of merriment. The men were warming themselves in front of several large fires. Burning in one of them we saw several carriage wheels which had formed part of a barricade; in some cases only the red-hot tire remained.

CHAPTER III.

THE PETIT CARREAU.

ON that same night, almost at the same time, and not very far distant, a terrible deed was done. After the capture of the barricade where Pierre Tissié had been killed, seventy or eighty of the defenders retreated in good order by the Rue Saint Sauveur. They reached the Rue Montorgueil, and mustered at the junction of the Rue du Petit Carreau and the Rue du Cadran. Just there the street rises, and at the point where the Rue du Petit Carreau cuts the Rue de Cléry there was a deserted barricade of fair height and well built. It had been erected in the morning, and the soldiers, having stormed it, had not demolished it. Why had they not done so? There were many riddles of a similar kind left unsolved on that day.

The armed party which came from the Rue Saint Denis halted here and waited, much surprised at not having been pursued. Had the troops feared becoming entangled in a maze of narrow streets, each angle of which might conceal an ambush? Or had orders to the contrary been given? There were many opinions on this subject. On all sides of them, but especially on the boulevard, there was the rattle of musketry, and an artillery fire which seemed like a sustained peal of thunder. Having no more ammunition, they could do nothing but listen. Had they known what was going on there they would have understood why it was that they were not

pursued. It was the butchery on the boulevard that was beginning, and the generals employed in the massacre had removed the battle thither. The fugitives from the boulevard passed in, but as soon as they saw the barricade they turned back again. Some, however joined them, shouting for revenge. One who lived in the neighbourhood ran to his house and brought out a little tin barrel filled with cartridges. This was sufficient for an hour's fighting, and they began to build a barricade at the corner of the Rue du Cadran. By this, the Rue du Petit Carreau was closed by two barricades, — one at the Rue de Cléry, the other at the corner of the Rue du Cadran, commanding the whole of the Rue Montorgueil. They were between two barricades, as if in a citadel. The second barricade was stronger than the first one. The defenders were nearly all well-dressed men; some of those who were tearing up the paving-stones had gloves on. There were a few working-men amongst them, but these were all active and intelligent. They were what might be termed the pick of the crowd. Jeanty Sarre had rejoined them, and was at once elected their chief. Charpentier was with him, too brave to leave them, but too much of a dreamer to command them.

Two barricades, closing in the same manner some forty yards of the Rue Montorgueil, had been constructed at the upper end of the Rue Mauconseil. Three other barricades, but very weak ones, again cut the Rue Montorgueil in the space which separates the Rue Mauconseil from the Pointe Saint Eustache.

Evening was coming on. The firing on the boulevard had died away, and a surprise might be expected. They established an outpost at the corner of the Rue du Cadran, and sent a strong guard in the direction of the Rue Montmartre. The scouts came back with some in-

formation. A regiment seemed to be making preparations for a bivouac in the Place des Victoires.

This position, though strong in appearance, was not so in reality. They had not sufficient numbers to defend at once the barricades in the Rue de Cléry and the Rue Montorgueil, and troops could take them in the rear, covered by the second barricade, and come upon them without being seen themselves. This determined them in placing a guard in the Rue de Cléry, and so putting themselves in communication with the barricades of the Rue du Cadran and with the two barricades in the Rue Mauconseil. These two barricades were not separated from each other by more than a hundred and fifty paces. They were more than six feet high, and were strongly built, but were only guarded by the six men who had erected them.

About half-past four, in the dusk, — for the dusk comes early in December, — Jeanty Sarre took four men with him and went out scouting. He had been thinking of throwing up a small barricade in one of the adjoining streets. On his way he came across a deserted one which had been made with barrels; but the barrels were empty with the exception of one that was filled with paving-stones, and would stand against any rough usage. As they were leaving this barricade they were received by a brisk discharge of musketry. A company of infantry, scarcely visible in the dim light, had crept up quite close to them. They fired promptly in return, but one of their number, a shoemaker of the Faubourg du Temple, was struck, and fell on the pavement. They came back and carried him off. The thumb of his right hand was shattered.

"Thank heaven," said Jeanty Sarre, "they have not killed you."

"No," said the poor man, "it is my bread that they

have killed. I shall be able to work no longer. Who will feed my poor children?"

They came back carrying the wounded man. One of the defenders of the barricade, a medical student, bandaged it for him.

The outposts which had been posted all round, and which had been selected from the most trustworthy members of the garrison, weakened and destroyed the little central troop. There were hardly thirty men at the main barricade.

There, as in the Temple district, all the lamps had been extinguished, and the gas-pipes cut. All the windows were closed and dark; there was no moon, not even a star, and the night was inky black.

Far away the dropping fire of musketry could be heard. The troops were skirmishing about Saint Eustache, and every three minutes or so sent a bullet in the direction of the barricade, as though to say, "Here I am."

For all that, however, the men at the barricade did not expect to be attacked before morning. One heard scraps of conversation like this amongst the defenders: —

"I should like a truss of straw," remarked Charpentier. "I expect that we shall sleep here to-night."

"Do you think that you could sleep?" asked Jeanty Sarre.

"Certainly I could," and a few minutes later he was in the land of dreams.

In this gloomy network of little streets, cut up by barricades, and blocked in by troops, the shops of two sellers of wine had remained open. There was more lint scraped than wine drunk, for, by order of the chief, only water just reddened with wine was drunk. The door of one of these wine shops opened exactly between

the two barricades in the Rue du Petit Carreau. There was a clock over the door by which they regulated the hours for mounting guard. Two suspicious-looking individuals who had managed to insinuate themselves amongst the defenders were locked up in the back shop. One of these men when he was arrested had said, "I have come to fight for Henry V." They were kept under lock and key, with a sentry at the door. An hospital had been established in an adjoining room. It was there that the wounded shoemaker had been placed on a mattress.

They had formed another emergency hospital in the Rue du Cadran, which had been placed at the side of the corner of the barricade, so that the wounded could be carried there easily.

About half-past nine o'clock a man came up to the barricade. Jeanty Sarre recognized him.

"Good-evening, Denis," said he.

"Call me Gaston," said the new-comer.

"Why should I?"

"Because —"

"Are you your brother?"

"Yes, for this evening I am."

"Very good; how do you do, Gaston?"

They shook hands.

The new-comer was Denis Dussoubs.

He was calm, but pale and stained with blood. He had been fighting in the morning. At the barricade of the Faubourg Saint Martin a bullet had grazed his chest, and had glanced off over some money which he had in his waistcoat pocket, and only just rased the skin. It was like a first stroke from the claws of death. He wore a cap, for he had left his hat behind in the barricade, and he had replaced by a great-coat which he had bought at a second-hand dealer's the good cloth coat that had been pierced by the bullet.

How had he contrived to reach the barricade Du Petit Carreau? He was quite unable to say; he had walked straight on ahead, and had slipped along quickly from street to street. Fatality leads its predestined victims to their bourne in the shades of night.

At the moment he entered the barricade he had been challenged with the cry of "Who goes there?" He had answered, "The Republic." When, however, they saw Jeanty Sarre shake hands with him, they asked "Who is he?"

"Somebody," answered he, adding; "we were only sixty just now, but we are a hundred strong at present."

All crowded round the new-comer, Jeanty Sarre offered to resign the command to him.

"No," was his reply. "I don't understand barricade duty, I should be a bad general, but I shall make an excellent soldier. Give me a musket."

They sat down on the pavement and exchanged their items of news. Denis narrated the fighting of the Faubourg Saint Martin, and Jeanty Sarre that of Rue Saint Denis.

During this time the generals of divisions were preparing for a last and decisive attack. There was no other spot in Paris where resistance was still offered. This nest of barricades, this network of streets, loop-holed like a fort, was the last citadel which Right and the People had as an asylum. The generals invested it slowly, step by step, and on all sides. They concentrated their forces on it. The defenders of the barricade did not know what was going on at that fatal time. Only every now and then they interrupted their exchange of intelligence and listened. From the right, from the left, from all sides at once, a crisp clear sound, growing more distinct every moment, broke upon their ears; it was the battalions marching inwards, and charging at

the command of the bugles through the neighbouring streets. Then again they would gallantly resume their conversation, and relapsing into silence, would again listen to this ill-omened strain,— the song of the coming death.

There were some who still thought that they would not be attacked until the next day in the early morning. A night attack is so rare in street-fighting, for there is more risk in it than in any other kind of fighting. Few generals will venture upon it. But the veterans of the barricade were not to be deceived; they had noticed certain signs, and believed in an immediate assault.

At half-past ten in the evening, and not at eight o'clock, as General Magnan in that contemptible document which he calls a report declares, a sudden move was made by the troops in the direction of the Markets. Colonel Lourmel was determined to attack at once. The 51st of the Line who had taken up a position at Saint Eustache, entered the Rue Montorgueil. The second battalion formed the advanced guard. The grenadiers and the light companies rapidly carried the three small barricades, which were, we may say, beyond the shelter of the Rue Mauconseil, and the weakly defended barricades of the neighbouring streets. Then it was that the one near which I had taken up my position was carried. From the barricade Du Petit Carreau they could hear the night attack approaching through the darkness with intermittent uproar. There were loud shouts, heavy firing, a deep silence, and then all would begin again. The flash of the volleys lighted up for a second the points of the houses with a ghastly glare.

The decisive moment had arrived. The outposts had fallen back on the barricade, and the advanced picket in the Rue de Cléry and the Rue du Cadran had retired. They counted their numbers, — not a man was wanting at his post.

As I have said, there were only sixty combatants, not a hundred as Magnan's report asserts. From the upper end of the street where they were posted, it was difficult to see exactly what was passing, and they did not exactly know how many barricades there were between their own and Saint Eustache, from where the soldiers were coming. They only knew that the point of resistance nearest to them was the double barricade in the Rue Mauconseil, and that when this was taken their turn would come.

Denis had taken up his position on the inside face of the barricade, so that half his body was exposed above the crest, and from there he kept good watch. The light which shone through the door of the wine shop enabled his comrades to perceive his gestures. All at once he made a sign. The attack upon the fortified portion of the Rue Mauconseil had begun.

The soldiers who had at first held back from this double wall of paving-stones, so high and so well built, and which they had every reason to suppose was well defended, had ended by dashing at it, and attacking it with musketry. They were not deceived, it *was* well defended. We have already said that in this barricade there were only six men, the six working-men who had built it. Of these six men one had three and the others two charges only to fire. These men heard the tramp of the coming regiment, and the rattle of the wheels of the battery that followed it. Each man remained silent at his appointed post, with the muzzle of his gun protruding from between the paving-stones. When the soldiers were within easy range they fired, and the regiment returned it.

"That is good; fire away!" said the man who had three cartridges, with a laugh.

Behind them the defenders of the Petit Carreau were

grouped round Denis and Jeanty Sarre. With their elbows resting on the parapet of the barricade, and their eyes fixed on the Rue Mauconseil, they watched the modern gladiators.

The six men of the Mauconseil redoubt resisted the attack of the regiment for a quarter of an hour. They did not fire all at once, "so that," as one of them said, "the pleasure might be prolonged," — the pleasure of being killed in the performance of a duty; a grand sentiment to issue from the lips of a working-man. They did not retreat into the neighbouring streets until they had exhausted all their ammunition, the man with the three cartridges only leaving the barricade as the soldiers clambered over it.

In the Petit Carreau not a word was uttered, but they followed all the fluctuating phases of the fight, grasping each other's hands. All at once the noise ceased, the last shot had been fired. In a minute or two afterwards the windows of the houses on each side were lighted up, and the bayonets and shako plates gleamed in the light. The barricade had been taken.

The officer commanding the regiment had, as was the usual custom, sent up orders to all the inhabitants of the adjoining houses to light up their windows. Upon seeing that their hour had come, the sixty combatants of the barricade of the Petit Carreau mounted their heap of paving-stones and pierced the night with a wild shout of "Long live the Republic!" There was no reply to it, but they could hear the men of the regiment loading their muskets. They were all worn out with fatigue, having been on their feet since the morning, carrying heavy stones or fighting, and the greater number had neither eaten nor slept.

Charpentier remarked to Jeanty Sarre, "We are all going to be killed."

"Most likely," answered Jeanty Sarre.

Jeanty Sarre ordered the door of the wine shop to be closed, so as to plunge the barricade into perfect security, and give its defenders some advantage over the one occupied by the soldiers, which was lighted up.

The 51st, however, were occupied in searching the streets, carrying away the wounded, and taking up their position in the double barricade of Mauconseil. Fully half an hour was spent in doing this.

And now to get a true idea of the position of affairs, the reader must picture to himself in the dark gloom of the street, at some sixty or eighty yards' interval, these two citadels within earshot of each other, and from whence, as in the Iliad, the combatants on either side could address each other. Upon one side was the army, upon the other the people, and darkness lowering over the heads of both parties.

The kind of truce which nearly always precedes decisive action was drawing to its close. On either side the preparations were complete. The soldiers could be heard taking up their positions at the loopholes, and the captains issuing their orders. It was evident that the struggle was about to commence.

"Let us begin," said Charpentier, cocking his carbine.

Denis pushed his arm. "Wait," said he.

Then ensued something like what we read in the classic pages of antiquity.

Denis slowly ascended the stones composing the barricade, and stood up unarmed, and with his head bare. Then facing the soldiers, he raised his voice and exclaimed, "Citizens!"

In an instant a species of electric quiver seemed to run from one barricade to the other. Every sound was hushed, and not a voice was raised. On both sides there

Denis Dussoubs at the Barricades.

Etched by A. Mongin — From Drawing by François Flameng.

was a profound, almost a sacred, silence. By the distant glare of some lighted-up windows the soldiers could dimly see the figure of a man rising from a mass of shadow, like a phantom of the night and addressing them.

Denis continued, "Citizens of the army, listen to me."

If possible there was a deeper hush all round.

"What have you come to do here? You and we are both in this street with gun and sabre in our hands; what is it that we are going to do? To kill each other? Yes, to kill each other. And why, citizens, why? Because a veil of misconception has been drawn between us. Because we are both obedient, you to your discipline and we to our rights! You think that you are executing your orders. We know that we are doing our duty. Yes, it is Universal Suffrage, it is the right of the Republic, it is our right that we are defending. Soldiers, it is your right also. The Army is the People, as the People are the Army. We are of the same nation, the same country, and men like one another. Great heavens! does Russian blood flow in my veins, — in me who am speaking to you? Is there Prussian blood in yours who are listening to me now? No! Why, then, should we fight? Whenever man fires upon man it is a dire misfortune. A shot fired by a Frenchman at an Englishman is a thing that can be understood, but from a Frenchman against a Frenchman, ah, that is against all reason; it wounds France; it inflicts a wound upon the mother whose children we all are."

All listened to him with anxious attention, when from the opposite barricade came a voice that shouted, "Then go home!"

At this insolent interruption there was a movement of anger amongst Denis's companions, and the clicking

of several triggers was heard. With a gesture of his hand, however, Denis restrained his friends. This gesture had a strange air of authority in it.

"Who is that man?" asked the defender of the barricade.

All at once they shouted, "He is a Representative of the People."

Denis had suddenly thrown his brother's scarf around him. He had accomplished the deed he had premeditated, and the moment for the heroic act of falsehood had arrived.

"Soldiers," said he, "do you know who the man is that is now speaking to you? He is not only a citizen, but also a legislator. He is one of those elected by Universal Suffrage. My name is Dussoubs, and I am a Representative of the People. It is in the name of the Sovereign Assembly, in the name of the People, that I demand a hearing. Soldiers, you represent physical force; well, when the law speaks, physical force listens."

This time there was no interruption. We reproduce these words almost exactly as they were spoken, for they remained graven on the tablets of the memories of those who heard them.

Denis Dussoubs continued his address.

"He spoke for nearly twenty minutes," said one who was present.

Another said, "He spoke in a loud voice that could be heard all over the street. He was ardent, eloquent, and profound. A pitiless judge for Bonaparte, a true friend for the soldiers. He sought to stir every noble chord that might yet vibrate within them. He spoke of the real war, true victories, the national glory, the old military honour, and the well-beloved flag. He adjured them, he ordered them to join the defenders of

the people and the law; then all at once returning again to the first words he had uttered, and carried away by that feeling of universal fraternity that was overflowing from his soul, he stopped a sentence that he had just commenced, and exclaimed, —

"But what is the use of all these words. It is not that we require, but it is the grasp of friendship between brothers. Soldiers, you are fronting us behind a barricade, the gleaming sabre bared in your hands, the musket ready levelled taking aim at me. Well, we who are here, we all love you; and there is not one of us who would not give his life for you. You are the peasant cultivators of the fields of France; we are the workingmen of Paris. What have we to do? Simply to see each other, to speak to each other, but not to slaughter each other. Suppose we try this; what do you say? As for me, in this terrible field of civil warfare, I would rather be killed than kill. See, I am about to descend from this barricade and advance to you unarmed. I only know you as my brethren. I am confident, I am easy in my mind, and if one of you points his bayonet against me, I will extend my hand in return."

He ceased speaking.

A voice cried from the opposing barricade, "Come forwards!" Then they saw him climb slowly down from the barricade to the street, and with head erect advance through the gloom. All in the barricade followed him with their eyes; their hearts had almost ceased to beat, and they scarcely drew their breath. No one endeavoured to stop Denis Dussoubs. Each one appeared to imagine that he was going where duty and honour called him. Charpentier asked if he might not go with him, but Dussoubs refused with a negative sign of the head.

Calm, and quite alone, he advanced to the barricade of

Mauconseil. The night was so dark that he was almost at once lost to sight. For a few minutes only his calm and intrepid figure could be discerned. Then he disappeared altogether, and they saw no more of him. It was a moment of terrible anxiety; only that measured step could be heard moving steadily on the barricade.

After a time — no one knew how long, for anxiety had made the lookers-on at this strange scene lose all count of time — a light appeared on the soldiers' barricade. This was most likely a lantern which had been either brought up or moved to some other spot. By its light Denis Dussoubs was again visible, quite close to the barricade, walking with his arms extended on each side of his body.

All at once the word of command rang out: "Fire!" and a volley crashed through the silent night. The soldiers had fired point-blank at Dussoubs.

He fell, then raised himself again, crying, "Long live the Republic!"

Another shot struck him, and he fell. Once more he staggered to his feet, and cried in a loud voice, "I die with the Republic!" These were his last words.

Thus died Denis Dussoubs.

It was not without reason that he had said to his brother, "Your scarf shall be there."

He desired that the scarf should perform its duty, and in the depths of his great heart he had resolved that the scarf should gain the victory either by Law or by Death; that is to say, that in the first case he would serve the right, and in the last honour. In his dying moments he was able to say, "I have succeeded!"

Of the two victories of which he had shared, the more gloomy one was perhaps the greater.

The Rebel of the Elysée thought that he had killed a Representative of the People, and boasted of it. The

only journal published by the *coup d'état*, under various names,—"Patre," "Univers," "Moniteur," "Parisien," etc., —announced the next day, Wednesday, 5th, that "Ex-Representative Dussoubs (Gaston) had been killed at the barricade Rue Neuve Saint Eustache, carrying a red flag in his hand."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASSAGE DU SAUMON.

WHEN those who were behind the barricade of the Petit Carreau saw Dussoubs fall, with such eternal glory for himself and with such lasting shame for his murderers, there was a momentary pause of horror. Could it be possible? Had such a crime been really committed before our eyes by the soldiers? Our souls were filled with loathing and disgust. These feelings lasted but for an instant, then with a shout of "Long live the Republic!" they replied by a heavy fire to the murderous volley that had just been fired.

The fight began, — a fierce struggle on the side of the *coup d'état* and a despairing encounter on the part of the Republic. The soldiers were inspired by a ferocious spirit of resolution. They had on their side cold passive obedience, good weapons, numbers, absolute commanders, and pouches filled with cartridges. The people had nothing to aid them, but lack of ammunition, weakness, and fatigue; no regular discipline, and rage and indignation for chiefs.

Whilst Dussoubs was speaking, fifteen grenadiers, under the command of a sergeant named Pitrois, had managed to creep along the sides of the houses until they were close to the barricade. These fifteen men appeared suddenly, with their bayonets at the charge, not twenty paces off, ready to storm the barricade. They were received with a volley. Several fell, and they re-

treated. The commanding officer, Jeannin, called out, "Come, finish this business!" and the whole regiment which had occupied the Mauconseil barricade made its appearance with charged bayonets on the summit of the barricade; then, without breaking its line, in firm and compact array dashed up the street. The four companies, pressing closely together and without any interval between them, seemed like a vast wave which surges with a mighty roar over the opposing obstacles. This advance was seen from the barricade Du Petit Carreau, and for a time their fire had ceased.

"Take aim!" cried Jeanty Sarre, "but do not fire. Wait for the word."

Each man placed the butt-end of his weapon to his shoulder, and resting the barrel between the paving-stones, ready to fire, waited for the signal. When the regiment had once emerged from the Mauconseil redoubt it rapidly took up its position, and a moment afterwards the regularly cadenced sounds of the advance were heard.

"Charpentier," said Jeanty Sarre, "you have good eyes. Are they halfway yet?"

"They are," returned Charpentier.

"Fire!" cried Jeanty Sarre.

A volley fire broke from the barricade; the street was enveloped in smoke. Many of the soldiers fell. Cries arose from the wounded. The regiment, riddled by bullets, halted and replied by a volley. Seven or eight of the defenders, the upper portions of whose bodies overtopped the barricade, which had been made too low owing to the haste with which it had been constructed, were wounded. Three were killed on the spot. One was wounded in the stomach, and shrieked pitifully. He had been standing between Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier.

"Quick! Away with him to the ambulance!" cried Jeanty Sarre.

"Where is it?"

"Rue du Cadran."

Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier took up the wounded man, one by the feet, the other by the head, and carried him to the Rue du Cadran by the exit in the barricade.

During this time file-firing was kept up. There was nothing now in the streets but smoke, through which the bullets whistled and crossed each other. Hoarse words of command and plaintive cries issued from it, and the polished barrels of the guns gleamed through the cloud.

Then a voice shouted "Forwards!" and the battalion dashed at the barricade again.

Then the scene became truly terrible. There was a hand-to-hand fight, four hundred on one side and fifty on the other. They grasped each other by the collar, the throat, the mouth, and the hair. Not a cartridge was left amongst the defenders of the barricade, but grim despair had taken possession of them. A working-man, run through the body, tore the bayonet from the wound and slew his slayer. They could not see to fight, but tore each other to pieces in the darkness.

The barricade was carried in a couple of minutes. It will be remembered that it was very low in several places, and the soldiers stepped over it, rather than climbed it. All behaved with the greatest heroism. One of the survivors told the writer of these lines, "The barricade defended itself badly, but the men died bravely."

All this took place whilst Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier were carrying the wounded man to the ambulance in the Rue du Cadran. When the dressing was over, they went back to the barricade.

Just as they reached it, a feeble voice uttered their names close by: "Jeanty Sarre — Charpentier!" They turned round and saw one of their own men dying, his legs trembling under him and his body propped against a wall. This was one of the defenders who had left the barricade, and had been only able to take a few steps in the street. He held his hand over his breast, where he had received a ball, fired at a very short distance. In a hardly articulate voice he murmured, "The barricade is taken; save yourselves!"

"No, no!" said Jeanty Sarre. "I have my musket to fire yet."

Jeanty Sarre returned to the barricade, fired his shot, and left.

Nothing could present a more terrible sight than the interior of the captured barricade. The republicans, overwhelmed by numbers, no longer offered any resistance. The officers called out "Make no prisoners!" and the soldiers killed those who were still on their feet and finished those who had fallen to the ground. Many waited for death with their heads erect. The dying half-raised themselves from the ground and feebly shouted "Hurrah for the Republic!" Some of the soldiers stamped on the features of the dead so as to prevent their being recognized.

Amongst the bodies in the midst of the space between the barricades, with his hair soaking in the gutter, was the *alter ego* of Charpentier, — Charpentier, a delegate of the 10th Arrondissement, who had been killed by two bullets in his chest.

A lighted candle which the soldiers had taken from the wine shop flickered dimly upon the pavement.

The soldiers seemed to be seized with a frenzy. They appeared to be taking vengeance. Upon whom?

A working-man named Patural received three bullets

and ten bayonet-thrusts, of which four were in the head. They thought he was dead, or he would have received more. He felt them search him, and take from him ten francs which he had on him. He lived for six days afterwards, and was able to relate the details which have just been written. Let us make a note that the name of Patural was not found in any of the lists of dead bodies published by M. Bonaparte.

Sixty republicans had been shut up in the barricade of Petit Carreau. Forty-six of these were killed. These men had all assembled there in the morning, proud, free, ready to fight, and willing to die. By midnight all was over. The night wagons the next morning carried away nine bodies to the Hospital Cemetery, and thirty-seven to Montmartre.

Jeanty Sarre had escaped by a perfect miracle, as well as Charpentier, and a third whose name I have been unable to discover. They crept along the sides of the houses, and reached the Passage du Saumon. The iron gates which close the passage at night only reached halfway up the archway. They climbed up these, and got over the sharp points at the summit at the risk of injuring themselves severely. Jeanty Sarre got up first; but when he had reached the top, one of the spikes caught in his trousers, and threw him heavily upon his head on the pavement. He rose to his feet only a little stunned by his fall. The other two followed him, and slid down the bars. All of them were now in the arcade. A lamp which was burning at the other end gave a feeble light. They could hear the steps of the soldiers who were in pursuit of them. To gain the Rue Montmartre it was necessary to climb over the grated gate at the other end. Their hands were scratched and torn, their knees bleeding, and they were in such a state of exhaustion that they felt quite unequal to the task before them.

Jeanty Sarre knew where the porter of the Passage du Saumon lived. He knocked at his window, and entreated him to open the gate. The man refused.

At that instant the detachment of soldiers sent in pursuit of them arrived at the gates, and hearing a noise inside they thrust their guns through the bars of the gateway. Jeanty Sarre crouched down by the wall, behind one of the pillars which adorn the passage. The pillar was very slender, and only half sheltered his body. The soldiers fired, and the arcade was filled with smoke. When it cleared away Jeanty Sarre saw Charpentier stretched upon the pavement, with a bullet through his heart. Their other companion lay a few paces off, mortally wounded; the soldiers did not climb over the gate, but they placed a sentry on it, and Jeanty Sarre heard them go off by the Rue Mandar. He felt sure they would come back again shortly.

There was no way of escape. He tried all the doors, one after the other, which were near him, and at last one opened to his touch. Who could have forgotten to close this door? Providence, doubtless. He crept behind it, and for more than an hour remained there motionless, hardly daring to draw his breath. At last, when all around was still, he ventured out. The sentinel had left, and the detachment had rejoined the regiment.

One of his former friends, a man to whom he had rendered such services as ought never to be forgotten, lived in the Passage du Saumon. Jeanty Sarre sought for the number, knocked up the porter, and mentioning his friend's name, ascended the staircase and rapped at his door.

It opened, and his friend appeared on the threshold with a candle in his hand. He recognized Jeanty Sarre at once, and exclaimed, —

"What! is it you? What a state you are in! Where have you come from? From fierce riot, or from committing some act of folly, I 'll lay a wager. And now you want to compromise us all here! And to have us murdered — shot certainly. Now tell me what do you want with me?"

"I want you to give me a brush," answered Jeanty Sarre.

His friend brushed him, and Jeanty Sarre went down the staircase again, saying "Thank you."

This is a species of hospitality that we have often experienced since, in Belgium and Switzerland, and even in England.

The next day, when the bodies were removed, they found on Charpentier a pocket-book and a pencil, and on Denis Dussoubs a letter, — a letter to a woman. Even such stoical hearts as his could feel the warmth of love. Denis Dussoubs had begun this letter on the 1st of December, but he had never concluded it. This is it:

My dear Marie, — Have you ever experienced that sweet sorrow of being regretted by one you regret? For my own part, since I left you my only trouble has been that I could not refrain from thinking of you, and yet that trouble had something soft and soothing in it; and although I was in sorrow, yet I was happy to discover in the depths of my heart how much I loved you, as measured by the distress I felt at leaving you. Why are we compelled to live apart? Why am I forced to avoid you? And yet we have been so happy! When I remember those sweet evenings, so full of tenderness, and the many meetings in the country with your sisters, a bitter pang shoots through my heart. Did we not love each other well, sweet friend, and did we not keep it hidden from others because we did not care to let any one know the secret of our happiness, and only allowed the thoughts of our hearts to rise to our lips, without permitting

them to go any further? Heaven has torn all these moments of happiness from us, and nothing will ever console me for having lost them unless, like me, you too deplore the pangs of separation. How seldom do we see those that we really love! The circumstances of life take us away from them, and our soul, tortured and drawn in other directions, leaves us in a perpetual state of misery. I feel all the pangs of separation. In my fancy I transport myself to those spots in which you are. I can see you at work, and listen to your words as I sit close beside you, and endeavour to guess what you are going to say; your sisters are sitting talking near you. Vain dreams! mere illusions of the fleeting moment! My hand seeks yours; where are you, my well-beloved? My life is a perpetual exile, far from those whom I love and by whom I am loved. My heart calls for you, and wastes away in hopeless regrets. No! I hate the mighty cities, with all their din, these towns full of strangers, where no one knows you, and you know not a soul, where every one hustles and runs against you without a smile of recognition. I love the peaceful country, the calm happiness of the fireside, and the voices of friends, which fall so pleasantly upon your ear. Up to the present I have always lived in a position which did not suit me. My blood boils when I see what goes on around me, for I am an enemy to injustice of all kinds. The sight of unmerited misfortune has dragged me into a struggle, the result of which I cannot foresee, — a struggle in which I may remain without fear and without reproach, but which every day, until it is over, crushes my soul and wears away my life.

My beloved one, I tell you all the secret miseries of my heart, for I have no occasion to blush for the words that my hand is writing; but my heart is sad and sore, and I tell you the whole truth. I suffer — I should like to blot out these lines, but why should I do so? Will they offend you? How could they vex you, beloved of my soul? Am I not aware of your affection, and do I not know how much you love me? Ah, you have never deceived me! I have never

pressed my kisses upon a lip framed for falsehood. When on my knees before you, I have sunk away into a dream of happiness as I listened to your words, and have ever believed you; and now I have bound myself to a red-hot bar of iron. Weariness devours and consumes me. I feel a mad desire to resume my old life. Is it Paris that produces this effect upon me? I always wish to be in places where I am not. I live a life of utter solitude. Marie, I believe you —

Charpentier's pocket-book contained nothing but this line, evidently written in the darkness at the foot of the barricade whilst Denis Dussoubs was speaking, —

"Admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras."

CHAPTER V.

MORE DARK DEEDS.

YVAN had seen Conneau again; he confirmed the facts mentioned in Alexander Dumas's letter to Bocage. We now heard all the details. On the 3d of December, at the house of M. Abbatucci, in the presence of Dr. Conneau and Pietri, a Corsican named Jacques François Criscelli,[1] born at Vezzani, and attached to the person of Louis Bonaparte, had received from Pietri's own lips the offer of twenty-five thousand francs "to capture or kill Victor Hugo." He accepted the mission, but said, "That is good enough if I am alone, but suppose there are two of us in it?" Pietri answered, "Then there will be fifty thousand francs between you."

Having mentioned this fact I will continue my narrative.

The effects of the massacre of the 4th were not seen until the next day. The impulse given by us in favour of resistance lasted a few hours longer, and at nightfall, in the Petit Carreau and the Rue du Temple, there was still fighting going on. The barricades of Pagevin, Neuve Saint Eustache, Montorgueil, Rambuteau, Beaubourg, and Transnonain were bravely defended, for there was a collection of narrow streets fortified by the people and watched by the army.

[1] This is the same Criscelli who later on, at Vaugiraid, Rue de Trancey, killed, by order of the Prefect of Police, a man named Kelatt, suspected of having organized a plot to assassinate the Emperor.

The attack was fierce and determined. The barricade of the Rue Montorgueil was one of those that held out the longest. A regiment and a battery of artillery had to be brought up before it was carried. At the last moment there were only three defenders, — two shop assistants and a lemonade seller from a neighbouring street. When it was stormed the three combatants fled away through the darkness. But they were watched. There was no escape. Not an open door. They climbed over the gate of the Passage Verdeau, as Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier had over that of the Passage du Saumon. But the gate at the other end was closed, and they had no time to scale it. Besides, they could hear the soldiers at both ends of the passage. There were in a corner near the entrance to the passage some planks, which served as shutters to one of the shops, and they concealed themselves behind them. The soldiers, after having taken the barricade and searched the streets, began to think of searching the passage. They too climbed the gates, and sought about everywhere with the aid of lanterns. They were going away, after an unsuccessful search, when one of them caught sight of the foot of one of the poor fellows, which protruded beyond the boards. The soldiers killed them all there on the spot with bayonet-thrusts, disregarding their cries and entreaties of "Kill us at once; shoot us; do not make us linger in agony." The shopkeepers heard their shrieks, but dared not open their doors or windows, "for fear," as one of them said the next day, "that they should be treated the same." No one dared ask for mercy, no one dared offer any help, and the executioners left their victims weltering in a pool of blood on the floor of the passage. One of the unfortunate men did not die until eight o'clock the next morning.

One of the defenders of the barricade of the Rue

Beaubourg was more lucky. He was hotly pursued, and turning up a staircase gained a garret, and from thence a passage, which he found belonged to a lodging-house. There was a door with a key in it. He opened it boldly, and found himself face to face with a man who was just going to bed. This was a wearied traveller, who had arrived that same evening at the house. The fugitive said to him, "I am a lost man; save me," and explained his position in a few words. The traveller said, "Undress and get into my bed;" then lighting a cigar he began to smoke quietly. Just as the man from the barricade got into bed there was a knocking at the door. It came from a party of soldiers who were searching the house. In response to the questions that were addressed to him the traveller pointed to the bed, saying, "There are only two of us here. We have just arrived. I am having a smoke, whilst my brother has gone to bed." The waiter, on being questioned, confirmed the traveller's assertion; the soldiers went off, and no one was shot.

If the truth must be told, the victorious soldiers slaughtered less than they had done the evening before. They did not massacre all those they found in the barricades, as that day an order had been given to make prisoners. One would almost imagine that some feeling of humanity had been at the bottom of this. We shall see later on how much humanity had to do with it.

At eleven o'clock at night all was over. All those found in suspected streets were watched, whether they were combatants or not. All wine shops and cafés were ordered to open. Houses were searched, and all the men made prisoners, but women and children were not molested.

Two regiments, in the form of a hollow square, carried off the prisoners, and taking them to the Tuileries, shut

them up in a vast cellar situated beneath the terrace by the water side. When they entered the cellar the prisoners felt more at ease, for they remembered that, in June, 1848, the insurgents had been shut up in large numbers, and afterwards sent out of the country; and they doubtless thought that either this would take place, or that they would be tried by court-martial, and therefore they had time before them. They were very thirsty. Many amongst them had been fighting since the morning, and nothing renders the mouth more dry than biting cartridges; they therefore asked for water, and three pitchers were supplied to them. A kind of feeling of security came over them all at once. There were amongst them some men who had been in this cellar before, and they said, "They were not half so kind to us in June, for they left us three days and three nights without either bite or sup."

Some of the prisoners wrapped themselves up in their coats and cloaks, and lying down, slept soundly. About one o'clock a great noise was heard outside, and a number of soldiers carrying torches appeared in the cellar with an officer at their head, who ordered the prisoners to get up.

They took them out in a heap, as they had brought them in, and placed them two and two, whilst a sergeant counted their number alone. They were not questioned as to their names or professions, who they were or whence they came. Their numbers were sufficient for what was going to be done. They counted one hundred and thirty-seven and arranged them in a close column, two by two, holding each other by the arm. They were not tied, but had on each side of them files of soldiers with loaded muskets. They marched off in this order, surrounded by a living moving hedge of bayonets.

At the moment when the column was moving off, a

young law student, a fair pale Alsatian of twenty years of age, asked a captain who was marching alongside of him with his drawn sword in his hand, " Where are we going to?" The officer made no reply.

After leaving the Tuileries, they turned to the right and followed the quay as far as the Pont de la Concorde; they crossed it, and again turned to the right, crossed the esplanade of the Invalides and reached the lonely quay Gros Caillou. As we have said before, there were one hundred and thirty-seven of them, and as they went along two by two the last prisoner was alone, having no companion. He was one of the most gallant defenders of the barricade in the Rue Pagevin, a friend of Le Comte, *minor*. Chance decreed that the sergeant who walked by his side came from the same part of the country as he did. In passing under a lamp they recognized each other, and rapidly exchanged a few words in a low voice.

" Where are we going to?" asked the prisoner.

" To the Military School," replied the sergeant. " Ah, my poor boy!"

After saying this he kept a little away from the prisoner. There was a small interval between the line of prisoners and the leading files of the company that closed the march. Just as they reached the lonely boulevard of Gros Caillou, of which we have already spoken, the sergeant came quickly up to the prisoner and whispered, " This is a dark spot, and it is not very easy to see in it. On the left there are some trees. Make a run for it."

" But," said the prisoner, " they will fire on me."

" They will miss you."

" But suppose they kill me?"

" Then you will be no worse off than you will soon be."

The prisoner understood him, grasped his hand, and

taking advantage of this favourable opportunity, darted out of the ranks and was lost in the gloom beneath the trees.

"There is a prisoner escaping," shouted the officer who commanded the rear company. "Halt! Fire!"

The column halted. The rear-guard fired at random in the direction which the fugitive had taken, and as the sergeant had foreseen, missed him. In a few seconds the fugitive had gained the streets near the tobacco manufactories, and dived into one of them. He was not pursued, for the soldiers had a more pressing duty to perform.

The column continued its march. When it reached the Pont de Jena, a turn was made to the left, which brought it to the Champ de Mars. There all the prisoners were shot.

These one hundred and thirty-six bodies were taken to the cemetery of Montmartre and buried with their heads exposed, so that their friends and relations might recognize them. People could tell who they were after they had been murdered.

Amongst these one hundred and thirty-six victims there were many of those who had fought at the barricades of the Rue Pagevin and Rambuteau, the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache, and the Porte Saint Denis; there were also a hundred perhaps of simply passers-by, who had been arrested for no reason at all, but merely because they had been in the streets.

We may at once say that these executions of large numbers of people were renewed nightly, — sometimes in the Champ de Mars, sometimes at the Prefecture of Police, sometimes in both places at the same time.

When the prisons were overcrowded, M. Maupas said, "Shoot them." The executions sometimes took place in the courtyard of the Prefecture, and sometimes in the

Rue de Jérusalem. The unhappy creatures were placed in line against a wall, upon which were posted bills of the different theatres. This spot was chosen because it was near the common sewer, and therefore the blood flowed away easily. The next morning when I passed by it they showed me the spot; and on probing the mud between the stones with my stick, I found blood there. In these few words are comprised the whole history of Louis Bonaparte and the *coup d'état.* " Stir up the mud and you will come to blood."

The massacre of the boulevard was succeeded by its infamous continuation, — secret executions. The *coup d'état* from having been brutal became mysterious. It passed from open murder by daylight to secret assassination by night.

There is plenty of evidence to this effect.

Esquiros who was hidden at Gros Caillou, heard the firing going on all night in the Champ de Mars.

Chambolle, who was in Mazas, heard such frequent discharges of musketry from midnight until five o'clock in the morning, that he thought the prison was being attacked.

Montferrier and Desmoulins testified to finding blood between the stones of the pavement in the Rue de Jérusalem.

Lieutenant-Colonel Caillaud, formerly of the Republican Guard, was passing the Pont Neuf; there he saw the armed police pointing their muskets at the passers-by. He said, " You are degrading your cloth. "

They made a prisoner of him and searched him, saying, " If we find a single cartridge on you, we will shoot you. "

They found nothing; but they carried him to the Prefecture of Police and shut him up in a cell. The governor came to him and said, —

"Colonel, I know you well. Do not complain of being here. You are entrusted to my care, and be thankful for it. I know everything that goes on, and will shield you from all harm. Be satisfied; if you were not here with me you would most likely be lying in your grave."

An ex-magistrate, a brother-in-law of General Leflô, was talking in the Pont de la Concorde at the very entrance of the Chamber with some officers, when several members of the police came up saying, "You are tampering with the army." He denied it, but they thrust him into a cab and drove him off to the Prefecture of Police. But as he arrived there he saw three Municipal Guards driving before them a young man dressed in a blouse, with the butt-ends of their muskets. At one of the recesses of the bridge a soldier cried out, "Go in there!" He did so, and two of the Guards discharged their muskets into his back; he fell, and the third finished the work with a bullet through the head.

On the 13th the massacres were not all over. On the morning of that day, in the dim early light of dawn, a solitary passer-by in the Rue Saint Honoré, saw three wagons heavily laden moving along surrounded by an escort of cavalry. It was easy to follow these wagons by the traces of blood they left behind them. They had come from the Champ de Mars and were on their way to the cemetery of Montmartre, loaded with dead bodies.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSULTATIVE COMMISSION.

AS all danger passed away, all scruples vanished and the following advertisement was published:—

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

In the name of the French People.

THE President of the Republic, wishing to recognize the Legislative Body and the Council of State, in that they may be composed of men who enjoy a just title to the confidence and esteem of their country, have formed a Consultative Commission, composed of Messieurs

Abbatucci, formerly a Counsellor of the Court of Appeal (Loiret).
Achard, General (Moselle).
André, Ernest (Seine).
André (Charente).
D'Argout, Governor of the Bank, ex-Minister.
Arrighi de Padoue, General (Corsica).
De Bar, General (Seine).
Baraguay d'Hilliers, General (Doubs).
Barbaroux, ex-Procureur-General (Reunion).
Baroche, ex-Minister of the Interior and of the Foreign Office, Vice-President of Commission (Lower Charente).
Barrot, Ferdinand, ex-Minister (Seine).
Barthe, ex-Minister, senior-President of the Court of Accounts.
Bataille (Haute Vienne).
Bavoux, Evariste (Seine and Marne).

De Beaumont (Somme).
Bérard (Lot and Garonne).
Berger, Prefect of the Seine (Puy de Dôme).
Bertrand (l'Yonne).
Bidault (Cher).
Bigrel (Côtes du Nord).
Billault, Advocate.
Bineau, ex-Minister (Maine and Loire).
Boinvilliers, late Staff-bearer of the Order of Advocates (Seine).
Bonjean, Advocate General of the Court of Appeal (La Drôme).
Boulatignier.
Bourbousson (Vaucluse).
Bréhier (La Manche).
De Cambacérès (Hubert).
De Cambacérès (l'Aisne).
Carlier, late Prefect of Police.
De Casabianca, ex-Minister (Corsica).
Castellane, General, commanding at Lyons.
De Caulaincourt (Calvados).
Cécile, Vice-Admiral (Lower Seine).
Chadenet (Meuse).
Charlemagne (Indre).
Chassaigne, Goyon (Puy de Dôme).
Chasseloup Laubat, General (Lower Seine).
Prosper de Chasseloup Laubat (Lower Charente).
Chaix d'Est Ange, Parisian Advocate (Marne).
De Chazelles, Mayor of Clermont Ferrand (Puy de Dôme).
Collas (Gironde).
Curial (Orne).
Cuverville (Côtes du Nord).
De Crouseilhes, late Counsellor of the Court of Appeal, ex-Minister (Lower Pyrenees).
Dabeaux (Upper Garonne).
Dariste (Upper Pyrenees).
Daviel, ex-Minister.

Delacoste, late Commissary-General of the Rhone.
Delajus (Lower Charente).
Delavau (Indre).
Delthiel (Lot).
Denjoy (Gironde).
Desjobert (Lower Seine).
Desmaroux (Allier).
Drouyn de Lhuys, ex-Minister (Seine and Marne).
Ducos, Théodore, Marine and Colonial Minister (Seine).
Dumas (of the Institute), ex-Minister (North).
Dupin, Charles (of the Institute) (Lower Seine).
Durrieu, General (Landes).
Duval, Maurice, ex-Prefect.
Eschasseriaux (Lower Charente).
Excelmans, Marshal, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor.
Favre, Ferdinand (Lower Loire).
Flahaut, General, ex-Ambassador.
Fortoul, ex-Minister of Public Instruction (Lower Alps).
Fould, Achille, Minister of Finance (Seine).
De Fourment (Somme).
Fouquier de Hérouël (l'Aisne).
Fremy (l'Yonne).
Furtado (Seine).
Gasc (Upper Garonne).
Gaslonde (La Manche).
De Gasparin, ex-Minister.
De Girardin, Ernest (Charente).
Giraud, Augustin (Maine and Loire).
Giraud, Charles (of the Institute), Member of the Council of Public Instruction, ex-Minister.
Godelle (l'Aisne).
Goulhot de Saint Germain (La Manche).
De Grammont, General (Loire).
De Grammont (Upper Saône).
De Greslan (Reunion).
Grouchy, General (Gironde).

Hallez, Claparède (Lower Rhine).
De Hautpoul, General, ex-Minister (l'Aude).
Hibert (l'Aisne).
De Heeckeren (Upper Rhine).
D'Hérembault (Pas de Calais).
Hemann.
Heurtier (Loire).
Husson, General (l'Aude).
Janvier (Tarn and Garonne).
Lacaze (Upper Pyrenees).
Lacrosse, ex-Minister (Finisterre).
Ladoucette (Moselle).
De Lagrange, Frédéric (Gers).
De Lagrange (Gironde).
De la Hitte, General, ex-Minister.
Delangle, late Procureur-General.
Lanquetin, President of the Municipal Commission.
De la Reboissière (Ille and Vilaine).
Lawoëstyne, General.
Lebeuf (Seine and Marne).
Lebreton, General (l'Eure and Loire).
Le Comte (l'Yonne).
Lo Conte (Côtes du Nord).
Lefebvre Duruflé, Minister of Commerce (l'Eure).
Lélut (Upper Saône).
Lemarois (La Manche).
Lemercier (La Charente).
Lequien (Pas de Calais).
Lestiboudois (North).
Levavasseur (Lower Seine).
Le Verrier (La Manche).
Lezay de Marnésia (Loire and Cher).
Magnan, General, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Paris.
Magne, Minister of Public Works (Dordogne).
Maigne, Edmund (Dordogne).
Marchant (North).

Mathieu Bodet, Advocate of the Court of Appeal.
De Maupas, Prefect of Police.
De Mérode (North).
Mesnard, President of the Chamber of the Court of Appeal.
Meynadier, ex-Prefect (La Lozère).
De Montalembert (Doubs).
De Morny (Puy de Dôme).
De Mortemart (Lower Seine).
De Mouchy (l'Oise).
De Moustiers (Lot).
Marat, Lucien (Lot).
Ornano, General (Indre and Loire).
Pepin, Lehalleur (Seine and Marne).
Périer, Joseph, Governor of the Bank.
De Persigny (North).
Pichon, Mayor of Arras (Pas de Calais).
Portalis, Senior President of the Court of Appeal.
Pongérard, Mayor of Rennes (Ille and Vilaine).
Préval, General.
De Rancé (Algeria).
Randon, General, ex-Minister, Governor-General of Algeria.
Regnauld de Saint Jean d'Angély, General (Lower Charente).
Renouard de Bussière (Lower Rhine).
Renouard (La Lozère).
Rogé, General.
Rouher, Custodian of the Seals, Minister of Justice (Puy de Dôme).
De Royer, ex-Minister, Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal in Paris.
Saint Arnaud, General, Minister of War.
De Saint Arnaud, Advocate of the Court of Appeal of Paris.
De Salis (Moselle).
Sapey (l'Isère).
Schneider, ex-Minister.

De Ségur d'Aguesseau (Upper Pyrenees).
Seigdoux (North).
Thayer, Amedée.
Thieullen (Côtes du Nord).
De Thorigny, ex-Minister.
Toupot de Béveaux (Upper Marne).
Tourangin, ex-Prefect.
Troplong, Senior President of the Court of Appeal.
De Turgot, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Vaillant, Marshal of France.
Vaisse, ex-Minister (North).
De Vandeul (Upper Marne).
Vaste Vimeux, General (Lower Charente).
Vauchelle, Mayor of Versailles.
Viard (La Meurthe).
Vieillard (La Manche).
Vuillefroy.
Vuitry, Under Secretary of State to the Minister of Finance.
De Wagram.

The President of the Republic,
LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Minister of the Home Department,
DE MORNY.

The name of Bourbousson appears in this list; he would have been annoyed if his name had been omitted.

At the same time that this notice appeared, the protest of M. Daru saw the light; it was as follows:

I adhere to the proceedings of the National Assembly at their meeting at the Town Hall of the 10th Arrondissement, on December 2, 1851, and at which I was prevented by violence from being present.

DARU.

Some of the members of the Consultative Commission had come out of Mazas and Mount Valérien, where they

had been locked up for twenty-four hours. By this it may be seen that these legislators bore no malice to the man who had given them so disagreeable a taste of the law.

Some of those whose names appeared in these lists had no more reputation than that caused by their indebtedness. Such a one, for instance, had been twice bankrupt, but, as an extenuating circumstance, not under his own name. Another, who belonged to a literary or a scientific association, had the reputation of selling his vote. Another, dressed in the highest fashion, brushed up, varnished, gilded, and embroidered, had all his expenses paid by a certain lady, and existed in a position of the vilest degradation. These kind of people gave their adhesion without the smallest hesitation to a decree which was to save society.

Others amongst those who composed this strange mosaic had no political feelings of any kind, and only consented to permit their names to figure on the list to keep their offices and their salaries. They were dummies under the Empire as they had been before it, and they continued during the nineteen years of its existence to perform their military, judicial, or administrative duties in perfect innocence, surrounded with all the consideration that is due to harmless idiots.

Others were really men who had political opinions, belonging to the learned school which commenced with Guizot and did not end with Parieu, — grave doctors of social order, who reassured the frightened citizens, and preserved dead-and-gone traditions.

> "Said M. Pancrace, 'Shall I lose my eye quite?'
> 'Not so; in my hand I have got it all right.'"

In this so-called Council of State there were a great many members of the police, — a class of people then held

in high esteem,— Carlier, Pietri, Maupas, etc. A little after December 2d, under the title of "Mixed Commissions," the police took the place of law and justice, issued warrants for arrest, passed sentences, and violated all the judicial laws without the regular magistracy making the slightest effort to put down their irregular brethren. Justice indeed permitted the police to act, and stood by like a team of horses which has just been unharnessed at a posting-house whilst fresh animals are taking their place. Some of the men whose names were inscribed on the list of this commission refused to act,— Léon Faucher, Goulard, Mortemart, Frederick Granier, Marchand, Maillard, Paravey, Beugnot. The newspapers were forbidden to publish this refusal.

M. Beugnot put on his card "Count Beugnot (who is not one of the Consultative Commission)." M. Joseph Périer went from one street-corner to another with a pencil in his hand, erasing his name from the placards. "I take back my name wherever I find it."

General Baraguay d'Hilliers did not refuse, and yet he was a brave soldier who had lost his arm in the Russian war. Later on he was made a Marshal of France; it was a pity that he was made one by Louis Bonaparte, he deserved a better fate. At the close of November, General Baraguay d'Hilliers was seated in a large armchair on one side of the fire-place in the Conference Chamber of the National Assembly, warming himself. One of his colleagues in office, the one indeed who pens these lines, came and sat down opposite to him. They did not speak to each other, for one belonged to the Right and the other to the Left; but just then M. Piscatory came in, who was a mixture of Right and Left, and addressed Baraguay d'Hilliers.

"Well, General," said he, "do you know what they are saying?"

"What is it?"

"That the President one of these days is going to slam the door of the Assembly in our faces."

I heard the General's reply.

"If M. Bonaparte does that, France will throw it wide open for us."

At first Louis Bonaparte intended to call this Commission, the "Executive Commission."

"No," answered De Morny; "that would give the idea that the members were possessed of some courage; they will be willing enough to act as supporters, but will hesitate to take a bold line of their own."

General Rulhière was dismissed the service for having blamed the blind obedience of the army.

Let us narrate one last little anecdote. Emmanuel Arago, some days after December 4th, met M. Dupin in the Faubourg Saint Honoré.

"Hullo!" said M. Arago, "are you going to the Elysée?"

"I never go to a ——," returned M. Dupin as he passed on.

M. Dupin, as it will be remembered, was appointed Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER LIST.

AFTER the list of adherents it is as well to show the list of the outlaws, as by this means a fair estimate may be formed of both parties.

DECREE.

ARTICLE 1. The undermentioned members of the Assembly are expelled from French Territory, from Algeria, and all the other Colonies, for the public safety: —

Edmund Valentin.
Agricole Perdiguier.
Louis Latrade.
Joseph Benoist (Rhone).
Jean Colfavru.
Pierre Charles Gambon.
Martin Nadaud.
Victor Hugo.
Segnard.
Charassin.
Savoye.
Combier.
Duché.
Laboulaye.
Esquiros.
Noël Parfait.
Pelletier.
Théodore Bac.
Belin (Drôme).
Bruys.
Madier de Montjau.
Emile Péan.
Raspail.
Bancel.
Besse.
Brive.
Chavoix.
Dupon (Bussac).
Guiter.
Lamarque.
Jules Leroux.
Ennery.
Hochstuhl.
Baune.
Schœlcher.
Malardier.
Millôtte.
Charras.

Bourzat.
Paul Racouchot.
Eugène Cholat.
Michel Renaud.
Joseph Burgard.
Joseph Faure (Rhone).
Charles Lagrange.
Barthélemy Terrier.
Cassal.
Viguier.
Bandsept.
Zoley.
Boysset.
Joigneaux.
Sommier.
Clement Dulac.
Gaston Dussoubs.
Lafon.
Pierre Lefranc.
Francisque Maigne.
Guilgot.
Michel Boutet.
Bertholon.
De Flotte.
Mathieu (Drôme).
Roselli Mollet.
Saint Ferréol.
Testelin (Nord).

Article 2. In case any of those named in the above decree should return to the territory which is forbidden them, they may be deported for the sake of the general safety of the country.

Done at the Palace of the Tuileries in accordance with the vote of the Ministers, *January* 9, 1852.

Louis Bonaparte.

Minister Home Department,
De Morny.

In addition to this there was also a list of those who were banished to a certain distance. Edgar Quinet, Victor Chauffour, General Laidet, Pascal Duprat, Versigny, Anthony Thouret, Thiers, Girardin, and Rémusat. Four Representatives,— Mathé, Greppo, Marc Dufraisse, and Richardet,— were added to the list of the banished. The Representative Miot was reserved for the slow torments of an African casemate. Thus, in addition to the massacres, the victory of the *coup d'état* was completed by these figures: eighty-eight Representatives slain or banished.

I usually breakfasted at Brussels at a café called the

Café de Mille Colonnes, which was much frequented by us outlaws. On January 10th I had invited Michel de Bourges to breakfast. The waiter brought the "Moniteur Français," over which I glanced.

"Ah," said I, "here is a list of those who have been banished, and I have some bad tidings to give you."

Michel de Bourges turned pale.

"Your name," continued I, "is not in the list."

His face lighted up with pleasure; for brave as he was in the presence of death, he trembled at the thoughts of exile.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAVID D'ANGERS.

BRUTALITY and ferocity went hand-in-hand. The famous sculptor, David d'Angers was arrested at his own house, 16, Rue d'Assas. The Commissary of Police came in and asked, "Have you any weapons?"

"Yes," replied David, "to protect myself with, had I to deal with civilized people."

"Where are these weapons?" asked the Commissary. "Let us see them."

David pointed out his studio full of masterpieces of art. They put him into a cab and drove him to the *dépôt* of the Prefecture of Police. There is room there for one hundred and twenty prisoners, and there were seven hundred. David was the twelfth in a cell constructed to hold two. No light, no air; nothing but a little loophole high above their heads. There was a hideous bucket in one corner, common to all, which had a wooden cover which did not fit it tightly. At twelve o'clock they were served with soup. "A kind of hot stinking water," said David d'Angers to me afterwards. They stood quite close against the wall, trampling upon the mattresses that had been flung down on the ground. In the end, however, by crowding together they contrived to lay them at full length, and with some blankets that had been thrown in with them some of the prisoners managed to snatch a little repose. At early dawn the

bolts creaked in their sockets, the door opened, and a voice of one of the warders cried out, "Get up!"

They went out into the adjoining passage, whilst the warder took up the mattresses, threw a couple of buckets of water on the floor, wiped it carelessly, and putting back the mattresses on the damp flags, said, "Go into your cell again."

They were locked up until the next morning.

Every now and again new prisoners were brought in, and they took away some of the old ones,— those who had been two days in confinement. What became of these? During the night the prisoners in the cells would hear firing, and the passers-by in the morning saw, as we have before said, pools of blood in the courtyard of the Prefecture. The roll-call for those who were to go out was made alphabetically.

One day the name of David d'Angers was called. David took his bundle and was about to obey, when the governor of the jail, who seemed to watch over him, said, "Remain here, M. David; remain here."

One morning he saw Buchez, the late President of the Constitutional Assembly, come in.

"Ah," said David, "that is good; you have come to visit the prisoners."

"I am a prisoner myself," returned Buchez.

They wished to make David promise that he would sail for America; but he refused, and so they contented themselves with Belgium. On December the 19th he reached Brussels; he came to see me and said, "I am staying at the Great Monarch, 89, Rue des Fripiers" (old-clothes men); then he added, with a smile, "The Great Monarch, the king; the old-clothes men, the royalists; '89, the Revolution." The irony of fate is sometimes unconsciously witty.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR LAST MEETING.

ON the 3d all had flocked to us; on the 5th we were left all alone. It was like an enormous ocean retiring from its shores; and who had the power to say to this ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther"? A mere pygmy.

The retreats of the abyss are innumerable. The abyss is afraid. Of what is it afraid? Of something deeper than itself, — of crime. The people drew back on the 5th, and by the 6th had vanished. There was nothing on the horizon, but a mighty gloomy night was beginning. It was the shadow of the Empire. We found ourselves on the 5th what we were on the 2d, — alone! But we persevered. Our hearts told us that we might despair, but never feel discouraged. Bad news came upon us in a series of successive blows, as good news had come the evening before: Aubry (du Nord) was at the Conciergerie; our well-beloved and eloquent Cremieux was at Mazas; Louis Blanc, who, although he had been banished, brought the power of his name to aid us, had, like Lechu Nollin, halted before the final catastrophe of the 4th, and succeeded in getting away into Tournay. As to General Neumayer, he had not marched his troops on Paris, but had come himself. What to do? To give in his adhesion.

We had no longer any place of refuge. 15, Rue Richelieu was watched; 11, Rue Monthabor had been

denounced. We wandered about Paris, and when we met whispered cautiously to each other, not knowing where we should sleep or where we could get a morsel of food; and all those heads which knew not where they could lay down to rest had a price put upon them. When people met, this is what they said to each other:—

"What has become of such an one?"

"He is arrested."

"And So-and-so?"

"Dead."

"And our friend ——?"

"He has disappeared."

We managed, however, to have one more meeting. It was on the 6th, at the house of the Representative Raymond, Place de la Madeleine. We were nearly all there. I was able to clasp the hands of Edgar Quinet, of Chauffour, of Clement Dulac, of Bancel, of Versigny, of Emile Péan, and I met once more with pleasure our energetic and worthy host of the Rue Blanche, Coppens, and our worthy colleague, Pons Stande, whom we had lost sight of in the smoke of battle. From the windows of the room in which we were deliberating we could see the Place de la Madeleine, and the boulevards in military occupation, and covered with a brutal and savage soldiery ranged in battle array, which seemed prepared for a possible attack. Charamaule came in. He drew from the pockets of his loose great-coat two pistols, which he flung upon the table, saying, —

"All is over. There is only one wise and sensible course of action which I am ready to propose. Are you with me, Victor Hugo?"

"Yes," answered I.

I did not know what he was going to say, but I knew that he would utter nothing but exalted sentiments.

"We have here," said he, "about fifty Representatives of the People. We are all that are left of the National Assembly, of law, and of right. Where shall we be to-morrow? We cannot tell, — dead or dispersed. We have yet an hour of to-day left us, and when that has passed, nothing but a gloomy future will remain. Such an opportunity will never occur again. Let us profit by it." He paused, and gazing upon us steadily, resumed: "Let us seize this chance of our being in the land of the living and assembled together. The group that is collected round this table is all that is left of the Republic. Well, let us offer this Republic to the army, and make the army yield to it, — physical force to moral right. If right does not triumph, force will. In any case, we shall have done our duty. If we live, we shall be the saviours of our country; if we die, we shall be inscribed in its list of heroes. This is my proposition."

There was a dead silence.

"Let us put on our scarves and go down in procession, two by two, into the Place de la Madeleine. You see that colonel who is standing there at the foot of the steps, with his regiment in battle array? We will go up to him, and in front of his soldiers I will summon him to return to his duty and to help the Republic with his regiment. Should he refuse — " Charamaule took a pistol in each hand, and added, "I will blow out his brains!"

"Charamaule," said I, "I will be by your side."

"I knew you would," said Charamaule; "and the report will awaken the people."

"But," objected many voices, "if they do not awake?"

"We shall die."

"I will follow you," said I.

We shook hands.

But many objections were raised. No one was afraid,

but all criticised the proposal. Would it not be an act of madness, and a useless one, too? Would it not be playing the Republic's last card without a hope of winning the game? What luck it would be for Bonaparte to be able at one blow to crush all that remained of the opposition to his projects. We were vanquished, but what use would it be to annihilate ourselves. There was not the slightest chance of success. To do what Charamaule advised would be to throw ourselves into the jaws of Death. It would be a grand and noble suicide, but it would be a suicide after all; and in certain cases suicide is not the act of a hero, but of an egotist. It is done in a moment, and a record of the deed is left in history's pages; but we bequeath to others all the violent struggles, the severe exertions, and the terrible weight of exile, — the hard and bitter life of the conquered who still maintains a struggle with his conqueror. A certain degree of patience is an inherent principle of politics. To know when to wait for our turn is sometimes more difficult than to hurry on the final crash. There are two kinds of courage, — intrepidity and perseverance. The first the quality of the soldier, the second of the citizen. To retire from the struggle by death is often too quickly done, but what is required is to draw our country out of its terrible position.

"No!" continued the gallant dissentients from Charamaule and myself, "it is To-day that you propose to us and the suppression of To-morrow. Take care, for suicide is a kind of desertion."

The word "desertion" wounded Charamaule deeply. "Good," said he; "I give up my plan."

The scene was a grand one; and later on, when we were in exile, Quinet always spoke of it to me with the deepest emotion.

We parted, and saw each other no more.

I was wandering about the streets debating the question as to where I should sleep. I thought that No. 19, Rue Richelieu was watched like No. 15; but the night was cold, and I decided to return to my asylum at all risks, however dangerous it might be to do so. I was right in trusting myself to it. I supped off a piece of bread and slept well.

The next morning when I awoke I thought of the duties which awaited me, and thought that if I went out I might never return again, so I took the remainder of my bread and crumbled it on the window-sill for the birds.

CHAPTER X.

DUTY CAN HAVE TWO ASPECTS.

HAD it been in the power of the Left at any time to have prevented the *coup d'état?* We do not think that it was.

Here, however, is a detail that we do not think we ought to pass over in silence.

On November 16, 1851, I was in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, at No. 37. It was my own house, and I was at work in my study. It was about midnight when my servant knocked at the door and asked if I could see any one. He then mentioned a certain name.

"Let him come in," said I.

Some one entered the room.

I intend to speak with some reserve of this distinguished gentleman. Suffice it to say that he had the right when speaking of the Bonapartes to call them "my relations."

It is well known that the Bonaparte family is divided into two branches, — the imperial and the private family. The imperial family kept up the tradition of Napoleon, and the private family that of Lucien, — a distinction without a difference.

My nocturnal visitor sat down by the other side of the fire. He commenced by speaking to me of the Memoirs of a noble and virtuous woman, the Princess —— his mother, whose manuscript he entrusted to me, and asked my opinion upon the utility and advisability of

publishing them. This manuscript had a certain amount of pleasant interest for me, for the reason that the writing resembled that of my mother. My visitor, to whom I handed back the leaves interrupted me all of a sudden by saying, —

"The Republic is lost!"

"Very nearly," replied I.

"Unless you save it," said he.

"I?"

"You."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen to me."

Then he explained, with that complicated clearness of a paradox that was one of the signs of his remarkable intellect, the position in which we were, which was either desperate or secure, as we treated it.

The position as I also understood it was this: —

The Right of the Assembly was composed of four hundred members, and the Left of a hundred and eighty. The four hundred composing the majority was divided into three parties, — the Legitimist, the Orleanist, and the Bonapartist party; and all voted for the clerical party. The hundred and eighty of the minority belonged to the Republican party. The Right distrusted the Left, and had taken precautions against the minority. A Committee of Vigilance, composed of sixteen members of the Right, had the mission of imparting unity to this trinity of parties, and of keeping a watch on the Left.

The Left had at first confined themselves to a little sarcasm and, borrowing an expression which then conveyed the idea of decrepitude, nicknamed the sixteen commissioners the "Burgraves." Then when sarcasm gave way to suspicion, the Left had created a committee of sixteen members on their side, called the "Red Bur-

graves." Innocent reprisals. The result was that the Right watched the Left, and the Left the Right, and that no one kept an eye on Bonaparte. Two flocks of sheep were so jealous of each other that they entirely forgot the wolf. During this time, in his den at the Elysée, Bonaparte was at work, and used the valuable time which both parties wasted in their distrust of each other. They kept a watch on the foe, but their eyes were not turned in the right direction.

To understand what you ought to distrust is the secret of true political science. The Assembly of 1851 had not this clearness of vision. The members did not look at things in a proper manner. Each gazed forward into the future in his own fashion, and a sort of political blindness veiled the eyes of the Left as well as the Right. They were alarmed, but not at the true danger. They were in the presence of a mystery, and had an ambush before them, but they sought for danger in the wrong direction, and did not perceive where it really existed; so that, whilst the leaders of both Right and Left, with terrified looks, gravely asked, on the one side, what the growling of the Left could mean, on the other, what the bleating of the Right signified, they exposed themselves every instant to feel in their shoulders the talons of the *coup d'état.*

My visitor continued, "You were one of those sixteen?"

"Yes," replied I, with a smile, "a 'Red Burgrave.'"

His smile replied to mine as he answered, "Yes, a 'Red Prince,' as I was. You had full powers, however?"

"Yes, like the others, but no more than they had. The Left has no chiefs."

"Yon, the Commissary of the Police of the Assembly, is a republican, is he not?" continued he.

"He is."

"He would obey an order signed by you?"

"Perhaps."

"And I say he would certainly do so." As he spoke he looked at me steadily.

"What do you mean?" asked I.

"What I say."

I am free to confess that his words were firm, convincing, and to the point, and that during the whole of the conversation his manner was frank and open.

"Arrest the President!" cried I.

Then he pointed out that, strange as the thing appeared, it was most simple; that the army was wavering; and that with the army the generals who had served in Africa had more right than the President; that the National Guard was on the side of the Assembly, and especially favoured the Left; that Colonel Forestier answered for the 8th Legion, Colonel Gressier for the 6th, and Colonel Howyne for the 5th; that on an order signed by the Sixteen of the Left, arms would be at once taken up; that my signature would be sufficient, but if I preferred to summon the Committee to a secret meeting we might delay until the next day; that the Elysée expected nothing, thinking of the offensive and not of the defensive, and would therefore be taken unawares; that the troops would not resist the National Guard, and that the affair might be concluded without a blow being struck; that the gates of Vincennes would open and close whilst Paris was wrapped in slumber; and that at its awakening it would learn the two items of good news, — that Bonaparte was out of the way and the Republic out of danger.

"You can also count on Generals Neumayer at Lyons and Lawoëstyne in Paris," added he.

He rose from his seat and leaned against the mantel-

piece. Continuing, he said, "I do not feel strong enough to go into exile again, but I have every desire to save my family and my country."

I imagine that he saw me start with surprise, for he emphasized the next words he said, —

"Let me explain. I desire to save my family and my country. I bear the name of Napoleon, but, as you are aware, without fanaticism. I am a Bonaparte, but not a Bonapartist. I respect the name, but still I sit in judgment on it. The 18th Brumaire placed one stain upon it. Is it going to be defiled by another? Napoleon was absolved by his genius. The people admired him so much that they forgave him everything. Napoleon is on the summit of the column; let him remain there. Do not let them begin by imitating his worst side. Do not recall too much to the memory of France. The glory of Napoleon is vulnerable. The wound has been healed once; do not let them tear it open again. Whatever apologists may say, it is no less true that Napoleon struck the first blow at himself by his act on the 18th Brumaire."

"Yes," said I, "it was against himself that he committed the crime."

"Well," added he, "his glory survived the first blow, the second will kill it. I don't wish this to happen; I hate the first 18th Brumaire, and I fear the second. I wish to prevent it; and that is why I have come to you to-night. I wish to help this mighty wounded glory. In advising you as I have done, if you do, if the Left does as I wish, I save the first Napoleon; for if a second crime once defiles his glory it will utterly disappear. Yes, the name will sink into oblivion, and history will know it no more. I will even go further, and say that I serve the present Napoleon; for though he may not have the glory, he will not be stained by the

crime. I shall save his memory from an eternal pillory. Therefore, stop him. As for the Republic, the arrest of Louis Napoleon is its salvation; and I was right in telling you that, by acting as I am, I am saving my family and my country."

"But," objected I, "the measure you propose is a *coup d'état.*"

"Do you think so?"

"Most certainly; we are the minority, and are acting as if we were the majority. We are only a portion of the Assembly, and we are acting as if we were the whole of it. We condemn all usurpation, and we act as usurpers. We lay our hands upon an official that the Assembly only has the right to arrest. We who ought to be the defenders of the Constitution are acting against its rules, and as law-abiding citizens are violating the law. It is a *coup d'état.*"

"It may be so, but it is a *coup d'état* that will be productive of good."

"Evil done that good may come of it remains evil all the same."

"Even when it succeeds?"

"Especially when it succeeds."

"Why so?"

"Because then it becomes an example."

"You did not approve, then, of the 18th Fructidor?"

"No."

"And yet the 18th Fructidor prevented the 18th Brumaire."

"No, it prepared the way for it."

"But reasons of State exist in favour of it."

"No, the only thing that does exist is the law."

"The 18th Fructidor was approved of by many conscientious men."

"I know that it was."

"Blanqui and Michelet were in favour of it."

"I and Barbès were against it."

Then, passing from the moral I took up the practical side of the plan.

"Let me now," I continued, "inquire into your idea. You rely on the National Guard, but General Lawoëstyne has not yet the supreme command of it. You rely on the army. But General Neumayer is at Lyons, and not in Paris. Will he march to the help of the Assembly? Who can say if he will? Is not Lawoëstyne a double-faced man? Are you sure of him? You summon the 8th Legion to take up arms, but Forestier is no longer their colonel. The 5th and the 6th? But Gressier and Howyne are only lieutenant-colonels; will the Legions follow them? You say, "Have recourse to the Commissary Yon;" but will he obey the Left only? He is agent for the Assembly, and consequently for the majority, not for the minority only. Enough of these questions; but say that they are answered in a manner which gives a chance of success, is success itself the real question? No; the real question is, What is it that is right? To arrest the President we must have an order from the whole Assembly, and this we replace by an act of violence on the part of the Left. Suppose that there should be any resistance, and that blood should be shed. What is that? Why, a crime."

"No, no," exclaimed he, "*salus populi suprema lex.*"

"Not according to my idea," answered I; "I would not slay a child to save the people."

"Cato would have done so."

"Jesus would not. You have all the examples of antiquity on your side, Greek and Roman truth. I am only guided by human truth. The new horizon is far wider than the old one."

There was a momentary pause, which he broke.

"Then it is he who will attack you."

"So be it."

"You will fight when the battle has already been lost beforehand."

"I fear so."

"And this unequal combat can only have one termination for you, Victor Hugo, — death or exile."

"I believe it."

"Death is but a momentary pang; but exile is long, and hard to bear."

"We must get accustomed to it."

"Do you know what they are already saying?" persisted he.

"What?"

"They say that you are annoyed with him because he refused to make you a minister."

"You know well enough how true that is."

"I know that it is quite the contrary, and that it was he who asked you, and you who refused."

"Well, then —"

"They will lie, all the same."

"What does that matter to me?"

"Then," cried he, "you who have brought the Bonapartes back to France will be exiled by them."

"Who can say," returned I, "if I have committed no fault? Injustice is sometimes justice."

"Could you bear exile?"

"I will endeavour to do so."

"Could you live without Paris?"

"I have the ocean."

"You will go and dwell on the sea-shore?"

"I think so."

"It is sad."

"It is magnificent."

There was another silence, which he broke.

"Look here, you do not know what exile is. I do; it is terrible. Certainly I will not try it again. Death is a place from which we do not come back; exile, one from whence we never return."

"If necessary," said I, "I will go, but I *will* return."

"Sooner die. To leave this life is nothing, but to leave one's country — "

"Alas!" said I, "it is everything."

"Then why do you accept exile when you can avoid it. What is it that you place before your country?"

"Conscience."

This question caused him to fall into a reverie, then he went on: "But if you reflect, your conscience will approve of what you do."

"Never."

"Why?"

"I have already told you, because my conscience is so constituted that there is nothing in this world before it. I feel it in me as the cape feels the lighthouse that is erected on it. Life is like the ocean, and conscience throws light over it."

"And I too," cried he (and I can declare that nothing was more true and sincere than his voice and manner) "I too can glance down at my conscience, and it approves of what I propose. It may seem that I am betraying Louis, but it is not so; on the contrary, I am serving him. To save a man from a crime is to save the man himself. I have tried all methods, and this was the last one that remained. In coming to you and acting as I have done, I was conspiring at the same time for and against him, — against his despotic power and for the sake of his honour. What I have done was right."

"That is true," said I. "Your thought was a high and a noble one; but our two feelings are different. I

cannot prevent Louis Bonaparte from committing a crime except by committing one myself. I desire neither the 18th Brumaire for him, nor the 18th Fructidor for myself. I had rather be proscribed than become a persecutor. I have the choice between two crimes, that of Louis Bonaparte and my own, and I will not choose my own."

"Then you will suffer by his."

"I had rather suffer by a crime than commit one."

His face assumed a pensive look as he replied, "Good! Perhaps we are both right."

"I think we are," answered I, as I pressed his hand.

He took up his mother's manuscript and left the room.

It was three o'clock in the morning; the conversation had lasted over two hours, and I did not retire to rest until I had written it all down.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT ENDS, THE PROOF BEGINS.

I KNEW no longer where to go. On the afternoon of the 7th I decided to return to the Rue Richelieu. Under the large entrance-gate some one seized me by the hand. It was Mme. D——, who had been waiting for me.

"Have I been discovered?" asked I.

"Yes."

"And taken?"

"No; come with me."

We crossed the courtyard and went out by the back-door that led into the Rue Fontaine Molière, and reached the Place de Palais Royal. There were cabs on the rank as usual. We took the first one.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

Mme. D—— looked at me.

"I do not know," said I.

"But I do," replied she.

Women always know where Providence is; and in an hour I was in safety.

From the 4th, each day which passed was the closing up of the *coup d'état*. Our defeat was complete, and we felt that we were abandoned by all. Paris was like a forest, in which Louis Bonaparte was tracking down the Representatives, — the wild beast hunting the hunters. We could hear Maupas yelping behind us, and felt that we must disperse. The pursuit was obstinate.

We had entered on the second phase of duty. We had accepted and submitted to the catastrophe. The conquered had become fugitives. Each had his own special ending. Mine was to be exile, for death had passed me by. I shall not relate it here, for this book is not a history of my life, and I do not wish to turn on myself any of the interest that it may excite. In spite of the incessant pursuit after us, I did not think that I ought to quit Paris whilst a ray of hope remained, and whilst there was the slightest hope of arousing the people. Malarmet let me know in my hiding-place that there would be a rising in Belleville on Tuesday, the 9th. I waited until the 12th, but nothing stirred. The people were dead. Happily such deaths, like those of the gods, are only temporary.

I had a last interview with Jules Favre and Michel de Bourges, at Mme. Didier's in the Rue de la Ville Lévèque. It was at night Bastide came. This gallant fellow said to me, —

"You are about to leave Paris. I shall remain. Take me as your lieutenant, and from the far-away spot of your exile make me act as if you had an arm in France."

"Rather say another heart," answered I.

On the 14th, by means of all the sudden changes which my son Charles has related in his book, I contrived to reach Brussels. The conquered are like ashes, — the breath of destiny blows on them and they are dispersed. All those who had fought for law and right had vanished, — a sad and fatal disappearance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BANISHED.

THE crime had succeeded. To persist in opposition or resistance to it was useless. The situation was now perfectly desperate. It seemed like some mighty wall gradually rising up from the horizon, and ready to close in everything, leaving only one exit through it that led to exile.

Those brave hearts that had formed the glory of the people left the country. It was a melancholy sight to see France driven out by France. But what the present seemed to lose the future certainly gained. The hand that dispersed them also sowed the seed for a future harvest.

The Representatives of the Left, watched, haunted, traced, and tracked, wandered for many days from refuge to refuge. Those who escaped were only able to leave Paris with great difficulty and danger.

Madier de Montjau had very thick, black eyebrows; he shaved off half of them, cut his hair short, and permitted his beard to grow. Yvan, Pelletier, Gindrier, and Doutre shaved their moustache and beard. Versigny arrived in Brussels on the 14th, with a passport which bore the name of Morin. Schœlcher disguised himself as a priest. This costume suited him, and went admirably with his austere features and serious voice. A worthy priest aided him to put on this disguise, and lent him his cassock and his bands. Schœlcher had

shaved off his whiskers some days before so as not to leave upon his cheeks the traces of his recently cut beard. The priest handed him his own passport, and only left him at the railway station. De Flotte dressed himself like a servant, and managed to cross the frontier at Mouscron, from thence he reached Ghent, and after that Brussels.

On the night of December the 20th I had gone into my little fireless room which I occupied on the second floor of the Hôtel de Porte Verte. It was just midnight, and I was about to go to bed and had just dropped off to sleep, when there was a knocking at my door. I woke up. I always left the key on the outside. "Come in," said I. A maidservant came in with a candle in her hand and ushered in two gentlemen. One was an advocate of Ghent and the other was De Flotte. He grasped both my hands affectionately. "What!" said I; "is it you?"

De Flotte of the Assembly, with his prominent forehead, his deeply set eyes, his closely cut hair and long beard, seemed like a portrait of Sebastian del Piombo stepping out from a painting by Lazare, and now I saw a little thin young man with a pale face, and spectacles on. But what he had not been able to change, and what I recognized at once, was his noble heart, his high style of thought, his energetic mind, and his undauntable courage; and if I did not recognize the face, I recognized my friend in the warm grasp of his hand.

Edgar Quinet was brought in on the 10th by a noble Wallachian woman, — the Princess Cantacuzène, who undertook to see him over the frontier, and who kept her word. This was not easy. Quinet had a foreign passport, made out in the name of Grubesko; he was a Wallachian, and it was agreed that he was not to know a word of French, though he was a man who wrote in it so

beautifully. The trip was a dangerous one. Passports were asked for all along the line. At Amiens they were especially suspicious, but at Lille the danger was very great. The gendarmes entered the carriages one after the other, and with lanterns in their hands compared the faces of the travellers with the description in their passports. Many who appeared to be of a suspicious appearance were arrested on the spot and thrown into prison. Edgar Quinet seated by the side of Mme. Cantacuzène was waiting his turn. At last they came to hers; Mme. Cantacuzène bent quickly forwards and handed over her passport. But the brigadier pushed it back, saying, "It is useless, madame. We have nothing to do with ladies' passports." Then turning to Quinet he said roughly: "Give me your papers." Quinet handed him his passport unfolded. "Get out of the carriage," cried the gendarme, "so that we may compare your face with the description." He got out; but as the Wallachian passport contained no description, the gendarme frowned and said, "An irregular passport. Go for the Commissary of Police." All seemed lost, when Mme. Cantacuzène addressed Quinet in certain words which sounded very Wallachian indeed with a coolness and volubility hardly credible, but which so thoroughly convinced the gendarme he had to do with a real Wallachian that as he saw the train was ready to leave, he handed back the passport to Quinet with the words: "Bah! be off with you." Some hours afterwards Edgar Quinet was safe in Belgium.

Arnaud (de l'Ariège) also incurred some risks. He had been denounced, and it was necessary for him to hide himself. Arnaud being a Catholic, Mme. Arnaud addressed herself to the priests. Abbé Deguerry shirked the business, but Abbé Maret accepted the task like a brave good priest. Arnaud (de l'Ariège) remained for

fifteen days concealed in his house. He wrote from there a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, enjoining him to refuse to accept the Pantheon, which, by a decree of Louis Bonaparte, had been taken from France and given to Rome. This letter made the Archbishop very angry. Arnaud, who was outlawed, managed to reach Brussels; and it was there that at the age of eighteen months "the little Red Republican" died, who on the 3d of December had carried the working-man's letter to the Archbishop, — an angel sent by God to the priest, who did not understand the angel, and knew not God.

In all this variety of incidents and adventures each played his part in some strange drama, and that of Cournet was a terrible and tragical one.

Cournet, it will be remembered, had been an officer in the navy. He was one of those men who are prompt to decide, and who could magnetize other men, and on certain occasions could communciate his will to the mass of the people. He had that grand and haughty bearing, broad shoulders, powerful arms, mighty fists, which, with his great height, inspired the public with confidence, and the look of intelligence which makes its way with all deep thinkers. When he passed by you, you recognized the element of strength; when he spoke you felt the power of will, which is more powerful than strength. When he was quite young he had served on board a man-of-war. He combined in himself, in a certain degree, the fire of the feeling of a man of the people and the disciplined calm of a man of the service. He possessed one of those natures fitted for the hurricane and the crowd, — one of those who have commenced their study of the people by learning the book of the ocean, and who are as much at their ease in the midst of revolutions as they are in the raging tempest.

As we have narrated, he had taken an important part

in the fighting. He had been indefatigable and bold, and might yet have been able to stir up the people. Many agents of the police had been deputed to hunt him down and to seize him wherever they came across him, then to convey him to the office of the Prefecture of Police, where orders had been given that he was to be shot at once.

With his habitual audacity he came and went freely about Paris, even in the parts occupied by the troops; and the only precaution he had taken was to shave off his moustache. On Thursday afternoon he was on the boulevard, a few paces from where a cavalry regiment was drawn up. He was talking quietly with two of his friends who had been fighting by his side, Huy and Lorrain. All at once he and his comrades found themselves surrounded by a posse of police. One of them tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "You are Cournet; I arrest you."

"Pooh!" replied Cournet; "my name is Lépine."

"You are Cournet," answered the man. "You do not know me, but I know you, for I was with you on the Socialistic Electoral Committee."

Cournet stared at him, and presently began to remember him. The man was right, for he had been a member of the conclave held in the Rue Saint Spire.

The spy added with a laugh: "I proposed both you and Eugène Sue."

It was useless to deny his identity and hopeless to offer resistance, for there were over twenty policemen about and a regiment of dragoons close at hand.

"I am ready to go with you," said Cournet.

A cab was called.

"You must all come with me," said the spy. He made Huy and Lorrain get in and take their places in the front, and with Cournet by his side sat down at the

back of the vehicle. Then he called out to the driver: "Go to the Prefecture."

The police surrounded the cab; but whether it was by chance, or whether the spy wished to take all the credit of the capture to himself, he called to the coachman: "Get on quickly to the Prefecture."

As Cournet, however, knew that he should be shot as soon as he arrived at the Prefecture, he determined not to go there. At the turn of the Rue Saint Antoine he cast a glance behind him and saw that the rest of the police were far behind the cab. Not a word had yet been spoken by any of the inmates of the cab. Cournet looked at his two friends with an expression of the face that plainly said, "We are three to one; let us profit by the chance and escape."

Both of them made an imperceptible movement of the eye, which seemed to say, "No, we cannot, for the road is full of passers-by."

A moment afterwards the cab left the Rue Saint Antoine and entered the Rue de Fourcy. The Rue de Fourcy is a lonely street, and just then there was no one in it.

Cournet turned quickly to the spy saying: "Have you a warrant for my arrest?"

"No, but I have my police card in my pocket," and he pulled it out and showed it to Cournet; then this dialogue ensued: —

"This is not legal."

"What is that to do with me?"

"You have no right to arrest me."

"Never mind, I *do* arrest you."

"Come, is it money you require. I have plenty about me. Let us escape."

"If you offered me a lump of gold as big as your head, I should not let you go; you are my finest capture, Citizen Cournet."

" Where are you taking me to ? "
" To the Prefecture. "
" They will shoot me. "
" Possibly. "
" And my two friends ? "
" Possibly. "
" I do not want to go there. "
" But you will go for all that. "
" And I tell you that I will not go," cried Cournet; and with a sudden spring he caught the spy by the throat.

The policeman was unable to call for help, but struggled violently against the grasp of iron that held him. His tongue protruded from his mouth, his eyes started from their sockets. All at once his head fell upon his shoulder, and a gory foam appeared on his lips; he was dead. Huy and Lorrain, motionless and horror-struck had gazed upon this melancholy sight. They made no move nor did they utter a word. The cab still drove on.

" Open the door, " said Cournet. But they did not stir, they seemed turned to stone. Cournet, whose right hand was still grasping the miserable wretch's throat, tried to open it with his left hand, but he could not succeed. He felt that he must take his right to it, and so let go his adversary. The man fell forwards, with his face on Cournet's knees. Cournet opened the door. " Get out, " said he. Huy and Lorrain jumped out into the street and ran off as fast as their legs could carry them. The driver had not noticed anything. Cournet let them get some distance away and then pulled the checkstring and stopped the cab. He got leisurely out, shut the door, and taking forty sous from his purse gave them to the coachman who had not left his box, and said to him: " Go to where you were told. "

He plunged into the heart of Paris, and at the Place

Cournet strangling the Police Agent.

Etched by Gery Bichard — From Drawing by François Flameng.

des Victoires he met an old acquaintance named Isidore Buvignier, who had been released from the Madelonettes some six months before, he having been imprisoned there on account of his connection with the "Solidarité Républicaine." Buvignier was one of the most remarkable persons on the upper benches of the Left; he was fair, clean shaved, with a severe expression of face, which reminded you of the English Roundheads, for he had far more the air of one of Cromwell's Puritans than one of Danton's Men of the Mountain. Cournet told him of his adventure. Buvignier shook his head. "Then," said he, "you have killed a man."

In my drama of "Mary Tudor," I have in a similar case made Fabiani reply, "No, a Jew."

Cournet, who had probably never read "Mary Tudor," answered, "No, a spy;" then he added, "I killed a spy to save the lives of three men, one of whom was myself."

Cournet was right. He had been fighting openly; he was being taken to be shot, and the spy who had arrested him was neither more nor less than an assassin, and he had merely acted in legitimate self-defence. I may add that this wretch, a democrat for the people, and a spy for the police, was a double-dyed traitor, and that the spy was a supporter of the *coup d'état*, while Cournet was a defender of law and right.

"You must hide yourself," said Buvignier. "Come to Juvisy."

Buvignier possessed a little retreat at Juvisy, on the road to Corbeil. He was known there, and much liked. Cournet and he arrived there that night. But scarcely had they done so than some peasants said to Buvignier, "The gendarmes have been here to arrest you, and will come again this evening."

It was necessary to leave at once. Cournet was now in greater danger than ever, and wandered about hunted

and pursued. He succeeded with great difficulty in concealing himself in Paris, and remained there until the 16th without any means of procuring a passport. At last on that day some friends he possessed in the Railway Department of the Northern contrived to procure for him a special passport worded in this manner:

"Permit M—— to pass; an Inspector on special service."

He resolved to leave the next day, and determined to take the day train, thinking, and with reason, that the night dispatches would be more closely watched. He was to leave at eight o'clock in the morning.

On the 17th, at daybreak, favoured by the dim light, he crept from street to street towards the Northern terminus. His height was his chief danger. He managed, however, to reach the station. The firemen took him into the tender with them. He only had what he stood up in; no linen, no luggage, but fortunately some money.

In December the day breaks late, and the night comes early, which is a providence for proscribed men. He arrived without meeting with any impediment at the frontier at the fall of night. At Neuvèglise he was in Belgium, and thought himself in safety. He was asked for his papers. He requested to be taken before the Burgomaster, and said, "I am a political refugee."

But the Belgian Burgomaster, who was a Bonapartist, —for even that variety is to be found, — ordered him plainly and simply to be taken by the gendarmes to the frontier, and handed over to the French authorities.

Cournet felt that he was lost.

The Belgian gendarmes took him to Armentières; if they had asked for the Mayor it would have been all over with Cournet; but instead of this, they took him before the Customs Inspector.

Cournet began to see a gleam of hope. He walked up

to the inspector with his head erect, and shook hands with him. The Belgian gendarmes had not yet released him.

"Faith, sir," said Cournet to the Custom House officer, "you are an inspector of Customs, and I of the Railway. It is the deuce and all if inspectors eat inspectors. These brave Belgians have taken fright, I don't know at what, and sent me to you in charge of four gendarmes. I was sent here by the Northern Railway Company to see after the piers of a bridge that are rather shaky. I beg that you will ask them to permit me to go on my business. Here is my pass."

He handed it to the Custom House officer, who read it, found it perfectly correct, and said, "Mr. Inspector, you are free."

Cournet, released from the Belgian gendarmes by the French authorities, ran to the railway station, where he had some friends.

"Quick," cried he, "it is night, but that is all the same. Find me some one who has been a smuggler, and who can take me across the frontier."

They brought him a youth of about eighteen years of age, fair, fresh-looking, with a ruddy complexion. He was a Walloon, who spoke French.

"What is your name?" asked Cournet.

"Henry."

"You look like a girl."

"I am a man for all that."

"You will guide me?"

"Yes."

"You have been a smuggler?"

"I am one still."

"You know the roads?"

"No, I have nothing to do with roads."

"What do you know, then?"

" I know the by-ways."
" There are two sets of Custom House lines."
" I know that."
" Will you take me through them?"
" Of course I will."
" You are not afraid of the officers?"
" I am afraid of the dogs."
" In that case," said Cournet, " we must take sticks."

They armed themselves with thick sticks. Cournet gave Henry fifty francs, and promised him another fifty when they had passed the second line of the Customs.

" That is to say, at four o'clock in the morning," said Henry.

It was then midnight, and they started at once. What Henry termed " by-ways " another person might have spoken of as obstacles. The whole way was a succession of breakneck places and quagmires. It had rained heavily, and all the holes were pools of water. A narrow path wound through an almost impenetrable labyrinth, sometimes full of thorns like a heath, sometimes muddy like a marsh. The night was pitch dark. Every now and again, far away in the gloom, they heard a dog bark. Then the smuggler would make sharp turns and zigzags, occasionally even returned by the way he had come. Cournee leaped over hedges, crossed ditches, stumbling at every moment, stepping in mud-puddles, catching his feet in roots, tearing his clothes to tatters, his hands bleeding, half dead for want of food, shaken, exhausted, and weakened, yet following his guide manfully. Every moment he stumbled or fell into a mud-hole, whence he would emerge covered with slime. At last he fell into a pond some feet deep. This was handy, and he washed himself in it. " Bravo!" cried he, " now I feel quite clean, but I am very cold."

At four o'clock in the morning, as Henry had prom-

ised, they had arrived at Messene, a Belgian village. They had passed the Custom House lines, and had nothing more to fear, either from the Custom House, the *coup d'état*, or the dogs. Cournet gave Henry the second fifty francs, and continued his way on foot. It was evening before he reached a railway station. He took a ticket, and in a short time he was in Brussels.

He had left Paris the night before, had not slept, had been on his feet the whole time, and had had nothing to eat. On feeling in his pockets his pocket-book had disappeared, but he found a crust. He felt more happiness at this discovery than grief at the loss of his pocket-book. All his money was in a waist-belt: the pocket-book had probably been lost in the pool. It contained, amongst others, one very useful letter of introduction from his friend M. Ernest Kœchlin to the Representatives Guilgot and Carlos Forel, who were then exiles in Belgium, and staying at the Hôtel de Brabant. On quitting the station, he threw himself into a cab saying, "Drive to the Hôtel de Brabant."

He heard a voice repeating, "Hôtel de Brabant," and thrusting his head through the window, saw by the light of a lamp a man writing something in a note-book. He probably belonged to the police.

Without passport, letters, or papers of any kind, he feared lest he should be arrested that night, and he longed for a good sleep. "A good bed to-night," thought he, "and after that the deluge."

At the Hôtel de Brabant he got out of the cab and paid the coachman, but did not enter the house. Even had he done so he would have asked in vain for the Representatives Guilgot and Forel, who were there under assumed names. He began to wander about, but it was growing late, and he had been feeling tired for a long time. At last he saw a lighted lamp over a door,

and on it written, "Hôtel de la Monnaie." He went in.

The proprietor looked at him curiously; then for the first time he thought of looking at himself. He was unshaved, his hair was in disorder, his cap covered with mud, his hands scratched and bleeding, his clothes in tatters; he was indeed an awful object to look upon. He drew from his belt a double-louis, which he placed upon the table of the ground-floor room into which he had entered, and said to the landlord, —

"Sir, the real fact is that I am not a robber, but a proscribed man. I have no passport, only money. I have come from Paris. I wish for something to eat first, and then to go to bed at once."

The landlord's heart was softened, and he gave him supper and a bed.

The next morning, when he was still asleep, the host came into his room, and waking him softly, said, "Look here, sir, if I were in your place I would go and see Baron Hody."

"Who is this Baron Hody?" asked Cournet, not half awake.

The landlord explained who and what Baron Hody was. For my part I had had occasion to put the same question that Cournet had done, and had obtained from three of the inhabitants of Brussels the three following answers: —

"He is a dog."

"He is a polecat."

"He is a hyæna."

There may probably have been some exaggeration in these replies.

A fourth Belgian, without specifying the genus to which he belonged, said simply, "He is a beast."

As to his public duties, the Baron Hody was what is

called in Brussels, "The Commissioner of Public Safety;" that is to say, a cross between a Carlier and a Maupas.

Thanks to Baron Hody, who has since then vacated his office and who was like M. de Montalembert, "a mere Jesuit," the Belgian police at that time was formed on the Russian and Austrian lines. I have read some very strange confidential letters of this Baron Hody. In style and manner nothing can be more revolting than the Jesuit police where they permit their secret treasons to be disclosed. It is like an unbuttoned cassock. At the time of which we are writing (1851) the clerical party had rallied round all forms of monarchy, and this Baron Hody mixed under his protection Orleanism with Legitimism. I say this, but make no comments.

"Very good, I will see Baron Hody," said Cournet.

He rose, dressed, tidied himself up as well as he could, and sought the landlord. "Where shall I find the police?" asked he.

"At the Court of Justice."

This is so in Brussels. The administration of the police forms part of the duties of the Minister of Justice, which does not exalt the police and certainly honours justice.

Cournet at length arrived before this personage.

Baron Hody sharply asked him who he was.

"A refugee," answered Cournet. "I am one of those whom the *coup d'état* has driven from Paris."

"What is your profession?"

"I was formerly a naval officer."

"A naval officer!" returned the Baron, in a much milder tone. "Do you know his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville?"

"I served under him."

This was true, for Cournet had served under M. de Joinville, and always spoke highly of him.

At this reply the Commissioner of Public Safety thawed completely, and with as gracious a smile as was to be found on a police official's face, said, "You can remain here, sir, as long as you like. We have closed Belgium to the Men of the Mountain, but it is ever open to distinguished men like yourself."

When Cournet told me of Hody's reply, I felt that my fourth Belgian was right in what he had said.

There was sometimes a grimly comic side in these adventures. Barthélemy Terrier was a Representative of the People, and consequently outlawed. He was given a passport for Belgium for his wife and himself, with a special route marked out, which he was compelled to follow. With this passport he started off with a lady. This lady was a man named Préveraud, a landed proprietor at Donjon, one of the notables of L'Allier, and the brother-in-law of Terrier. When the *coup d'état* broke out at Donjon, Préveraud took up arms, did his duty bravely, and took the side of law and right. He was therefore condemned to death. For the crime of acting as an honourable man, Charlet was guillotined, and so were Cuisinier and Cirasse. The guillotine was then an instrument necessary for the Government. Murder by the guillotine was one of the methods of keeping order adopted at that time. It was necessary to save Préveraud, and as he was short and slight, they dressed him up as a woman. He was not sufficiently pretty for them to dispense with covering his face with a thick veil. They concealed the powerful hands of the bold combatant in a muff. Thus veiled and disguised, and with a little artificial roundness added to his figure, Préveraud made a charming woman. He became Mme. Terrier, and his brother-in-law took him away with him. They passed through Paris in safety, with the exception of an act of imprudence on the part of Pré-

veraud, who, seeing that the shaft horse of a heavy wagon had fallen, laid aside his muff, and raising his skirt, would have gone to the assistance of the driver had not Terrier prevented him. Had a policeman been on the spot, Préveraud would have been lost. Terrier hastened to get Préveraud into a carriage, and they left for Brussels by the night mail. They were alone in the carriage, each one in his own corner facing the other. All went well up to Amiens; there the door was opened, and a gendarme got in and sat by Préveraud's side.

The man asked for the passport. Terrier showed it; the little veiled woman in the corner sat perfectly still. The gendarme saw that all was in form, and contented himself by saying, "We shall make the trip together; I am detailed for duty on the frontier."

After the usual stoppage, the train started once more. The night was very dark, and Terrier went to sleep. All at once Préveraud felt a knee pressed against his. It was the gendarme's knee. A boot was placed gently upon his. It was the boot of the police official.

An amorous idyll had sprung up in the soul of the gendarme. First he pressed his knee lovingly against that of Préveraud; then, emboldened by the darkness of the night and the slumber of the husband, he ventured to place his hand upon the dress, — just as Molière describes. But the fair one was virtuous.

Préveraud, full of anger and disgust, repulsed the hand of the gendarme gently. The danger was very great. A too demonstrative evidence of affection on the part of the gendarme might bring about a rapid transformation, and change the eclogue into a criminal trial by converting the satyr into a policeman and a Tircis into a Vidocq, and the strange event of a traveller being guillotined because a gendarme had been deficient in modesty might have taken place.

Préveraud recoiled and got close into his corner, and sheltering his legs beneath the bench, maintained his virtuous demeanour. But the gendarme became more pressing, and the struggle continued in silence and darkness. Terrier still slept. All at once the train stopped. A voice shouted "Quiévrain!" and the door opened. They were in Belgium.

The gendarme, forced to return to France, rose to get out. At the moment when his foot left the step of the carriage and touched the ground, he heard behind him a voice which shouted through a lace veil, "Get out of this, or I 'll smash your face!"

CHAPTER XIII

MILITARY COMMISSIONS AND MIXED COMMISSIONS.

JUSTICE, too, had its strange adventures. The old name was used in a new sense. The Code ceased to be sure. The law became a something that had sworn fealty to a crime. Louis Bonaparte appointed judges by whom you felt that you were crushed as though in the depths of some forest. The wood acted as an accomplice by its darkness as the law did by its obscurity.

When places were not dark enough certain additions were invented to make them so. How was this done? By force. By a mere simple decree, *Sic jubeo*.

The decree of the 17th of February was a masterpiece. This decree completed the proscription of the body by the addition of the proscription of the name. Domitian could not have put on anything better. The human conscience was disconcerted. Right, equity, reason, felt they had a master over them with as great an authority as a thief exercises over a purse. No reply. Obey blindly. There never was anything like these infamous times.

All iniquities were possible then. Legislative bodies were formed which threw as much obscurity into the administration of the law that it was easy to turn mere obscurity into inky blackness.

A *coup d'état* when it succeeds does not trouble itself about how it acts. A system of this nature allows itself to do as it likes. This could easily be proved by

facts, but we must shorten our narrative and not give too prolonged statements. There were two Courts of Justice, — the Military Commission and the Mixed Commission.

A Military Commission sits with closed doors, with a colonel as president.

In Paris alone there were three Military Commissions. Each had about a thousand cases before it. The prosecuting magistrate sent them to the Attorney-General of the Republic, Lascoux, who sent them on to the colonel presiding. The Commission had the accused before them, — that is, the charge against him. They examined him, — that is, they turned over the leaves. The charge was a brief one, seldom more than two or three lines, like this for instance, —

"Name. — Christian name. — Profession. — Educated man. — Frequents the cafés. — Reads the papers. — Talks. — Dangerous."

The accusation was short; and the sentence did not err on the other side, — it was simply a sign.

When the charge had been examined the Commissioners consulted together for a moment. Then the colonel took a pen and made at the end of it one of these three marks: —

— meant sent to Lambessa.
+ meant sent to Cayenne (the slow guillotine — Death).
○ meant acquittal.

Whilst justice was at work, the man whom they were trying was sometimes enjoying his freedom. He came and went as he liked. All of a sudden, however, he was arrested, and without knowing what crime he had

committed, was sent off to Lambessa or Cayenne. His family were often ignorant of what had become of him. They would ask a wife, a sister, a daughter, a mother:

"Where is your husband?"

"Where is your brother?"

"Where is your father?"

"Where is your son?"

The wife, the sister, the daughter, and the mother would reply, "I do not know."

One single family in L'Allier, the Préverauds of Donjon, had eleven of its members condemned, — one to death and the others to transportation and banishment.

A wine merchant named Brisadoux, of Batignolles, was transported to Cayenne because he had this statement in his charge-sheet: "His shop is the resort of Socialists."

Here is the exact recapitulation of a dialogue that took place between a colonel and a condemned prisoner:

"You are condemned."

"Indeed, and why?"

"Faith! I don't very well know myself. Search your own conscience, and see what you have done."

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"What! I?"

"You must have done something."

"But I have done nothing. I have not even done my duty. I ought to have taken up my gun and gone into the street, harangued the populace, erected barricades; but instead of that I remained at home like a sluggard!" (Here the accused laughed.) "Is that what I am accused of?"

"It is not on that account that you have been found guilty. Seek further."

"I can't find anything."

"What! Have you not been to the café?"

"Yes, I breakfasted there."

"And have you not talked there?"

"Yes, most likely."

"About what, and with whom?"

"Of what was going on. It is true, I was wrong to laugh about that."

"And it was there you spoke?"

"Yes."

"About whom?"

"About the President."

"What did you say?"

"*Parbleu!* what could a man say except that he had broken his oath?"

"And then —"

"That he had no right to arrest the Representatives."

"You said that."

"Yes; and I said also that he had no right to kill people on the boulevards." Here the condemned man interrupted himself, crying, "And for this you are going to send me to Cayenne!"

The judge looked at him steadily, and answered, "And why not?"

Three men of a certain class, officials whose offices could be taken from them, — a prefect, a soldier, a magistrate, — having consciences entirely at Louis Bonaparte's disposal, were seated at a table trying some one. Whom?

You — I — any one. For what? For anything; they invented the crimes. In the name of what law? They invented the laws. What penalties did they inflict? They invented the penalties. Did they know the accused? No. Did they listen to him? No. What counsel did they employ? None. What witnesses did they examine? None. What public attended the court? None. Therefore there was no public, no argument, no

counsel, no witnesses; there were judges who were not magistrates, a jury who were not jurymen, a tribunal that was not a tribunal; imaginary crimes, invented penalties, the accused absent, the law absent. All these things seemed like a dream, from whence however sprang a reality, — the condemnation of an innocent man. Then followed exile, banishment, transportation, ruin, home-sickness, death, and the despair of forty thousand families. And this is what history terms mixed commissions.

Ordinarily the great crimes of State strike down the mighty and content themselves with their destruction. They roll onwards in one vast mass, and create the most desperate resistance of their illustrious victims; but December 2d had its refinement of cruelty and claimed in addition a humbler prey. Its lust for extermination craved also the obscure and poor; it carried animosity and cruelty to the lowest grades. It dived through the crevices of the earth to carry out its persecutions. The local triumvirates termed "Mixed Commissions" did this work for it. Not a head, however poor and feeble, escaped. Means were found to make the poor still poorer, to ruin the starving, and to rob the disinherited; and thus the *coup d'état* achieved the miracle of piling misfortune upon misery. It might be said that Bonaparte exerted himself in order to show his hatred for the working class; the grape-grower was torn from his vineyard, the labourer from his furrow, the mason from his scaffold, the weaver from his loom. There were men who accepted the mission of causing all the horrors of a great public calamity to fall upon those who led even the humblest existence. A loathsome duty, to distribute a catastrophe on the heads of the feeble and the weak.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RELIGIOUS FACT.

RELIGION mixed itself up a little with the so-called justice. Here is a fact.

Frederic Morin was like Arnaud (de l'Ariège), a Catholic republican. He considered that the souls of the victims of the 4th of December, suddenly hurled by the grape-shot of the *coup d' état* into the regions of the infinite and the unknown, must have need of some spiritual succour, and he strove earnestly to have Masses said for the repose of their souls. But the priests preferred to keep their Masses for their friends. The body of republican Catholics who acknowledged Frederic Morin as their leader, addressed themselves on this subject, successively to all the priests in Paris, but met with a universal refusal. They addressed the Archbishop; he too refused. Masses for the murderer, as many as you like; but for the murdered, not one. It would be a scandal to offer up prayers for dead of that description. How was this to be got over? To dispense with a Mass would have been easy to many, but not to firm believers. The worthy Catholic democrats in the end unearthed a poor priest belonging to a little parish in one of the suburbs to whisper a Mass in the ear of the Almighty, begging the priest to say nothing about it.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THEY LEFT HAM.

ON the night of the 7th of January Charras was sleeping, when the noise of bolts and bars aroused him.

"Ha!" said he, "so we are to be in solitary confinement for the future," and went to sleep again.

An hour afterwards the door opened and the commandant of the fort entered, dressed in full uniform, accompanied by a police officer carrying a torch. It was about four o'clock in the morning.

"Colonel," said the commandant, "dress yourself at once."

"What for?"

"You are to leave this."

"Some more infamy, I suppose."

The commandant remained silent, and Charras dressed himself. Just as he had completed his toilet, a little young man dressed in black came in and said: —

"Colonel, you are going to leave the fort and to quit France. I have orders to take you to the frontier."

"If it is for the purpose of leaving France," cried Charras, "I don't wish to quit the fortress. They have no more right to exile me than they had to imprison me. The law is on my side, and also right and my long services; I protest against this. Who are you, sir?"

"I am the head of the offices of the Minister of the Home Department."

"Ah! Then you are called Leopold Lehon."

The young man lowered his eyes, and Charras continued, —

"You have come from some one who terms himself Minister of the Home Department; M. de Morny, I believe. I know him; he is a bold young man. He has already played the game in which you lose your hair, and now he is engaged in one in which you risk your head."

This style of conversation was not pleasant, and the young man examined the tips of his boots. After a short silence, however, he again ventured to speak.

"M. Charras, I am ordered to say that if you require money — "

Charras broke in impetuously, "Silence, sir; not a word more! I have served my country for twenty-five years. I have been under fire and in peril of my life, always for honour and never for gain. Keep your vile money.

"But, sir — "

"Silence! I say, money that has touched your hands would soil mine."

"Colonel," again began M. Lehon, after another pause, "you will be accompanied by two police agents who have special orders concerning you, and you will travel with a false passport and under the name of Vincent."

"Ah," exclaimed Charras, with an oath, "this is too much! Know, sir, that I am called Charras and not Vincent, and that I come of a family in which the son has always borne the father's name," and as he spoke he gazed meaningly at Leopold Lehon.

Charras was driven in a cab to Creil, which is on the railway line. At the station the first person that Charras saw was General Changarnier.

"Hullo! General," said he, "is that you?"

The two outlaws embraced. Such is exile.

"What the deuce are they going to do with you?" asked the General.

"The same probably as with you; the report are going to make me travel under the name of Lenoir."

"My name is Lebrun," said Chauvelin.

"Then they might have called you Lorraine," retorted Charras, with a burst of laughter.

However, a small circle, kept at a distance by the police, had formed round them. They were recognised, and now took off their hats to them; whilst a child, in spite of its mother's efforts to stop it, ran up to Charras and raised both of his hands. They got into the carriage to all appearance as free as the other passengers, only their compartment was kept empty and each of them was accompanied by two men who sat one at the side and one opposite, and who always kept their eyes on them.

The men in charge of General Chauvelin were military men; those of Charras were police guards. Charras is a tall man, but these overtopped him by a head.

Charras questioned his escort. What quite young they had served in the campaign of 1813 and had shared the horrors of Napoleon, whilst now they ran the same hazard as Vilboy had once run. It is said to be a soldier's life as love.

The pocket of one of them helped out with something that he was carrying, and when he passed through the station a lady who was travelling by the same train exclaimed: "How he got it! There in his pocket!" What the man was hiding was a loaf of bread. Unfortunately their long incommodity made their carried arms. Their orders were to guard "the prisoners" with perfect respect, but in the event of a certain thing occurring, to blow out their brains.

The prisoners had been warned that they were to pass

for foreigners, Swiss or Belgians, who had been expelled from France on account of their political opinions. Two thirds of the journey was performed without any difficulty arising, but at Valenciennes something occurred.

The *coup d'état* had been a success there, and zeal was rampant. Nothing was too base or mean for any one. To denounce persons was to give pleasure in high quarters. Zeal is one of the forms of servitude to which the human mind most readily inclines. The general acts the private soldier; the prefect, the commissary of police; the commissary, the spy.

The Commissary of Police of Valenciennes presided at the examination of passports, and would not for the whole world have delegated this duty to a subaltern officer. As soon as the passport of the man named Leblanc was handed to him, he looked earnestly at him, started violently, and exclaimed, —

"You are General Changarnier."

"That has nothing to do with me," replied the General.

The General's two keepers expostulated, and showed their papers, all in proper order.

"Mr. Commissary, we are in Government employ," said they. "Here are our passports."

The Commissary shook his head; he had been in Paris and knew General Changarnier quite well. In vain the police agents declared that they were performing a special duty, and that was to conduct this man named Leblanc to the frontier, and gave their word of honour that all was right.

"I don't believe much in words of honour," said the Commissary.

"Honest Commissary" muttered Changarnier, "you are right. Since December 2d words of honour and oaths do not pass current."

The Commissary was more and more perplexed. The escort at last appealed to their prisoners.

"Get out of it as you best can," said Changarnier.

It seemed certain to the Commissary of Valenciennes that General Changarnier had escaped from Ham, and with a false name, a false passport, and false agents of police, was making an effort to escape.

"Get out, all three of you," said he.

The General got out, and as he put his foot to the ground saw Charras seated in his compartment between his two keepers.

"What! are you there, Charras?" said he.

"Charras!" exclaimed the Commissary. "Is Charras there too? Quick, let me see this gentleman's passports. Are you Colonel Charras?" continued he, looking him straight in the face.

"Of course I am," answered Charras.

It was now the turn of Charras's friends to protest. They declared that Charras was named Vincent, and showed all the passports and papers. The Commissary felt that his suspicions were confirmed.

"Very well," said he, "I take you all into custody;" and he handed over Changarnier, Charras, and their escort to the gendarmes, feeling that he was certain of having the cross of the Legion of Honour conferred on him for his day's work.

The police had collared the police. It happens occasionally that the wolf in trying to seize his prey bites his own tail.

They took the six prisoners into the waiting-room of the station, and sent for all the local authorities, who soon came up, with the sub-prefect, named Censier, at their head. He did not know whether to bow to his prisoners or to question them, to crouch before them or to keep his hat on. These poor devils of magistrates

and officials were indeed in a fix. General Changarnier had been sufficiently near the chair of the dictatorship to render them a little uneasy, for who knew what might happen? Yesterday it had been Cavaignac, to-day Bonaparte; to-morrow it might be Changarnier. It is so hard to be unable to dip just a little into futurity. The sub-prefect got out of his difficulty by saying, —

"General, you are my prisoner;" then adding with a smile, "Do me the honour of breakfasting with me."

He gave the same invitation to Charras. The General declined shortly. Charras looked at him steadily and made no reply.

Then doubts of their identity stole over the sub-prefect. "Are you quite sure?" whispered he to the Commissary.

"Of course I am," replied the Commissary.

The sub-prefect then turned to Charras, and feeling a little annoyed at the way in which he had responded to his invitation, said rather sharply, "But, come now, who are you?"

"We are parcels," answered Charras. "Address those who sent us off; it is a mere question of dispatch and delivery."

They telegraphed. Valenciennes in fear questioned Paris. The sub-prefect informed the Minister of the Home Department that thanks to an extreme vigilance, which he himself personally superintended, an important capture had been effected, by which a plot had been frustrated and the President, society, and religion, saved, etc.; that, in a word, he had captured General Changarnier and Colonel Charras, who had that morning escaped from Ham, with false passports, and were doubtless about to place themselves at the head of an insurrectionary movement, etc., and concluded by asking what he was to do with the prisoners. In an hour the reply

came, " Let them continue their journey." The police authorities in an outburst of zeal had from too much precaution glided into folly, — a thing that often happens.

The next train took on the prisoners, who had again been placed in their keepers' hands. They passed Quiévrain. They got out of the carriage, and then got into it again. When the train started once more Charras gave a deep sigh of relief, like a man delivered from a burden, and muttered " At last! "

He raised his eyes, and saw his two jailers beside him. They had followed him into the carriage.

" Ah," said he, " you here again? "

Only one of the men ever spoke, and he replied, " Yes, Colonel."

" What are you doing here? "

" We are guarding you. "

" But we are in Belgium. "

" Possibly. "

" But Belgium is not France. "

" Very likely not. "

" Suppose I put out my head and call for help, claim my liberty, and have you arrested? "

" You will not do all that, Colonel. "

" How will you prevent me? "

The police agent showed the butt-end of his pistol, " With this, " said he, laconically.

Charras laughed, and asked, " Where are you going to leave me? "

" At Brussels. "

" You mean that at Brussels you will pull your hat off to me, but at Mons you will pull your trigger on me? "

" Just so, Colonel. "

"Well," said Charras, "after all, that has nothing to do with me. It is a matter for King Leopold. Bonaparte treats countries as he treats the Representatives. He has violated the rules of the Assembly, and now he violates the laws of Belgium. You are a strange lot of rogues; those in high places are mad, and those lower down are fools. Very good, my friends; let me sleep."

He went to sleep.

Almost the same thing happened at the same time to Generals Changarnier and Lamoricière and to M. Baze.

The police agents did not leave General Changarnier until they reached Mons. There they made him get out of the train, saying, "General, this is your place to stop at. You are free."

"Ah," returned he, "this is my place to stop at, and I am free. Very well, good-evening;" and he jumped lightly back into the carriage, leaving his two keepers utterly astonished.

The police released Charras at Brussels, but they did not leave General Lamoricière, whom they wished to compel to go on at once to Cologne. The General, who was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, which he had caught at Ham, declared he would pass the night at Brussels. The police agents agreed, and took him to the Hôtel de Bellevue, where he had great difficulty in preventing their sleeping in the same room with him. The next day they took him on to Cologne, violating Prussian territory as they had already violated Belgium.

The *coup d'état* behaved even more violently to M. Baze. They compelled M. Baze, his wife, and family to travel under the name of Lassalle. M. Baze passed for the servant of the police officer. In this manner he was taken to Aix-la-Chapelle. There he was left in the middle of the night in the street, without papers and with-

out money, he and his family. M. Baze was furious, and it was only by using threats that he was able to induce his escort to take him before a magistrate and say who he was. No doubt to a small mind like that of Bonaparte's there was a secret delight in treating a treasurer of the Assembly like a vagrant.

On the night of January 7th, General Bédeau, although he was not to leave until the next morning, was aroused like the others by the sounds of bolts. He did not think that they were locking him in, but, on the contrary, believed that they were releasing his next-door neighbour, M. Baze, and so called out, "Bravo, Baze!"

Every day, indeed, the generals used to say to the Treasurer, —

"You have no business here; this is a military prison. One of these fine mornings you will be put outside the walls, like Roger (du Nord)."

However, when General Bédeau heard an unusual noise in the fort he got up and knocked against that wall of his cell on the side where General Leflô was imprisoned, with whom he frequently conversed in a manner not at all complimentary to the *coup d'état.* General Leflô replied by another knock, but he knew no more than General Bédeau.

In General Bédeau's cell there was a window looking into the inner courtyard; he went to it, and saw lanterns moving about and several vehicles ready for starting, and a company of the 48th Regiment under arms. A moment afterwards General Changarnier was seen crossing the courtyard; he was put into a cab and driven off. Then came Charras, who seeing Bédeau at the window, cried out "Mons." It was for this reason that General Bédeau the next day chose Mons as his place of exile, thinking that he would meet Charras there.

When Charras had left, M. Leopold Lehon came in, accompanied by the commandant of the fort, and explained his mission to Bédeau. General Bédeau contented himself with saying,—

"And so they banish me, do they? It is illegal and an insult added to the many others, but that is a mere nothing to the people from whom you have come."

They did not send him off until the next day, for Louis Bonaparte had said, "We must place intervals between the generals." The member of the police who had been charged to escort General Bédeau was one of those who on the 2d of December had arrested General Cavaignac; he told the General that he was uneasy for a little time, as the fifty men of the picket who were to have assisted at the capture did not make their appearance.

In the compartment of the carriage in which the General was seated was a lady, evidently of the higher grades of society, with three little children. A servant in livery held two of the children on his knees, and was covering them with caresses. He appeared to be a German. When they reached Quiévrain the lady turned towards the General and said,—

"General, I congratulate you; you are now in safety."

General Bédeau thanked her and asked her her name.

"The Baroness Coppens," said she.

It may be remembered that it was at M. Coppens, No. 70, Rue Blanche, that the first meeting of the Left had taken place.

"You have some charming children there, madame," said the General, "and an excellent servant."

"He is my husband," replied Madame Coppens.

M. Coppens had, in fact, remained for five weeks as if buried in a hiding-place that had been prepared for him. He escaped from France that night in his own

livery. The children had been warned to be careful. Chance had brought them into the same carriage as General Bédeau and his escort, and Madame Coppens had been in deadly terror lest one of the children should spoil all by calling the domestic "Papa."

CHAPTER XVI.

A GLANCE BEHIND.

LOUIS BONAPARTE had experimented on the majority as you try a bridge. He had piled up iniquities, encroachments, enormities, massacre on the Place du Havre, shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" distribution of money to the troops, the sale in the street of Bonapartist newspapers, the prohibition of Republican ones, the reunion at Satory, the speeches at Dijon, and the majority bore them all well. "Good," said he, "it will stand the *coup d'état.*" Let these facts be held in remembrance. Before the 2d of December the *coup d'état* did everything by degrees here and there, a little too audaciously perhaps, but the majority smiled approvingly. The Representative Pascal Duprat was assaulted by the police. "How funny!" said the Right. The Representative Dain was arrested. "Bravo!"

One fine morning, when all the joints were well greased and tried, and all the wires securely fastened, the *coup d'état* was carried out with a suddenness that caused the Right to cease their smiles. They then perceived that whilst they were laughing at another's hanging, the rope was already round their own necks.

We must insist on this, not to punish the past but to light up the future. A full month before it was carried out, the *coup d'état* was in full working order. When the day and the hour came, the machinery which had

already been set up was put in motion. Nothing had been forgotten, and nothing was missing. What would have been a deep gulf had the Right but done its duty and combined with the Left was now a mere ditch easy to be stepped over. The hand of the policeman had grown as accustomed to being laid on the collars of the Representatives as on those of the robbers, and we were able to admire the Viscount de Falloux treated like simple Citizen Sartin.

The majority, always bespattering Bonaparte with praise, stepped gently backwards into the pitfall he had dug for them.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE LEFT.

THE behaviour of the republican Left at this serious juncture is worthy of being reported. The banner of law had been cast down into the mud and mire, and by unusual treason trampled beneath the feet of Bonaparte. The Left raised it up, washed out the stains with their own blood, unfurled it, and waved it before the eyes of the people, and from the 2d to the 5th of December held Bonaparte in check.

A mere handful of men, one hundred and twenty Representatives of the People, who had escaped by mere chance from arrest, plunged at once into silence and darkness, without even having on their side the cry of a free press, which sounds the tocsin for all intelligent nations, and encourages the combatants. Without generals, without soldiers, without ammunition, these men rushed into the streets, resolutely opposed the progress of the *coup d'état,* and gave battle to that monstrous crime, which was thoroughly prepared, equipped, and armed to the teeth, girt around with a forest of bayonets, and having a roaring pack of howitzers and field-pieces at their beck and call.

They possessed presence of mind, which is the most efficacious form of bravery; they possessed, though everything else was wanting, that wonderful power of improvising things. They had no printing-press; they

procured a makeshift. They had no guns; they found them. They had no bullets. They had no powder; they manufactured it. They had nothing but paving-stones, and these they turned into combatants.

It is true that there were the stones of Paris, which have the power of turning into men. And such was the power of right that these one hundred and twenty men, having nothing to support them but the goodness of their cause, made head against an army of one hundred thousand soldiers, and for a moment, even, the scale turned in their favour. Thanks to them, thanks to their resistance, seconded by the indignation of some honest hearts, the hour came when the victory of the right seemed possible, nay, even certain. On Thursday the 4th, the *coup d'état* staggered, and was obliged to fall back upon murder. For, as we have seen, without the butchery on the boulevards, if he had not saved his perjury by a massacre, if he had not taken refuge from one crime in another, Louis Bonaparte would have been lost.

During the long continuation of the struggle,— a struggle without truce, a struggle against the army by day and the police by night, where all the strength and rage was on one side, and, as we have already said, only right on the other, — not a single one of those one hundred and twenty Representatives failed to respond to the call of duty, not one shirked the danger, not one drew back, not one gave way; all of them during those memorable four days placed their heads beneath the axe, and waited for it to fall. To-day the axe has fallen; captivity, transportation, and exile have been the lot of all these gallant hearts.

I am one of those who claim no other merit in the strife than that of having endeavoured to rally all to one course of action; but let me here render all honour

to those men among whom I had the honour to serve for three years in the holy cause of human progress; to that insulted, calumniated, and misunderstood Left, which always stepped gallantly into the breach, which never took rest for a single day, and which no more recoiled from the conspiracy of the army than it did from the parliamentary one, and invested by the people with the duty of its defence, defended it, even when abandoned, and that not only in the tribunal with tongue and brain, but in the open street, and sword in hand.

When the Committee of Resistance in the sitting in which it voted the dismissal and the outlawry of Louis Bonaparte, using the discretionary power that had been confided to it by the Left, decided that all the signatures of the republican Representatives who remained at liberty should be placed at the foot of the decree, this was a bold act, for it was really giving a list of names which the *coup d'état* if it was victorious, would be able to use against the vanquished; and yet we only received two letters of complaint on the subject, and these were from two Representatives whose names had been omitted from the list, and who desired to have their names placed upon it. Their names were Anglade and Pradié.

On Tuesday, 2d, and on Friday, 5th, the Representatives of the Left and the Committee, hunted down, tracked, traced, always on the point of being discovered and taken, which meant being slaughtered on the spot, moved into twenty-seven different houses to hold their sittings, from their first meeting in the Rue Blanche to their last in the Rue Raymond. They refused many offers of refuge on the left bank of the river, preferring to remain close to where fighting was going on. In these changes of position they more than once passed completely through Paris, making the journey on foot, and taking long rounds so as not to be followed. All

was peril for them, their numbers, their well-known faces, even their very precautions. On the crowded streets there was danger, — the police were permanently there; in the lonely streets there was danger too, for passers through them were more liable to be noticed. They did not eat or sleep; they took what they could get, — a glass of water here, a piece of bread there. Mme. Landrin gave some soup, Mme. Grèvy the remains of a cold pie. We existed one evening on a little chocolate that a chemist handed round at one of the barricades. At Jeunesse, in the Rue de Grammont, on the night of the 3d, Michel de Bourges took a chair, saying, "Here is my bed." If they were fatigued, they did not feel it. The old, like Ronjat, the sick, like Boysset, all walked about. The public peril, like a fever, sustained them.

One venerable colleague, Lamennais, did not come; but he remained three days without going to bed, his old coat buttoned up to the throat, and his boots on, ready to start at a moment's notice. He wrote to the writer of this book these lines, which it is impossible not to quote: —

"You are heroes without me. I am suffering. I await your orders. Try to employ me in something, if it is only to die."

In these meetings each behaved in his usual manner. At times it seemed like an ordinary meeting in one of the offices of the Assembly. There was the usual calmness mingled with the firmness that arises in important crises. Edgar Quinet displayed all his high intellectual powers, Noël Parfait his wit and cordiality, Yvan his vigorous intelligence, Labrousse all his *verve*. In one corner was Pierre Lefranc, pamphleteer and ballad-writer, but a pamphleteer like Courier, and a ballad-writer like Béranger, who smiled at the calm but severe strictures of

Dupont de Bussac. All the young brilliant orators of the Left, — Bancel, with all his fire and energy; Versigny and Victor Chauffour, with their youthful intrepidity; Sain, with the calmness that revealed his power; Farconnet, with his soft voice and his energetic inspirations, lavished every effort in struggling against the *coup d'état* now at our sittings and now amongst the people, proving that to possess the genius of an orator you must also have the qualities of a soldier. De Flotte, the indefatigable, was ever ready to run all over Paris. Xavier Durrieu was brave, Dulac intrepid, Charamaule rash. Who would not have felt courageous amongst all these men, not one of whom trembled, — with unshorn beards, rumpled hair, untidy dress, pale faces, but pride and resolution in their glances? In the houses in which we were offered an asylum, each one took up the position that he found most readily; if there were not enough chairs, they would seat themselves on the floor. Every one volunteered his aid in copying the decrees and proclamations; one dictated, ten wrote. They wrote upon tables, upon corners of all sorts of articles of furniture, very often on their knees. Frequently paper was wanting, and pens were difficult to find. These embarrassments created obstructions in the most critical times. In these hours given up to the History of the People an empty inkstand may mean a public calamity. All was friendship and cordiality amongst them; every cloud had disappeared. In these secret meetings of the Committee every different form of power and intellect was combined, — Madier de Montjau, that firm and generous soul; De Flotte, that brave and philosophic combatant of the Revolution; Carnot, calm, cold, just, but whose resolution was not to be shaken; Jules Favre, eloquent and courageous, to be admired for the simplicity of his genius and his inexhaustible powers of resource.

Michel de Bourges, seated in a corner with his elbows on the table wrapped up in a large great-coat, his black silk cap on his head, replied to every proposal that was mooted; for his was one of those well-stored minds which have always something ready either in their intellect or their imagination. Opinions flashed from one to the other without clashing. These men were the dupes of no illusions. They knew in what a terrible struggle they were engaged. No mercy to expect, for they had to do with a man who had said: "Crush them all."

They knew the bloodthirsty expressions of the so-called minister, De Morny. These words the posters of Saint Arnaud converted into decrees, and the cowardly mercenaries in the street took them as a warrant for murder.

The members of the Committee of Insurrection and the Representatives who met at these sittings knew full well that whenever they might be taken they would be bayoneted on the spot. It was one of the risks of this kind of war; but for all that, the calmness and the serenity that springs from a good conscience was visible upon every countenance. There were times when this serenity amounted almost to gaiety. They laughed at everything,—at the turn-coat force, at the hat which another had brought from the barricade by mistake for his own, or at the neckwrap of a third. "Do you want to hide your tall figure behind it?" asked they. They were perfect children, and everything amused them. On the morning of the 4th, Mathieu (de la Drôme) came in; he had a sub-committee which communicated with the head committee, and he came to announce it to us. "You look like an archbishop," cried Michel de Bourges, and there was a roar of laughter. And with all this merriment the thought would come to each in spite of himself, that the step outside the door, or the grating

of the key in the lock, might mean the entrance of — *Death!*

The Committee and the Representatives were at the mercy of chance. Many times they might have been captured, but they escaped; whether it was that certain of the police had scruples (where the deuce are scruples to be looked for after that?), or whether they had their doubts about the end of matters, and feared to lay their hands on the possible conquerors. If Vassal, the Commissary of Police whom we met on the morning of the 4th on the pavement of the Rue des Moulins, had wished, we should all have been taken on that day. He did not, however, betray us. His case, however, was an exception. The pursuit of the police, however, was no less fierce and obstinate. At the house of M. Marie, it will be remembered, the police and the mobilized gendarmerie arrived ten minutes after we left, and searched the house completely, even thrusting their bayonets beneath the beds.

Amongst the Representatives were many constituents, amongst others Bastide. This gentleman had been in 1848 Minister of Foreign affairs. On the second nightly meeting in the Rue Popincourt they reproached him with many of his acts.

"Let me first get killed," said he, "and then reproach me as much as you like. How can you distrust me who am a republican up to the hilt?"

Bastide would never consent to call our resistance insurrection; he called it a counter-insurrection. He would say, "Victor Hugo is right; it is the Elysée that is revolting." I had always said: "We must strike at the *coup d'état* whilst it is warm," and Bastide always supported my views.

Whilst fighting he was impassible, cold, and yet gay under his apparent coldness. At the barricade of the

Rue Saint Antoine at the moment when the muskets of the *coup d'état* were levelled at the people, he said to Madier de Montjau, with a smile, "Ask Schœlcher what he thinks on the question of abolishing capital punishment." (Schœlcher, like myself, at that critical moment, would have voted for its abolition.) When he was once obliged to leave the barricade for a moment he placed his pipe on a stone. Some one found the pipe, and all thought Bastide was killed; but he came back, and in the midst of a hail of bullets lit it, and continued to fight. Two balls passed through his cloak.

When the barricades were erected the Representatives spread themselves in all directions, and in nearly every case a Representative of the Left either helped to construct a barricade or afterwards defended it. Beside the barricade of Saint Antoine was where Schœlcher behaved so well. Esquiros was at the one in the Rue de Charonne; De Flotte at the Pantheon and at the Place Saint Denis; Madier de Montjau at Belleville and the Rue Aumaire; Doutre and Pelletier at the town-hall of the 5th Arrondissement; Brives, Rue Beaubourg; Arnaud (de l'Ariège), Rue de Petit Reposoir; Viguier, Rue Pagevin; Versigny, Rue Joigneaux; Dupont de Bussac, at the Square of Saint Martin; Carlos Forel and Boysset, Rue Rambuteau. Doutre had his hat cleft with a sabre; Bourzat had four bullets in his coat; Baudin was killed. Gaston Dussoubs was ill and could not come; his brother Denis took his place. Where? In the tomb. Baudin fell on the first barricade; Denis Dussoubs on the last.

I was less favoured than Bourzat. I had only three bullets through my coat, but it is impossible for me to say where I received them, — most probably on the boulevard.

After our defeat there was no panic, no flight. Every one remained in Paris ready to reappear on the scene at

a moment's notice, — Michel, Rue d'Alger; I, Rue de Navarin. The Committee had one more meeting, on Saturday, 6th, at eleven o'clock in the evening. Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and I came at night to the house of that generous and brave woman, Mme. Didier. Bastide came and said: "You must go; and if you are not killed here, exile yourself. I shall remain here; and if you want a lieutenant, make use of me." I mention this fact. A fresh rising was hoped for on Sunday the 9th, but it did not take place. The people would not stir.

The Representatives did not decide to consult their own safety and leave France, risking a thousand dangers in doing so, for many days afterwards, when the last spark of resistance had died out in the hearts of the people and the last ray of hope in the heavens.

Many Representatives were working-men, and resorted to their trade in exile. Nadaud again betook himself to the trowel, and worked as a bricklayer in London; Faure (du Rhone), a cutler, and Bansept, a shoemaker, resumed work in England. Greppo was a weaver; he had made the coronation robe of Queen Victoria. Noël Parfait was a press reader at Brussels; Agricol Perdiguier girded on his leathern apron, and resumed at Antwerp his work as a joiner. Yesterday these men sat in the Sovereign Assembly. We read of these things in Plutarch. Emile Deschanel, that eloquent and gallant man, created at Brussels a new form of giving information to the public by means of interviewing persons.

In conclusion let us say, The National Assembly lived ill, but died well. At the time of its fall, the Right was dignified, but the Left grand and noble.

The month of February had blown upon the Representatives of a properly constituted country, and they had vanished. M. Sauzet had bent down behind his tribunal, and had disappeared without taking his hat

with him. Bonaparte had made the Five Hundred leap through the windows of the Orangery at Saint Cloud, though they were rather hampered by their long robes.

Cromwell, the precursor of the Bonapartes, when he had his 18th Brumaire, met with but little opposition save a few imprecations from Milton and Ludlow, and had been able to say in his roughly eloquent manner: "I have put the king in my bag and the parliament in my pocket."

We must go as far back as the days of the Roman Senate to find real curule chairs.

The legislative power, to give it its due, bore a bold front before the abyss. History will remember this. After having betrayed so many things, it was to be feared that the Assembly might betray itself; but it did not do so. The Legislative Assembly, it may be remembered, had heaped fault upon fault. The royalist majority had persecuted in a most cruel manner the republican minority, which did its duty bravely by denouncing it to the people. This Assembly had had a long connection and complicity with the Man of Crime, who ended by stifling it as a robber strangles his mistress, lest she should turn against him. But whatever we may say of this ill-fated Assembly, it had not such a wretched end as Louis Bonaparte desired; for, thanks to the universal suffrage, which it had betrayed and which gave it confidence and power at the last moment, and thanks to the Left which it had oppressed, sneered at, and calumniated, but which threw the reflection of its undying heroism upon it, this feeble Assembly died a glorious death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LINE WRITTEN AT BRUSSELS.

VERY well, I say yes! I will kick at the door of this palace, and, History, I will enter it with you. I will seize the guilty by the throat, taken as they are in the very act, and will flood this cavern of night with the light of day.

Yes, I will tear away the curtains and let in the light. I will throw open the windows and show all that this Elysée is, — vile, horrible, wealthy, triumphant, joyous, gilded, and stained. This Elysée, that court, that group, that heap, — call it what you will, — that den of infamy, where creep, crawl, and germinate every vice, all infamies, all abominations, filibusters, buccaneers; swearing of oaths, making of the sign of the cross; spies, swindlers, butchers, hangmen, from the mercenary who sells his sword to the Jesuit who offers his God in the market; that narrow path in which Baroche elbows Teste, and where each one brings his own filth, — Magnan his epaulets, Montalembert his religion, Dupin himself! and where all that friendly circle when they eat, drink, laugh, sleep, and gamble; where they talk familiarly, to "his Highness," and where they wallow. It is there, it is there Dishonour, Shame, Disgrace, Opprobrium, — all are to be found there! O History! for a branding-iron to blot out these faces forever.

It is there that they amuse themselves, that they laugh and jeer over France. It is there that with mock-

ing peals of laughter they pocket the millions of money and millions of votes. See them! They have treated Law like a harlot, and they are satisfied. The right has been slaughtered, liberty has been gagged, the flag is dishonoured, the people are beneath their feet, and they are happy!

And who are they? Who are these men? Europe does not know them. They have suddenly sprung into existence from a crime, — nothing more. A set of scoundrels who have striven to become famous, and yet who remain nameless. See, they are all there; look, I tell you, and you will recognize them, — that is, if you can. What is their sex? To what class do they belong? What is that — a writer? No, it is a dog; he is gnawing human flesh. And that one, is it a dog? No; it is a courtier. He has blood on his paw.

They term themselves new men. Yes, truly new men, unlooked-for, horrible, and strange. Perjury, iniquity, robbery, assassination, made into separate ministerial offices; swindling applied to universal suffrage, government carried on by fraud, duty called a crime and crime called duty, cynicism smiling at atrocities, — and this is what composes these new men. And now they have succeeded, they have the wind in their sails, and they give up their hearts to rejoicing. They have won France by foul play, and are about to divide her. France is a sack into which each one can put his hand. Search, man, search; take whilst you have the chance; steal, rob, pillage! This one wants money, that a position, another a decoration on his chest, a fourth a plume to his hat, a fifth some embroidery on his sleeve. Others clamour for women, wine, early financial or new railway contracts. I should think that they were contented. Figure to yourself a poor wretch who, three years ago, used to borrow ten sous from his porter, resting his

elbows voluptuously on the " Moniteur " and only having to sign a decree to finger a million. Their ambition has but one real name, and that is *Gluttony!* Their ambition! Bah! they are mere gluttons. To govern means with them to enjoy, but that does not prevent them from betraying each other. The little traitors betray the greater ones. Pietri behaves ill to Maupas, and Maupas to Carlier.

What a vile den! They executed the *coup d'état* together, but that was all. But for the rest, they are sure of nothing, neither of looks, of smiles, of afterthoughts of men, of women, of lackey nor prince, of word of honour nor certificate of birth. Each one feels that he is a villain and an object of suspicion. Each has his own secret plans. Each one alone knows why he has done this or that. Not one of them even mentions the crime he has committed or bears his father's name. Ah, if God would lend me life and our Saviour would pardon me, I would take a hammer and nails and crucify on a gibbet a hundred cubits high this Beauharnais called Bonaparte, between Leroy called Saint Arnaud, and Fialin called Persigny.

And I will drag you all to light, — Morny, Romieu, Fould, senator and Jew; Delangle, who bears upon his back this writing: JUSTICE! Troplong, a legal authority, who glorifies the violation of the law, — a learned counsel who makes excuses for the *coup d'état*, a magistrate who makes apologies for perjury, and a judge who praises murder. Let him go down to posterity with a sponge full of mud and blood in his hand.

I have entered the lists with the actual ruler of Europe, for it is well for the world that I should exhibit the picture. Louis Bonaparte is the intoxication of triumph. He is the incarnation of merry yet savage despotism. He is the mad plentitude of power seeking

for limits, but finding them not, neither in men nor facts. Louis Bonaparte holds France *Urbem Romam habet;* and he who holds France holds the world. He is master of the votes, master of consciences, master of the people; he names his successor, does away with eternity, and places the future in a sealed envelope. His Senate, his Legislative Body, with lowered heads, creep behind him and lick his heels. He takes up or drops the bishops and cardinals; he tramples upon justice which curses him, and upon judges who worship him. Thirty eager newspaper correspondents inform the world that he has frowned, and every electric wire quivers if he raises his little finger. Around him is heard the clanking of the sabre and the roll of the drum. He is seated in the shadow of the eagles, begirt by ramparts and bayonets. Free people tremble and conceal their liberty lest he should rob them of it. The great American Republic even hesitates before him, and dares not withdraw her ambassador. Kings look at him with a smile from the midst of their armies, though their hearts be full of dread. Where will he begin? Belgium, Switzerland, or Piedmont?

Europe awaits his invasion. He is able to do as he wishes, and he dreams of impossibilities. Well, this master, this triumphant conqueror, this vanquisher, this dictator, this emperor, this all-powerful man, one lonely man, robbed and ruined, dares to rise up and attack. Louis Napoleon has ten thousand cannons and five hundred thousand soldiers; the writer has but his pen and his bottle of ink. The writer is a mere nothing, a grain of dust, a shadow, an exile without a home, a vagrant without even a passport; but he has at his side two mighty auxiliaries, — God who is invincible, and Truth which is immortal.

Certainly, Providence might have chosen a more illus-

trious champion for this duel to the death, — some stronger athlete; but what matters the man when it is the cause that fights.

However it may be, it is good for the world to gaze upon this spectacle. For what is it but intelligence striking against brute force? I have but one stone for my sling; but it is a good one, for its name is Justice!

I am attacking Louis Bonaparte when he is at the height and zenith of his power, at the hour when all bend before him. All the better; this is what suits me best.

Yes, I attack Louis Bonaparte; I attack him openly, before all the world. I attack him before God and man. I attack him boldly and recklessly for love of the people and for love of France. He is going to be an emperor. Let him be one; but let him remember that, though you may secure an empire, you cannot secure an easy conscience!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INFALLIBLE BENEDICTION.

THE Pope approved of it.

When the courier carried to Rome the news of what had taken place on the 2d of December, the Pope attended a review held by General Gémeau, and begged him to convey his congratulations to Prince Louis Napoleon. He had a precedent for this. On December 12th, 1572, Saint Goard, who was the ambassador of Charles IX., King of France, at the Court of Philip II., King of Spain, wrote to his royal master, Charles IX. : —

"The news of the events that have taken place on the day of Saint Bartholomew has reached His Most Catholic Majesty, and contrary to his usual habit, he has shown greater pleasure than he has ever done at the greatest successes and achievements on his own part; so much so that on Sunday morning, when I met him at the Church of Saint Hieronymus, he began to laugh and praise your Majesty."

The hand of Pius IX. remained extended over France, which became an empire; and under the shadow of that blessing began an era of prosperity.

Conclusion.

THE FALL.

CHAPTER I.

I RETURNED from my fourth exile (a Belgian exile is not a very serious affair) at the end of September, 1871. I was entering France by the Luxembourg frontier, and had fallen asleep in the railway carriage. All at once a jolt awoke me, and I opened my eyes. The train had stopped in the midst of a charming piece of landscape. I was only half awake, and my thoughts floated between the real and the ideal. A river ran alongside of the railway, the waters of which were beautifully clear, and from which rose a green and smiling islet. The verdure that covered it was so dense that the water-hens, when they reached it, disappeared in an instant in the foliage. The river seemed to flow through a natural garden. There were apple-trees that carried the mind back to Eve, and willows that reminded one of Galatea. It was, as I have said, in one of those months of the equinox when one feels all the charm of the closing season. If it is winter that is fleeting, we hear the song of the coming spring; if it is summer that is melting away, we see the horizon break into a faint smile which heralds the coming of autumn. The wind knows this, and tunes all its breezes in unison with all

the gentle sounds that rise from the happy plains. The clang of the belfrys seems to join in the hum of the bees, and at this time of the year the joy of living is mingled with the melancholy semi-knowledge of coming death.

The sun shed a soft and pleasant ray on all around. The fair earth streaked with furrows, the dwellings of the happy peasantry, the grass beneath the trees lying in deep shadows, the lowing of the cattle, as we read of in Virgil, and the rising smoke from the villages,— all formed a charming picture. From some distant forge the ring of hammer on anvil struck out a rhythm of toil exquisitely in harmony with the scene around. I listened, and as I did so, I fell into a reverie. The valley seemed peaceful and happy, the bright blue sky hung over a charming circle of little hills, far away was the song of birds, and closer still were the sweet voices of sportive children, like the different kinds of angelic melody mingled together.

All at once a traveller asked, " What place is this ?"

Some one else replied, " Sedan. "

I shuddered. This Paradise was but a tomb. I looked around me once more.

The valley was rounded and hollow, like the bottom of a crater, the winding river looked like a snake, the higher hills which rose behind the others looked like an impregnable wall; once in there, and you were imprisoned forever. It made me think of an arena. The shadowed grass, which seemed like an extension of the Black Forest, covered all the high ground, and stretched away to the horizon like some impenetrable snare. The sun shone, the birds sang, the carters passed whistling along; there were sheep, lambs, and doves; the leaves seemed to quiver and whisper to each other; the grass, so thick, was full of flowers. There was something terrible in the sight.

The flaming sword of the angel of the Lord seemed to hang over the peaceful valley. The word Sedan had been to me like the rending of the veil. The whole landscape had suddenly assumed a tragic aspect. The strange colour on the bark of the trees looked like eyes which seemed to stare blankly. At what? At some terrible sight that had passed away.

Yes, it was so; for thirteen months ago, less perhaps a few days, had that monstrous farce of the 2d of December come to rack and ruin there. The dark paths of fate cannot be traced without an aching heart.

CHAPTER II.

ON the 31st of August, 1870, there was an army encamped under the walls at a place called Givonne. It was a French army; there were twenty-nine brigades, fifteen divisions, four corps d'armeé, making a total of ninety thousand men. This army was in this position without aim or object, — a heap of men flung together as though to be grasped by the hand of a giant.

There was, or seemed to be, no immediate uneasiness in the army. It knew, or thought it knew that the enemy was a sufficiently long distance off, — certainly three days' march. Towards evening, however, those in authority took some wise strategical precautions. The army rested in rear on Sedan and the Meuse, they protected it by two defensive faces, — one composed of the 7th Corps, extending from Floing to Givonne; and the other composed of the 12th Corps, from Givonne to Bazeilles, thus forming a triangle of which the Meuse formed the hypotenuse. The 12th Corps, composed of the three divisions of Lacretelle, Lartigue, and Wolff, was drawn up in a straight line, with the artillery in the intervals of the brigades, forming a regular barricade. Its extreme points resting on Bazeilles and Givonne, and its centre on Daigny. The two divisions of Petit and Lhéritier were formed in the rear in two lines, supporting the front. General Lebrun commanded the 12th Corps. The 7th Corps commanded by General Douay had only two divisions, — Dumont's division and

Gilbert's division, and formed a face, covering the army of Givonne to Floing on the Illy side. This face was weak and too open on the Givonne side, being only protected on the side of the Meuse by the cavalry division of Margueritte and Bonnemains and by Guyomar's brigade, which rested on Floing. In this triangle the 5th Corps, commanded by General Ducrot, was encamped. The cavalry division of Michel covered the 1st Corps at Daigny, and the 5th touched Sedan. Four divisions, — three of Lhéritier, Grandchamp, Goze, and Conseil Duménil, — each in two lines, formed a kind of horse-shoe, facing Sedan and connecting the first line of attack with the second. Amiel's cavalry division, and Fontanges' brigade acted as a reserve to these four divisions. All the artillery was in the front divisions of attack. Two portions of the main army were posted, one on the right of Sedan, above Balan, the other on its left, near Iges. Below Balan was Vassoigne's division and Reboul's brigade, whilst beyond Iges Margueritte's and Bonnemains's two divisions of cavalry.

This arrangement of the troops showed a profound sense of security. In the first place, the Emperor Napoleon III. would not have been there had he not felt himself to be in perfect safety. Givonne is what Napoleon I. termed a basin; and an army once in it may find it extremely difficult to get out of it again. Many experienced and prudent generals, Wimpfen amongst the number, pointed out this, but they were not listened to. "At the very worst," said those who were about the imperial person, "there is an almost certainty of joining Mézières; and if things turn out very badly, the Belgian frontier."

Had they been at all uneasy regarding their position, they would have destroyed the bridges over the Meuse; but they never thought of doing this. What good would

it have been, the enemy was a long way off. The Emperor knew that, — at least he said he did.

The army, as we have said, encamped rather carelessly on the night of the 30th of August, having, as they believed, the road to fall back upon Mézières open to them. The most ordinary precautions were neglected. There were no cavalry reconnaissances; and as a German military writer[1] affirms, they had no main guards. They were separated by fourteen leagues only from the German army, — three days' march; they were not even certain where it was, but believed that it had been broken up into several different divisions, and was incapable of being concentrated on a given point like Sedan. They believed that the Prince of Saxe had moved on Châlons, and that the Crown Prince was marching on Metz. In fact, they were entirely ignorant of everything concerning the hostile force. The German army was no more advanced in tactics than it had been in the days of Gustavus Adolphus, or Frederick II. In a few weeks they were sure of being in Berlin. The Prussian army indeed, pooh! They talked of the war as if it were a dream, and of the army as if it were a shadow.

On that same night whilst the French slept let us see what the others were doing.

[1] M. Harwig.

CHAPTER III.

AT a quarter to ten in the morning, at the headquarters at Mouzon, Albert, the Prince Royal of Saxe, set in movement the army of the Meuse. The Royal Guards were ordered under arms suddenly, and two divisions moved,— one on Villers Cernay, by Escambre, and Fouru aux Bois, the other one on Francheval by Sachy and Fouru Saint Remy. The artillery of the Guard brought up the rear. At the same time the 12th Saxon Corps moved off by the main road to the south of Douzy, reached Lamecourt and marched on Moncelle. The 1st Bavarian Corps marched on Bazeilles, supported at Reuilly sur Meuse by the artillery division of the 4th Corps. The other divisions of the 4th Corps crossed the Meuse at Mouzon, and formed up in reserve at Mairy on the right bank. The three columns kept up communication with each other. The order was issued to the advanced guard not to commence any hostile manœuvres before five o'clock, but quietly to occupy Fouru aux Bois, Fouru Saint Remy, and Douay. All packs and baggage had been left behind. The wagon train did not move. The Prince of Saxe was on horseback on the heights of Amblimont.

At the same time at headquarters Chémery Blumenthal had a bridge thrown over the Meuse by the Wirtemburg division. The 11th Corps, marching before daybreak, crossed the Meuse at Dom le Mesnil and at Donchery, and reached Vrigne sur Bois. The artillery followed

it, and took up a position commanding the road from Sedan to Mézières. At five o'clock the 2d Bavarian brigade, with its artillery in front, broke into two divisions, and moved, — one by Bulson on Frénois, whilst the other division passed by Noyers, and formed before Sedan, between Frénois and Wadelincourt. The reserve artillery was in position on the heights of the left bank facing Donchery.

At the same time the 6th Cavalry division left Mazeray and by Boutancourt and Bolzicourt reached the Meuse at Flize. The 2d Cavalry division left camp and took up a position to the south of Frénois. The 1st Bavarian Corps halted at Remilly. The 5th Cavalry division and the 6th Corps formed a corps of observation, and the whole force drawn up in line and crossing the heights waited for daybreak. The Crown Prince was on horseback on the hill of Frénois. At the same moments other similar movements were effected from all points, and the lofty hills were suddenly covered with an immense black army. Not a word of command was heard. Two hundred and fifty thousand men, silent and undaunted, formed a circle of steel around the basin of Givonne.

This is what composed the circle. The Bavarians were the right wing, at Bazeilles, on the Meuse; near the Bavarians, the Saxons, at Moncelle and Daigny. Facing Givonne the Royal Guard, the 5th Corps at Saint Menges, the 2d at Flaigneux. The Wirtemburgers in the bend of the Meuse between Saint Menges and Donchery. Count Stolberg and his cavalry at Donchery, and on the front towards Sedan the second Bavarian army.

All these movements had been executed in a spectral fashion, with hardly a breath, hardly a sound through the forests, ravines, and valleys, — a twining, fatal march

like the crawling of some huge reptile. Scarcely a sound could be heard through the leaves. The silent army in battle array awaited the coming of day.

Still the French army slumbered. Suddenly it awoke and found itself a prisoner.

The sun rose up in the heavens, splendid in the eyes of God, terrible in the eyes of man.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us speak of the position of affairs. The Germans had the advantage of numbers; they were three to one, they were in a strong position and formed an almost perfect artillery. The French army were in a hollow, exposed to the fire of the Germans, almost without artillery or stores. The Germans had the advantage of a surprise. All that the French had to oppose to this was courage. It is a grand thing to die, but a fine thing to take. A surprise is a great feat of arms.

Is it honourable warfare? Oh, yes! But if this is honourable, what is dishonourable? It is the same thing.

Having said this, we have narrated the history of the battle of Sedan. We should wish to pause here, but we cannot. However great may be the honour of the historian, history is a duty, and that duty must be fulfilled. On the 1st of September at five o'clock in the morning, the world awoke beneath the rays of the sun, and the army of France beneath the deadly thunderbolt.

CHAPTER V.

BAZEILLES caught fire, Givonne caught fire, Floing caught fire. All was like a furnace. The horizon is a mass of flame. The French camp is in the crater, stupefied and horror-struck. A circle of thunder seems to surround it. It is encircled by extermination, and a gigantic carnage is being carried on on all sides at once. The French fight hard, and are terrible in their despair. Their guns, almost all of an obsolete pattern and of short range, are soon dismounted by the close and rapid fire of the Prussians. The thickness of the shell-fire is such, that, says an eye-witness: "All the ground seemed as furrowed with a rake." How many guns were there? Eleven hundred at least. Twelve German batteries were in Moncelle, the 3d and 4th Abtheilung, terribly effective artillery, on the crest of Givonne, with the 2d Horse Artillery as a reserve. Facing Daigny are ten Saxon batteries and two Wirtemburg ones. The fringe of trees on the north of Cernay conceals the mounted Abtheilung, which is with the 3d Heavy Artillery, in reserve; and from this plantation a terrible fire is poured forth. Eighty pieces of the 1st Heavy Artillery are in position in the little wood near the road to Moncelle. The battery attached to the Royal Guard has burnt the wood of La Garonne. Shot and shell have riddled Suchy, Francheval, Fouru Saint Remy and the valley between Heibes and Givonne; whilst a triple and quadruple line of mouths, vomiting forth fire, continued

without cessation to the hill of Illy, which is almost on the horizon. The German soldiers, seated or lying down in front of their batteries, watch them at their work. The French soldiers fall and die. Amongst the bodies that cover the plain there was that of an officer, upon which was found in a sealed envelope a writing signed "Napoleon," containing this order: —

"To-day, September 1st, The Army will halt and rest."

The gallant 35th Regiment disappeared almost entirely beneath the shower of shell. The brave marine infantry for a time held in check the united Saxons and Bavarians; but attacked on all sides, they were at last broken. The admirable cavalry company, Margueritte's division, which was hurled against the German infantry was stopped and almost exterminated before it had got half way, by what the Prussian dispatch calls "the well-aimed and steady fire." There were three escapes from the field of carnage, all of them closed, — the Bouillon road by the Prussian Guard, the Carignan road by the Bavarians, and the Mézières road by the Wirtemburgers. The French had not thought of barricading the railway viaduct, and three German battalions had occupied it during the night. There were two detached houses on the Balan road, which might have formed the base of an obstinate resistance, but the Germans were in occupation of them. The park of Monvilliers at Bazeilles, which was large and thickly-wooded, might have served to prevent the junction of the Saxons after they had captured Moncelle and the Bavarians, who had made themselves masters of Bazeilles; but the enemy was in possession of it, and the Bavarians were cutting down the hedges with their sword bayonets. The German army acted in the most perfect unity. The Prince of Saxe took up his position on the hill of Mairy, from whence

he could command the whole field; whereas in the French army the command changed hands. The battle commenced at a quarter to six; Macmahon was wounded by the splinter of a shell and Ducrot took his place at seven, to give up his command in his turn at ten to Wimpfen. Each moment the wall of fire grew nearer and nearer, the roll of the artillery is continuous as it slowly pounds ninety thousand men to atoms. Nothing had ever been seen like it, nor had an army ever been crushed beneath such a shower of grape. At one o'clock all was lost, and the regiments rushed headlong into Sedan for shelter. But Sedan began to burn, Dijonvol began to burn, the ambulances were burnt. Nothing was left for the army but to cut its way through. Wimpfen, full of courage and bravery, proposed it to the Emperor. The 3d Zouaves in their panic set the example, for being separated from the rest of the army they forced their way through and managed to reach Belgium. A real flight of lions.

All of a sudden, as an addition to this terrible disaster, as a climax to this heap of dead and dying and to all this misdirected heroism, the white flag was hoisted. Turenne and Vauban were both present, — one in the marble of his statue, the other by his system of fortification. Both statue and citadel assisted at this terrible surrender. These two virgins, one of bronze and the other of granite, felt themselves dishonoured. O noble face of my country, what eternal blushes will cover thee!

CHAPTER VI.

ANY one else than Louis Napoleon could have easily avoided this catastrophe, but he took so little trouble to avoid it that he came to seek it. *Lex fati.*

Our army seemed to be expressly prepared for the catastrophe. The soldier was uneasy, disorganized, and hungry. On the 31st, there were men in Sedan seeking for their regiments and begging for bread from door to door. As we have seen, there was an order by the Emperor, appointing the next day, — the 1st of September, — as a day of rest. As a matter of fact, the army was thoroughly worn out with fatigue, and yet the men had only made short marches; they had almost lost the habit of marching. The 1st Army Corps, for instance, were only able to march two leagues in the day (on the 29th of August from Stonne to Raucourt).

During this time the German army under very strict discipline accomplished marches of fourteen leagues in fifteen hours which enabled them to surround the sleeping French. To allow themselves to be surprised had become a habit amongst them. General Failly had permitted himself to be taken by surprise at Beaumont. During the day the men took their guns to pieces to clean them, and at night they lay down to sleep without even cutting the bridges which allowed the enemy access to them, just as they neglected to blow up the bridges at Mouzon and Bazeilles. On the 1st of September an advanced guard of seven battalions, under the command

of General Schultz, seized the Rulle, and by so doing insured the safety of the junction between the Army of the Meuse and the Royal Guards. At this moment, with the customary German precision, the Wirtemburg troops seized upon the Bridge of Platinerie; and under cover of the Chevalier wood, the Saxon battalions deployed into column of companies and occupied the whole road from Moncelle to Villers Cernay.

Thus, as may be imagined, the awakening of the French army was very terrible. At Bazeilles, a fog added to the darkness caused by the smoke. Our soldiers, attacked in this gloom, did not know from what quarter death came. They fought from house to house and from room to room. It was in vain that the brigade of Reboul came up to support Martin Paillières's brigade. It had to fall back. At the same time Ducrot was forced to concentrate his troops in the Garenne wood, in front of the hill of Illy. Douay, utterly crushed, gave way, and only Lebrun was able to hold his ground on the table-land of Stenay. Our troops occupied a line of five kilometres. The front of the French army faced the east, the left face was towards the north, and the extreme left (Guyomar's brigade) the west; but no one knew whether or not he was facing the enemy, for death was busy amongst them without showing himself. They had to combat a masked Medina. Our cavalry was excellent, but useless. The field of battle, divided by a large wood and cut up by small clumps of trees, houses, farms, and walls, was excellent for artillery and infantry, but bad for cavalry to work in. The brook of the Givonne, which flows at the bottom of the field of battle, had more blood than water in it for three days afterwards. The slaughter in other spots was fearful; at Saint Menges, especially, the scene was terrible. The road of escape by Carignan towards Montmédy seemed for a moment practicable, but

it was soon closed. There was but one place of refuge, and that was Sedan. Sedan, the streets of which were blocked up with carts, wagons, carriages; the houses of which were filled with wounded soldiers, — a mere heap ready for combustion. The agony of these heroes lasted for ten hours. They refused to surrender. They were mad with rage, and decided to end all by death. As we have said, three gallant soldiers succeed each other in the command, — Macmahon, Ducrot, Wimpfen. The first had only the time to be wounded; Ducrot had only time to make a mistake. But Macmahon is not responsible for his wound, Ducrot for his error, nor is Wimpfen responsible for the failure to cut his way through. The shell which struck Macmahon took him out of the catastrophe; the error of Ducrot, — the ill-timed order to retreat which he gave to General Lebrun, — is explained by the confessed horror of the situation, and is more a mistake than an error. When Wimpfen in his despair required twenty thousand men for his dash through the ranks of the enemy, he could only collect together two thousand men. History acquits these three men, and the disaster of Sedan was attributable to one general only, — the Emperor. The knot he tied on December 2, 1851, was unloosed on September 1, 1870. The carnage on the Boulevard Montmartre and the capitulation of Sedan are, we insist, two parts of a syllogism. Logic and justice are equally balanced. His terrible fate was to begin with the black flag of massacre and to end with the white flag of dishonour.

CHAPTER VII.

HE had only to choose between death and dishonour, — to give up his sword or his life. Louis Bonaparte gave up his sword. He wrote to William: —

My Brother, having been unable to find death amongst the ranks of my troops, nothing remains for me but to place my sword in your Majesty's hands.

I am your Majesty's good brother,

Napoleon.

Sedan, *September* 1, 1870.

William answered, —

My Brother, I accept your sword.

On the 2d of September, at six o'clock in the morning, an open carriage and four, handsomely equipped, gilt and decorated, might have been seen rolling over the blood-stained field, still covered with dead and dying, in which was seated a man smoking a cigarette. That man was the Emperor of the French going to yield up his sword to the King of Prussia.

The King made the Emperor wait. He was too early. He sent M. de Bismarck to tell Louis Bonaparte that he would not receive him at present.

Louis Bonaparte went into a building by the side of the road. There was one room in it, with a table and two chairs. Bismarck and he sat down and talked. It was a melancholy conversation. At the time that it was convenient to the King, — that is to say, about twelve

o'clock, — the Emperor again got into his carriage and drove to the Château de Bellevue, half way to the Château de Vandresse. There he waited until the King arrived. At one o'clock William reached the Château de Vandresse, and consented to receive Bonaparte. He did not receive him well. Attila has not a light hand. The King, a rough, good-natured man, exhibited an involuntary feeling of pity for the Emperor that was inexpressibly galling. There are certain kinds of pity that humiliate. The conqueror threw his victory in the vanquished's teeth. A rough hand irritates a raw wound.

"What could have induced you to enter upon this war?" asked he.

The conquered man excused himself by blaming France, whilst the distant cheers of the victorious German army interrupted this dialogue.

The King sent the Emperor back with an escort of the Guard Royal; this mark of ignominy he termed "a guard of honour."

After the sword, the army.

On the 3d of September it was agreed by Louis Napoleon to hand over eighty-three thousand French soldiers to the Germans.

An eagle and two standards.

Four hundred and nineteen field-pieces and mitrailleuses.

One thousand and seventy-nine carriages and wagons of all kinds.

Sixty thousand rifles.

Six thousand serviceable horses.

These figures are taken from German sources, and may not be perfectly correct; according as they may think it necessary, the Aulic chancellors increase or decrease the disaster. There were about thirteen thousand

wounded men amongst the prisoners. A Prussian report places the number of French soldiers killed and wounded at the battle of Sedan at sixteen thousand four hundred men. A shudder runs through our frame as we read this number, for it was with sixteen thousand four hundred men that Saint Arnaud did his bloody work on the Boulevard Montmartre on the 4th of December, 1851.

About half a league to the north-west of Sedan, near Iges, a sudden winding of the river Meuse almost makes an island of its banks. A canal cut across the isthmus makes it an island in reality. Here were moved, under the superintendence of Prussian corporals, eighty-three thousand French soldiers. A few sentries guarded this army. With calm insolence the victors only posted a few. The conquered army remained there for ten days, the wounded receiving hardly any attention, and the able-bodied men scarcely any food. The German army stood sneering round about them. The heavens took part in their discomfiture, for the weather was terrible. No huts, no tents, no fires, not a truss of straw. For ten days and nights these eighty-three thousand prisoners bivouacked exposed to the rain, and lying in the mud. Many died of fever, regretting that the grape had not finished them off at once. At length wagons drawn by oxen came, and took them away.

The King put the Emperor in some place or other, — Wilhelmshöe.

What a mere rag a deposed Emperor is!

CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS on the spot, full of melancholy. I gazed upon these plains, these hills and ravines, so full of painful recollections. I would willingly have cursed this terrible spot, but a certain holy awe restrained me from doing so. The station-master of Sedan had come to my carriage and explained to me the sight that spread far away beneath my eyes. As he spoke, I seemed to conjure up all the terrible scenes of the fight. All these distant hamlets, scattered here and there and shining beneath the sunbeams, had been burnt. They had been rebuilt, and Nature, which so soon recovers itself, had repaired, cleaned up, and swept everything. All man's hideous work had vanished, and eternal order had taken its place. But, as I said before, in spite of the sun, the valley to me seemed full of gloom and darkness. Far away, upon some rising ground on my left, I perceived a large country-house; it was Vandresse, where the King of Prussia had taken up his quarters. Half way to it, by the side of the road, I could distinguish three sharply-pointed gables rising above the trees; this was Bellevue, and it was there that Louis Napoleon had surrendered to William. It was there that he had delivered over an army. It was there that, not being admitted at once, he had had to exercise patience, and to remain for more than an hour livid and mute before the door, bearing his burden of shame, and waiting until it should please William to open to him. Lower down and much

nearer, in the valley, on the road leading to Vandresse, a small building was pointed out to me. There, they told me, whilst waiting for the King of Prussia the Emperor Napoleon III., haggard and pallid, had alighted, and going into a little courtyard where a chained dog growled at him, seated himself on a stone near a dung-hill, and said, "I am thirsty."

A Prussian soldier brought him a glass of water.

A fitting end to the *coup d'état.* Drinking blood does not quench thirst. An hour will come when the guilty one will utter cries in fear and agony. Dishonour had kept in store that thirst for him, and Prussia that glass of water.

On the other side of the road I saw the front of a house with five quivering poplars standing before it: on a sign I could read, in large letters, the name of DROUET. I was thunderstruck. Drouet! I fancied I could read Varennes. Tragedy of chance that mixed Varennes with Sedan! I seemed to be in the presence of the catastrophe, and to connect the Emperor, who was a prisoner in the hands of the foreigner, and the King, who had been a prisoner in the hands of his own people. All the plain seemed gloomy now; there were ruddy reflections in the waters of the Meuse. The island, whose emerald verdure I had before admired, now seemed to be but a tomb, beneath the turf of which lay some fifteen hundred horses and as many men. In different spots I saw mud, covered with what appeared to me rank vegetation; each of these marked the burial-place of a regiment. From the summits of all these hills the artillery of the Royal Guard of Prussia had spread death upon the French army. All had been done from above, as though directed by the avenging hand of fate. All seemed as if they had come here for a special purpose, the one to slay, the others to die. A mortar, which

is the valley, a pestle, which is the Prussian army, — such was the battle of Sedan. I gazed without being able to remove my eyes from this field of disaster; those ditches which had been unable to protect our troops, that ravine into which our cavalry had fallen, all those gloomy declivities of the Marphée, these woods and banks, these forests so suitable for ambuscades, and in all this formidable shadow, O thou Invisible One! I could see Thee.

CHAPTER IX.

NEVER was there a more melancholy fall. No expiation could have been greater than his.

This unheard-of drama in four acts, so terrible that even Æschylus would never have dreamed of them, — the Ambush, the Struggle, the Massacre, the Fall, — what a tangled skein, and what a conclusion! A poet who would have composed on such a theme would have been called a traitor. It was God alone who could permit a Sedan to take place.

His law is "everything in proportion." Something worse than the Brumaire merited something worse than Waterloo. The first Napoleon, as we have said in another work of ours ("L'Année Terrible"), had defied destiny, and had not been dishonoured by his punishment; he had fallen from his position looking God sternly in the face. He had come back to Paris, discovering the men who had overthrown him, respecting Lafayette and despising Dupin. He had, until the last moment, wished to look clearly into his destiny, and had allowed no bandage to be placed over his eyes, and had accepted the catastrophe upon his own conditions. There was no resemblance to this in the present case. One might almost say that the felon had been struck by a felon's stroke. A miserable man he was, in the hands of fate, who knew not what he did. He was at the height of his power, the blind master of an imbecile world. He wished for a plebescit and he had had it.

He had had this very William at his feet. It was then that his crime seized him suddenly; he had not struggled against it, but had been like the condemned man yielding to his sentence. He bent to all that his inexorable destiny demanded of him. Never was there a more docile patient. He had no army: he went to war. He had only Rouher, and he provoked Bismarck. He had only Lebœuf, and he attacked Moltke. He entrusted Strasburg to Uhrich, and confided Metz to Bazaine. He had a hundred and twenty thousand men at Châlons with which he could have covered Paris, but he felt that there the spectre of his crime started up before him, and he fled from Paris and led his army, willing and unwilling, knowing and not knowing, to its place of extermination. He made the insane choice of a field of battle without providing any means of escape from it, — which was not so much the fault of to-day as the crime of the past which was leading him to his end. He could only perish as a fugitive; and unworthy of looking the end boldly in the face, he bent his head and turned his back to it. Providence, in hurling its thunderbolts at Napoleon III., struck him from behind, as a miserable and degraded being.

CHAPTER X.

LET us forget this man, and gaze on humanity. The invasion of France in 1870 by the Germans was a night effect, and the world was surprised at so much shadow proceeding from a people. Five dark months, — that was the siege of Paris. To work at night may have power, but glory comes from working by day. France works by day; hence her immense popularity with all the world. Five months of gloom, — that is what Germany has succeeded in giving to the world in 1870, whilst France has given them four centuries of light. To-day the civilized world feels more than ever the need that it has of France. France has given its proofs by its own peril. The ungrateful apathy of Governments has only increased the anxiety of the nations. When Paris was threatened, a feeling of terror possessed all people. Was Germany to be allowed to do this? But France saved herself by her own exertions. She had but to raise her head. *Patuit dea.*

To-day she is greater than ever. That which would have killed any other nation has scarcely wounded her, and the gloom of her horizon has rendered her light more apparent. What she has lost in territory she has regained in brilliancy.

France is not to be weighed down by Gothic empires. She is a nation of citizens, and not a troop of subjects. Frontiers? Will there be any frontiers twenty years hence? Victories? France has in her past victories of

war, and in her future victories of peace. Voltaire will be the pole-star of the future, not Krupp. The future is a book, and not a sword. The future is a life, and not a death. France has a brilliant faculty that no catastrophe, either military or political, can take away. The cloud passes and the star reappears. And this star is not one of wrath; nor is her dawn one of hatred. The light is contented with being simply light. Light is everything, and human nature loves but it. France knows that she is beloved, because she is good, and the greatest of all powers is that of being loved. The French Revolution was for all the world. It is a battle perpetually commenced by the just and perpetually won by the true. Justice is at the bottom of every man's nature. The truth is God Himself. What can be done against a Revolution which is so thoroughly in the right? Nothing except to love it. This is what the nations do. France offers, and they accept. The whole of the actual phenomenon lies in a few words. We resist the invasion of armies, but we do not resist the invasion of ideas. The glory of barbarism is to be conquered by humanity; the glory of savages is to yield to civilization; the glory of the land of shadows is to receive the lamp of light. And this is why France is adored and loved by all; this is why, having no hate, she has no fear; this is why it is impossible to humiliate or to imitate her; this is why, after so many trials so many catastrophes, so many calamities and falls, incorruptible and invulnerable, she stretches out her hand from on high to all nations.

When one casts one's eye upon this old continent, striving to-day beneath the new inspiration of certain phenomena which have lately appeared, it seems as if we can see something grand and mysterious in the formation of the future. We may say that even as light

is composed of seven colours, civilization is composed of seven people. Of these Greece, Italy, and Spain represent the south; then England, Germany, and Russia the north; the seventh and the first is France, at once north and south, Celtic and Latin, Gothic and Grecian. This country owes to its sky this sublime chance, the crossing of two rays of light. The crossing of rays of light are like the clasp of the hands, which means peace. Such is the privilege of France. She is at once solar and astral. She has in her sky as much dawn as the Orient holds, and as many stars as the Septentrion. Sometimes her light rises in the darkness; and it is in the black night of revolution and war that her brilliancy shines forth and her constellation beams most resplendently.

One day, and one not far distant, the seven nations which compose all humanity shall mix and mingle like the seven prismatic colours in one radiant bow in the heavens; and the prodigy of peace will appear visible and eternal, high above civilization, and the astonished and dazzled world will contemplate the gigantic rainbow of the United Peoples of Europe.

THE END.

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

BOOK I.

THE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE 20TH OF DECEMBER, 1848.

ON Friday the 20th of December, 1848, the Constituent Assembly was in session, surrounded by an imposing array of troops. It had met to hear the report of the Commission charged with the verification of the ballots read by Representative Waldeck Rousseau. The full significance of this report is summarized in the following sentence: —

"By this admirable execution of the fundamental law the nation places the sanction of its inviolable power on the Constitution, which it thereby renders sacred and inviolable."

Amid the profound silence of the crowded Chamber, almost at its full complement of nine hundred members, the President of the Constituent National Assembly rose and said, —

"In the name of the French People!

"Whereas Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born in Paris, possesses all the qualifications of eligibility required by the forty-fourth article of the Constitution, —

"Whereas in the election, open throughout the whole extent of the Republic, he has received the absolute majority of votes, —

"The National Assembly, by virtue of the forty-seventh and forty-eighth articles of the Constitution, proclaims him President of the Republic from this day until the second Sunday of May, 1852."

There were signs of emotion among the people who thronged the benches and tribunes; the President of the Constituent Assembly added: —

"According to the terms of the decree, I invite the President of the Republic to ascend the tribune and take the oath."

The Representatives who were blocking up the lobby on the right returned to their seats and left the passage free. It was about four o'clock in the evening, night was coming on, the immense hall of the Assembly was half plunged in shadow; chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and the ushers had just placed the lamps on the tribune. At a sign from the President, the door on the right opened.

Then a man still young, dressed in black, with the badge and broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour on his breast, entered the hall and quickly took his place in the tribune.

All eyes were turned upon this man, — a pallid face whose spare angular lines were brought out with distinctness by the lamp-reflectors, a nose coarse and long, a lock of hair curled over a straight forehead, eyes small and dull, a timid and troubled demeanour, a likeness to the Emperor nowhere; it was Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

During the confused murmur that succeeded his en-

trance, he stood motionless for some moments, with his right hand in his buttoned coat, on the tribune which bore on its front the dates: 22, 23, 24 *fevrier*, and above, these three words: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*

Before his election as President of the Republic, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was a Representative of the People. For several months he had a seat in the Assembly, and, although he was rarely present at entire sessions, he was seen not unfrequently in the place he had chosen on one of the upper benches of the Left, in the fifth gallery, in that zone commonly called the Mountain, behind his former tutor, Representative Vieillard. His was no new face for the Assembly; and yet his entrance was the occasion of deep excitement. For friends, as well as for enemies, it was the future that was entering, and that future was an unknown one. In the low murmurs which the voices of the spectators contributed to swell into an enormous volume of sound, his name ran from lip to lip coupled with comments of the most diverse character. His antagonists told of his adventures, his turbulent outbreaks, Strasburg and Boulogne, the tame eagle, and the bit of meat in the little hat. His friends, in his favour, pleaded his exile, his proscription, his imprisonment, a good work on artillery, his writings at Ham, distinguished to some extent by a liberal, democratic, and socialist character, and that ripeness of thought advancing years develop; they recalled his misfortunes to those who revived his follies.

General Cavaignac, not having been elected President, had just surrendered the powers with which the Assembly had invested him, speaking with the quiet brevity so befitting in a Republic. Sitting with folded arms in his usual place on the left of the tribune at the head of the bench of Ministers, beside Marie, the Minister of

Justice, he was a silent observer of the installation of the new man.

At length there was stillness. The President of the Assembly rapped the table with his gavel, the last murmurs died away, and the President of the Assembly rose and said: —

"I am about to read the formula of the oath."

The moment seemed to bring with it a sense of religious awe. The Assembly was no longer the Assembly, it was a temple. The immense import of this oath derived additional significance from one fact, — it was the only oath taken throughout the whole extent of the Republic. February had rightly abolished the political oath, and, with equal right, the Constitution had preserved no oath but that of the President. This oath had the twofold impress of necessity and grandeur. The executive power, which is a subordinate power, swore obedience to the legislative power, which is a superior power; nay, it meant even more than this. Inverting the monarchic fiction, in which the people swore allegiance to the man invested with power, it was the man invested with power who swore allegiance to the people. The President, as a functionary and a servant, took the oath of fidelity to the sovereign people. Bending before the national majesty made manifest in the omnipotent Assembly, he received the Constitution from the Assembly, and swore to obey it. The Representatives were inviolable, and he was not. He was, we repeat, a citizen responsible to his fellow-citizens, and the only man in the nation controlled by such a bond. And hence there was in this exceptional and supreme oath a solemnity that took entire possession of the heart. He who writes these lines was in his place in the Assembly on the day when this oath was taken. He is one of those who, in

presence of the civilized world called to witness the act, received that oath in the name of the people; he is one of those who still hold it in their hands. It is worded thus: —

"In presence of God and before the French People, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution."

The President of the Assembly, standing up, read this majestic formula.

Then, while the entire Assembly listened in impressive silence, Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte raised his right hand and said in a loud and firm voice, —

"I swear!"

Boulay (de la Meurthe), then a Representative and afterwards Vice-President of the Republic, who knew Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte from infancy, cried out: "He is an honest man; he will keep his oath!"

The President of the Assembly, who had remained standing, spoke again, and we quote his words literally, as they have been recorded in the "Moniteur."

"We take God and men to witness the oath that has been sworn. The National Assembly gives official acknowledgment of the act, and enjoins that it be inserted in the *procès-verbal* in the 'Moniteur,' and published and posted in the form prescribed for public acts."

It looked as if all was ended. It was expected that now Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, henceforth President of the Republic until the second Sunday of May, 1852, would descend from the tribune. He did not descend. The noble necessity of binding himself

still further, if that were possible, constrained him to add to the oath the Constitution demanded, in order to show to the world how free and spontaneous on his part was that oath. He asked permission to speak. "You have it," returned the President of the Assembly. The silence and attention of the spectators became more intense than ever. Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte unfolded a paper and read a discourse. In this discourse he announced and installed the ministry he had called to his council and said: —

"Like you, Citizen Representatives, I desire to establish society on its true bases, to strengthen democratic institutions, and to adopt every method calculated to alleviate the sufferings of the intelligent and generous people who have given me so signal a proof of their confidence." [1]

He thanked his predecessor in the Executive Power, — that predecessor who was able to say later these fine words: "I have not fallen from power, I have descended," — and eulogized him in the following terms:

"The new administration, in entering upon business, feels bound to thank the preceding one for the efforts it has made to transmit the power intact, and to maintain public order.[2]

"The conduct of General Cavaignac has been worthy of the loyalty of his character and of that sentiment of duty which is the first qualification of the head of a state." [3]

These words were applauded by the Assembly; but it was the opening declaration, — a declaration, we repeat again, altogether spontaneous, — which impressed every mind, was deeply engraved on every memory, and found an echo in every loyal conscience: —

[1] Très bien! très bien! — *Moniteur.*
[2] Manifestations of approval. — *Moniteur.*
[3] Renewed marks of approbation. — *Moniteur.*

"The suffrages of the nation, the oath I have just sworn, command my future conduct and indicate my duties.

"I shall regard as enemies of the country all who may endeavour by illegal means to change the form of government which France has established."

At the conclusion of his address the Constituent Assembly rose and with one voice uttered that grand cry: "Long live the Republic!"

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte descended from the tribune, moved deliberately towards General Cavaignac, and tendered him his hand. The General hesitated for some moments before he took that hand. All who had just heard the words of Louis Bonaparte delivered in tones that gave evidence of the sincerest loyalty, censured the demeanour of the General.

The Constitution to which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte swore obedience on the 20th of December, 1848, "in the face of God and of men" contained the following articles among others:—

"Article 36. The Representatives of the People are inviolable.

"Article 37. They cannot be arrested on a criminal charge, except taken in the very act, nor can they be prosecuted until the Assembly has permitted the prosecution.

"Article 68. Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or places an obstacle in the way of the exercise of the powers delegated to it by the people, is a crime of high treason.

"The President, by the very fact, forfeits his office; all citizens are bound to refuse him obedience, the executive power passes in full right to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court shall meet immediately, under penalty of forfeiture; they shall convoke juries in the place by them designated for the trial of the President and his accomplices; they shall themselves name the persons charged with the functions of the public ministry."

Less than three years after that memorable day, on the 2d of December, 1851, might be read at daybreak the subjoined proclamation posted on every street-corner of Paris: —

IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

The President of the Republic

DECREES:

Article 1. The National Assembly is dissolved.

Article 2. Universal suffrage is restored. The law of the 31st of May is repealed.

Article 3. The French people is convoked in its electoral districts.

Article 4. The state of siege is decreed throughout the first military division.

Article 5. The Council of State is dissolved.

Article 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree.

Given at the Palace of the Elysée, the 2d of December, 1851.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

At the same time Paris was informed that fifteen of the Representatives of the People, — the inviolable Representatives, — had been arrested during the night, at their own homes, by order of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAPTER II.

MANDATE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES.

THE Representatives of the People who on behalf of the people received in trust the oath of the 20th of December, 1848, above all, the Representatives of the People who, twice invested with the confidence of the nation, saw that oath sworn to as constituents and violated as legislators, had two duties imposed upon them by their mandate. The first was to rise on the very day when that oath was violated, to stake their lives, careless of the number of the enemy or of his strength, to cover with their bodies the sovereignty of the people, and to lay hold of every arm for the overthrow of the usurper, from the law in the code to the paving-stones of the street. The second duty was, after accepting the struggle with all its vicissitudes, to accept proscription with all its miseries; to remain eternally erect before the traitor, with his oath in their hands; to forget their inward sufferings, their private sorrows, their families dispersed and mutilated, the ruin of their fortunes, the wounds of their affections and their bleeding hearts; to forget themselves, and henceforth feel but one wound,—the wound of France; to cry aloud for justice; to scorn the thought of submission or resignation; to be implacable; to seize the odious crowned perjurer, if not by the hand of the law, at least with the

pincers of truth, and redden in the fires of history the letters of his oath and brand them on his face!

He who writes these lines is one of those whom no danger deterred from the fulfilment, on the 2d of December, of the first of these duties; by publishing this book he discharges the second.

CHAPTER III.

DEMAND IN DUE FORM OF LAW.

IT is time for the human conscience to awaken.

Since the 2d of December a successful ambuscade, an odious, abominable crime, an unheard-of crime, if we take into account the century in which it has been committed, reigns triumphant, has been exalted into a doctrine, and expands in the light of day. It makes laws, issues decrees, takes society, the family, and religion under its protection, tenders its hand to the kings of Europe, who accept it, and calls them " my brother " or " my cousin. " This crime is controverted by none, not even by those who profit and live by it, — they merely say it was " necessary ; " not even by him who has committed it, — he merely says that he, the criminal, has been " absolved. " This crime is the embodiment of all crimes, — treason in its conception, perjury in its execution, murder and assassination in the struggle, spoliation, knavery, and theft in the triumph. This crime draws in its train, as integral parts of itself, the suppression of the laws, the violation of constitutional inviolability, arbitrary sequestration, confiscation of property, nocturnal massacres, secret fusilades, commissions substituted for tribunals, the deportation of ten thousand citizens, the proscription of forty thousand citizens, the ruin and despair of sixty thousand families. These facts are notorious.

Well then, it is a bitter thing to have to say, men are silent on this crime! It is before their eyes, they touch and see it, and pass by and attend to their several affairs. The shop opens, the Bourse jobs; Commerce, seated on her bale of merchandise, rubs her hands; and we are almost at the point where this shall be considered a matter of course. He who is measuring his cloth hears not the cry of the ell-wand in his hand; it is saying to him: "The ell-wand that governs you is false." He who is weighing out his wares hears not the balance which raises its voice; it is saying to him: "The weight that reigns is false." Strange order that, which has for its basis limitless disorder, the negation of all right! An equilibrium resting on iniquity!

Add to this a fact, for that matter sufficiently obvious: the author of this crime is a malefactor of the most shameless and abandoned species.

Let all who wear a robe, a scarf, or a uniform, let all the servants of this man know the truth now; let them open their eyes if they think they are the agents of a power. They are the comrades of a pirate. Since the 2d of December there are no more functionaries in France; there are only accomplices. The time has come when each must render a clear account to himself of that which he has done and of that which he continues doing. The gendarme who has arrested those whom the man of Strasburg and Boulogne calls "insurgents," has arrested the guardians of the Constitution. The judge who has judged the combatants of Paris or the provinces has condemned and humiliated the upholders of the law. The officer who has confined the "condemned" in the depths of the ship's hold, has confined the defenders of the Republic and of the State. The African general who imprisons the men banished to Lambessa, stooping under the sun, shivering with fever,

digging in the parched earth a trench that shall be their grave, that general incarcerates, tortures, and murders the supporters of justice and right. And all, generals, officers, gendarmes, judges, are directly guilty of felony. The innocent men before whom they stand are more than innocent, they are heroes! are more than victims, they are martyrs!

Let every one, then, be aware of this, and at least make haste to break the chains, to draw the bolts, to empty the hulks, since no one has yet the courage to seize the sword.

If law, right, justice, equity, duty, reason, understanding, do not avail, let men bethink themselves of the future. If remorse is dumb, let responsibility speak! And let all who, as land-holders, grasp the hand of a magistrate; as bankers, entertain a general; as peasants, take off their caps to a gendarme; let all who do not shun the *hôtel* of the minister, the house of the prefect, as they would a lazaretto; let all who attend, not as functionaries, but as private citizens, the balls and banquets of Louis Bonaparte, not seeing that the black flag waves over the Elysée, — let all those know too that this species of infamy is contagious; if they escape material complicity, they do not escape moral complicity.

The crime of the 2d of December bespatters them.

The present situation, which seems calm to the unthinking, is violent. On this point there must be no misunderstanding. When public morality suffers eclipse, the social order is pervaded by an appalling shadow. All guarantees disappear, all supports fall to the ground.

From this forth there is not a tribunal or court in France, there is not a judge who can give judgment and pronounce sentence in the name of anything whatever,

in connection with anything whatever or respecting any person whatever.

Bring before the assize a malefactor, — it matters not of what kind. The robber will say to his judges: "The Head of the State has robbed the Bank of France of twenty-five millions;" the false witness will say to his judges: "The Head of the State has sworn an oath before God and before men, and this oath he has violated;" the person accused of arbitrary detention will say: "The Head of the State has arrested and imprisoned contrary to all laws, the Representatives of the sovereign people;" the swindler will say: "The Head of the State has gained his election by swindling, has gained power by swindling, has gained the Tuileries by swindling;" the forger will say: "The Head of the State has forged ballots;" the bandit who lurks in a corner of the forest will say: "The Head of the State picked the pockets of the princes of Orleans;" the murderer will say: "The Head of the State has fusiladed, cannonaded, sabred, and butchered those who were peacefully walking along the streets." And all, swindler, forger, false witness, bandit, robber, and assassin will add, —

"And you, judges, you have saluted this man, have lauded him for being a perjurer, have complimented him for being a forger, have eulogized him for being a swindler, have congratulated him on having robbed, and thanked him for having murdered! What have you to do with us?"

Surely this is a grave state of things. To allow one's self to fall asleep in such a situation is an added ignominy.

It is time, we repeat, for this monstrous sleep of the human conscience to come to an end. After the horrible scandal of the triumph of the crime, mankind must

not be confronted with a still more horrible scandal, — the indifference of the civilized world.

If this could be, history would some day appear as an avenger. But till then, just as wounded lions hide themselves in solitudes, the righteous man, veiling his face in presence of this universal abasement would take refuge in the immensity of disdain.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE WILL BE AN AWAKENING.

BUT it will not be so; there will be an awakening. The single aim of this book is to do away with this sleep. France must not adhere to this Government even with the acquiescence of lethargy. At certain times, in certain places, beneath certain shades, to sleep is to die.

Moreover, at the present moment — it is a strange thing to say, but yet the truth — France knows nothing of what took place on the 2d of December and on the ensuing days, and this is her excuse. But thanks to several noble and courageous publications, the facts are becoming known. It is the object of this work to shed light on some of them, and with God's help, depict them all in their true colours. It is important that mankind should know what Monsieur Bonaparte is. At present, thanks to the suppression of the tribune, thanks to the suppression of the press, thanks to the suppression of free speech, of liberty, and of truth, — a suppression that, while it gives Monsieur Bonaparte the power of doing whatever it may seem his good pleasure to do, really nullifies every one of his acts, not excepting the utterly anomalous vote of the 20th of December, — thanks we say, to this suppression of every protest, to this extinction of every ray of light, neither men nor things nor deeds appear under their real form and bear their real name. The crime of Monsieur Bonaparte is not a

crime, it is styled necessity; the ambuscade of Monsieur Bonaparte is not an ambuscade, it is styled the defence of order; the robberies of Monsieur Bonaparte are not robberies, they are styled measures of State; the murders of Monsieur Bonaparte are not murders, they are styled public safety; the accomplices of Monsieur Bonaparte are not malefactors, they are styled magistrates, senators, and councillors of State; the adversaries of Monsieur Bonaparte are not soldiers of law and right, they are styled lawless peasants (*Jacques*), demagogues, aiming at a universal division of property. In the eyes of France, in the eyes of Europe, the 2d of December still wears a mask. This book is a hand issuing from the darkness, and tearing off that mask.

Yes, we shall expose this triumph of order; we shall paint this vigorous Government, — this Government so firm, secure, and strong; this Government which has in its favour a crowd of poor young creatures, better supplied with ambition than with shoes, showy coxcombs and sorry paupers at the same time. We shall depict this Government, supported at the Bourse by Fould the Jew, and in the church by Montalembert the Catholic, esteemed by women who would be mistresses and by men who would be prefects, resting on a coalition of prostitutions, appointing cardinals, wearing a white tie, with opera-hat under its arm, with cream-coloured gloves like Morny, newly varnished like Maupas, fresh brushed like Persigny, rich, elegant, spruce, polished, and joyous, — born in a pool of blood !

Yes, there will be an awakening!

Yes, there will be an escape from that torpor which, for such a people, is shame; and when France shall have awakened, when she opens her eyes and begins to distinguish what is before her and beside her, she will recoil with a terrible shudder in presence of the mon-

strous felony that dared to espouse her in the darkness and make her the sharer of its bed.

Then shall the last hour strike! The sceptics smile, and are very earnest and emphatic. They say: "Abandon hope. You tell us this *régime* is the shame of France. Granted. What then? This shame is quoted on 'Change. Abandon hope. You are poets and dreamers if you hope. Only consider; the tribune, the press, intelligence, eloquence, thought, everything that constituted liberty has disappeared. Yesterday these were living, moving forces; to-day they are struck dumb. Well, every one is satisfied, and reconciled to this insensibility, turns it to his advantage and finds his account in it, and none discovers that the ordinary course of life is thereby disturbed. Society goes on, and many worthy people believe that things as they are, are well. Why do you want this situation changed? Why do you want this situation to come to an end? Be under no illusion; it is solid and stable, it is the present and the future."

We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Houses are erected on it; heavy chariots roll along its surface. It is no longer water; it is rock. Men go and come across this marble floor that was once a river. In an instant a city is built on it; streets are laid out and shops are opened, and men buy and sell, and eat and drink, and light their fires above this water. All are free to do as they like. Pray, do not be afraid; do whatever it seems good to you to do. Laugh and dance, for this is more firm than the solid earth. Yes, really, it sounds like granite under one's feet. Hurrah for winter! hurrah for the ice! it will last to eternity. And then, look at the sky; is it day or is it night? A pale and sickly streak of light shimmers along the snow; it seems as if the sun were dying.

No, thou art not dying Liberty! Some day, at the very moment when thou art least looked for, at the very hour when thou art most forgotten, thou shalt rise! O dazzling spectacle! We shall see thy starry face mount upward on a sudden from the earth and shine in thy glorious splendour above the horizon. Over all this snow and ice, over this hard white plain, this water turned to stone, over all this hideous winter, thou wilt launch thy golden arrows, thy gleaming, burning rays, light, warmth, and life! and then, hark! do you hear that dull and rumbling sound? Do you hear that deep, tremendous report? It is the breaking up of the ice! It is the Neva that is sinking down! It is the river resuming her course! It is the living waters, joyous and terrible, upheaving the dead and ghastly ice and dashing it to pieces. It was granite, you said; see, it splits like glass! It is the breaking up of the ice; it is truth returning once more; it is progress renewing her work; it is humanity resuming her march and driving, tearing, hurling along in her course, striking, crushing, and drowning in her waves, as 't were no more than the wretched furniture of some poor hovel, not only the freshly constructed empire of Louis Bonaparte, but all the erections and all the works of ancient and eternal despotism! Look at all this as it passes away. It is disappearing forever. You shall never behold it again. That book, half submerged, is the hoary code of iniquity! That frame which is being fast ingulfed is the throne! That other frame which is vanishing from sight is the scaffold!

And for this immense ingulfment, for this supreme victory of life over death, what was needed? A glance of thine, O sun! One of thy rays, O Liberty!

CHAPTER V.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, born in Paris on the 20th of April, 1808, is the son of Hortense de Beauharnais, married by the Emperor to Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. In 1831, Louis Bonaparte was involved in the insurrections in Italy, where his eldest brother was killed, and tried to overthrow the Papacy. On the 30th of October, 1835, he attempted to overthrow Louis Philippe. He failed at Strasburg, and having been pardoned by Louis Philippe, embarked for America, leaving his accomplices behind him to be tried. On the 11th of November he wrote: "The King, *in his clemency* has ordered me to be sent to America;" he declared himself "deeply moved by *the generosity* of the King," adding: "Certainly we were all guilty of taking up arms against the Government, but I am the guiltiest of all." And he concludes thus: "I was guilty of attempting to overthrow the Government, and yet the Government has shown itself generous towards me." [1] He returned to Switzerland from America, and was made captain of artillery at Berne and a burgher of Salenstein in Thurgau. Amid the diplomatic complications to which his presence in Switzerland gave rise, he was equally careful to avoid acknowledging a French or a

[1] Letter read at the Court of Assizes by Parquin, one of the council for the accused, who, after reading it, exclaimed, "Among the numerous faults of Louis Napoleon we need not, at least, reckon ingratitude."

Swiss nationality. To reassure the French Government, he limited himself to a declaration, in a letter of the 20th of August, 1838, that he was living "almost alone" in the house "in which his mother died," and that his firm intention was "to remain tranquil." On the 6th of August, 1840, he landed at Boulogne, parodying the landing at Cannes, with the traditional little hat on his head, bringing a gilt eagle on top of a flag, and a live eagle in a cage, a number of proclamations, sixty lackeys, cooks, and stable-boys disguised as French soldiers, with uniforms purchased in the Temple and buttons of the 42d of the line manufactured in London.[1] He threw money to the people walking in the streets, raised his hat on the point of his sword, and shouted: "Vive l'Empereur;" fired a pistol at an officer,[2] but hit a soldier, breaking three of his teeth — and fled. He is taken, and five hundred thousand francs in gold and banknotes are found on him.[3] The *procureur-général* Franck-Carré says to him before the full Court of Peers: "You attempted to corrupt soldiers by the distribution of money." The Peers condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, and he is sent to Ham. There self-communion and reflection would seem to have ripened his mind; he wrote and published some works which, in spite of a certain ignorance of France and of the age, were imbued with a spirit of progress and democracy. Their titles are: "Extinction du Paupérisme," "Analyse de la Question des Sucres," and "Idées Napoliennes," in which he makes the Emperor out a "humanitarian." In the "Fragments Historiques" he wrote: "I am a citizen

[1] Court of Peers. Affair of the 6th of August, 1840, page 140; witness, Geoffroy, grenadier.

[2] Captain Col-Puygellier, who said to him, "You are a conspirator and a traitor."

[3] Court of Peers, witness, Adam, Mayor of Boulogne.

first, a Bonaparte after." He had already declared himself, in 1832, a republican in his "Révéries Politiques." After six years' captivity, he escaped from Ham, disguised as a mason, and took refuge in England. When February came, he hailed the Republic, took his seat as Representative of the People in the Constituent Assembly, mounted the tribune on the 21st of September, 1848, and said: "All my life will be devoted to the consolidation of the Republic," published a manifesto which may be summarized in two lines: liberty, progress, democracy, amnesty, abolition of decrees of proscription and of banishment; was elected President by five million five hundred thousand votes, swore fealty solemnly to the Constitution of the 20th of December, 1848, and destroyed it on the 2d of December, 1851. In the interval he had crushed the Roman Republic, and restored in 1849 that Papacy which in 1831 he had attempted to overthrow; he had moreover taken some part or other in the shady transaction called the "Lottery of the ingots of gold." In the weeks preceding the *coup d'état* this money-bag had become transparent, and a hand was perceived in it resembling his. On the 2d of December and the following days, he, the Executive Power, assailed the Legislative Power, arrested the Representatives, drove away the Assembly, dissolved the Council of State, expelled the High Court of Justice, suppressed the laws, took twenty-five millions from the Bank, gorged the army with gold, mowed down Paris with grape-shot, and struck terror into France. Since then, he has proscribed eighty-four Representatives of the People, robbed the Princes of Orleans of the property of their father, to whom he owed his life, decreed despotism in fifty-eight articles under the title of a constitution, garotted the Republic, turned the sword of France into a gag in the mouth of liberty, jobbed in railway shares,

rified the pockets of the people, regulated the budget by a ukase, deported ten thousand democrats to Africa and Cayenne, exiled forty thousand republicans to Belgium, Spain, Piedmont, Switzerland, and England, and brought anguish to every soul and a blush to every brow.

Louis Bonaparte thinks he is ascending a throne; he does not perceive that he is climbing a gibbet.

CHAPTER VI.

A PORTRAIT.

LOUIS BONAPARTE is a man of middle height, cold, pale, and heavy. He has the look of a person who is not quite awake. He has published, as we have already related, a work of some value on artillery, and has a thorough acquaintance with the management of cannon. He rides well. There is a slight German drawl in his words. As to his histrionic abilities, he gave an exhibition of them in the Eglinton tournament. He wears a thick moustache, hiding a smile like the duke of Alba's, and has the lacklustre eye of Charles IX.

Judged outside of what he calls " his necessary acts " or " his great acts," he is a vulgar fellow, childish, theatrical, and vain. The persons invited by him to Saint-Cloud in summer, receive with the invitation an order to bring an evening and morning dress. He is fond of tufts, trimmings, spangles, top-knots, and embroideries, of grand words and grand titles, of sound and glitter and all the petty glories and glass beads of power. His kinship to the battle of Austerlitz entitles him to dress as a general. He does so.

This man would stain the second plane of history; he defiles the first.

To be despised affects him little: the appearance of respect contents him.

Europe, pointing to Haiti, was laughing at the other continent when she saw this white Soulouque make

his appearance. There is now in Europe, deep sunk in every mind, even beyond the limits of France, a feeling of profound stupefaction, a feeling of something like a personal indignity; for the interests of Europe, whether she wills or not, are incorporated with those of France, and whatever degrades the one humiliates the other.

Before the 2d of December, it was a common saying among the leaders of the Right with regard to Louis Bonaparte: "He is an idiot." They were mistaken. Certainly that brain of his is muddy, has gaps here and there; but thoughts logically connected and interlinked may, to some extent, be discerned in places. It is a book from which certain pages have been torn out. Louis Bonaparte is a man of one fixed idea, but a fixed idea is not idiocy. He knows what he wants, and marches to his aim. Over justice, over law, over reason, honour, and humanity, if you will, he still marches to his aim.

He is not an idiot. He is a man of other times than ours. He seems absurd and mad because he has no counterpart. Transport him to Spain in the sixteenth century, and Philip II. will recognize him; to England, and Henry VIII. will smile on him; to Italy, and Cæsar Borgia will throw his arms about his neck. Or even confine yourself to placing him outside of European civilization; drop him at Yanina in 1817, Ali Tepelini will tender him his hand.

There are elements of the Middle Ages and the Lower Empire in him. His deeds would seem quite natural to Michael Ducas, to Romanes Diogenes, to Nicephorus Botoniates, to the eunuch Narses, to the vandal Stilicho, to Mahomet II., to Alexander VI., to Ezzelino of Padua, and they seem quite natural to him; only, he forgets or is ignorant that in the times in which we live his actions have to traverse those great currents of human morality loosened by our three centuries of learning and

enlightenment and by the French Revolution, and that in the society he belongs to his actions will assume their true form and show forth in all their native hideousness.

His partisans — he has some — are ready to draw a parallel between his uncle the first Bonaparte and him. They say: "One made the 18th of Brumaire, the other has made the 2d of December; one was eager for power, so is the other." The first Bonaparte wished to restore the Empire of the West, to make Europe his vassal, to dominate the continent by his power and dazzle it by his greatness, to sit on a chair of state and give foot-stools to kings, to make history say, "Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon," to be a master of the world. And he was. For this he made the 18th of Brumaire. The second Bonaparte wishes to have horses and mistresses, to be called Monseigneur, and to live well. For this he has made the 2d of December. Eager for power both. Yes, the comparison is just. Let us add that, like the first, he too would be emperor. But what renders the comparison a little more tranquillizing is the circumstance that there is perhaps some difference between conquering the empire and filching it.

Be that as it may, one fact is certain, and cannot be concealed even by the dazzling curtain of glory and misfortune on which are written, Arcola, Lodi, the Pyramids, Eylau, Friedland, St. Helena, — one fact, we repeat, is certain, and it is that the 18th of Brumaire is a crime, the stain of which on the memory of Napoleon has been magnified by the 2d of December.

Monsieur Louis Bonaparte readily allows a glimpse of his socialist leanings to be seen. He feels that he has there an untilled soil which ambition might work with success. As we have said, he passed his time in prison in making for himself a quasi-reputation as a democrat.

One fact paints him. When he published, while in Ham, his book on the "Extinction of Pauperism," — a book whose sole apparent aim was to probe the wound of the misery of the people and point out the means of curing it, — he sent the work to one of his friends with this note, which has passed under our eyes: —

"Read this essay on pauperism, and tell me if you think it likely *to do me any good.*"

The great talent of Monsieur Louis Bonaparte is silence.

Before the 2d of December he had a council of ministers which, being responsible, imagined it was of some importance. The President presided. He never, or hardly ever, took any part in the discussions. While MM. Odillon Barrot, Passy, Tocqueville, Dufaure or Faucher spoke, *he was engaged in constructing,* as we have been told by one of his ministers, *with thoughtful carefulness courtesans in paper, or dashing off ill-drawn figures on the backs of public documents.*

To pretend to be dead is his great art. He remains mute and motionless, with his eyes averted from the object he pursues, until his hour has come. Then he turns his head and leaps upon his prey. His scheme of policy makes its appearance before you, abruptly, at some unforeseen corner, clutching a pistol in its fist, *ut fur.* Until then, as little motion as possible. For a moment, during the three years that have glided past, he was seen side by side with Changarnier, who also was concocting his own enterprise. "Ibant obscuri," as says Virgil. France was observing these two men with some anxiety. What was there between them? Was one dreaming of Cromwell? Was the other thinking of Monk? Men questioned one another as they watched. In both there was the same attitude of mystery, the

same policy of immobility. Bonaparte said not a word; Changarnier made not a gesture, — the one did not stir, the other did not breathe; they seemed playing at who could be most like a statue.

Yet this silence is sometimes broken by Louis Bonaparte. Then he does not speak, he lies. This man lies as other men breathe. He announces that his intentions are honest; beware! he affirms; distrust! he takes an oath; tremble! Machiavelli has begotten children. Louis Bonaparte is one of them.

To blazon forth a flagitious villainy at which the world exclaims, to disavow it with indignation in the name of all that is good and holy, to declare himself an honest man, and then at the very moment every one is reassured and laughing at the possibility of the villainy in question, to execute it, — this is his method. He has carried it into effect for the *coup d'état*, for the decrees of proscription, for the spoliation of the princes of Orleans; he will carry it into effect for the invasion of Switzerland and of Belgium and for all that remains. It is his method; think of it as you please. It serves him, he likes it, it is his own concern. He will have to reckon with history.

You are one of his intimate associates: he lets you see a glimpse of a project which, if not viewed too closely, does not seem immoral, but, rather, insensate and dangerous, — dangerous for himself especially. You raise objections; he listens, he does not answer, sometimes gives up the point for two or three days, then resumes it, and does his will.

In his cabinet at the Elysée there is a drawer in his table, often half open. From it he takes a paper which he reads to a minister; it is a decree. The minister supports or opposes it. If the latter, Louis Bonaparte flings the paper back into the drawer, in which there are

many other old papers scribbled with his autocratic dreams, locks the drawer, takes the key, and departs without a word. The minister retires, charmed with the deference shown him. The next morning the decree is in the "Moniteur," — sometimes with the signature of the minister.

Thanks to this mode of acting, he has always at his service one great force, — the unexpected; and as he never encounters any internal check from what other men call conscience, he pursues his object through everything no matter what, across everything no matter what, as we have said before, and reaches the goal.

He recoils occasionally, not before the moral effect of his acts, but before their material effect.

The decrees expelling eighty-four representatives, published in the "Moniteur" of the 6th of January, shocked public sentiment. Tightly though France was manacled, the universal horror made itself felt. It was not yet far from the 2d of December, and every excitement was attended with peril. Louis Bonaparte understood this well. On the morrow of the 10th, a second decree of proscription was to appear, containing eight hundred names. Louis Bonaparte had the proof brought to him from the office of the "Moniteur;" the list filled fourteen columns of the official journal. He crumpled the proof, threw it into the fire, and the decree did not appear. The proscriptions continued without decrees.

He needs assistants and co-operators in his enterprises; he requires what he himself calls "men." Diogenes searched for them with a lantern; he seeks them out with a bank-note in his hand. He finds them. Certain aspects of human nature result in the production of an entire species of sorry creatures. Of these he is the natural centre. They cluster around him necessarily, according to that mysterious law of gravitation which

rules the moral being not less than the cosmic atom. For undertaking, executing, and completing the "act of the 2d of December," he required men; he had them. To-day they encircle him; these men form his court and retinue; they blend their radiance with his. In some epochs of history there are constellations of great men; in other epochs there are constellations of caitiffs.

Still, let us not confound the epoch, the minute of Louis Bonaparte, with the nineteenth century; the toad-stool sprouts up at the foot of the oak, but it is not the oak.

Monsieur Louis Bonaparte has succeeded. From this forth he has on his side money, the Bank, the Bourse, the stock-market, the counting-house, and all those who pass so easily from one shore to the other when they have only to stride over shame. He has made a dupe of M. Changarnier, a mouthful of M. Thiers, an accomplice of M. de Montalembert, a robber's cave of power, and treats the budget as a farm to be worked for his profit. A medal, called the medal of the 2d of December, is being struck at the Mint, in honour of the manner in which he keeps his oaths. The frigate "Constitution" has changed her name; she is now the "Elysée." He may, when he chooses, get himself anointed by M. Sibour, and barter his bedstead in the Elysée for a couch in the Tuileries. Meanwhile, for seven months he has been making a parade of his greatness, has harangued, triumphed, presided at banquets, given balls, danced, reigned, and strutted to his heart's content. He has blossomed out in all his ugliness in a box at the Opera. He has had himself called Prince President, and has distributed flags to the army and crosses of honour to the commissaries of police. When the question arose of selecting a symbol, he stood aside and allowed the eagle to be chosen; such modesty have sparrow-hawks.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PANEGYRICS CONTINUE.

HE has succeeded. As a consequence he does not want for apotheoses. Of panegyrists he has a larger number than Trajan. And yet one thing strikes me; it is this: among all the qualities for which he has won recognition since the 2d of December, among all the eulogies addressed to him, there is not one word that goes beyond this, ability, coolness, daring, adroitness, an affair planned and conducted with admirable skill, a time well selected, a secret well kept, measures well taken, false keys well made. When these things are said everything is said, except some phrases on "clemency;" and yet no one lauded the magnanimity of Mandrin, who sometimes did not take all his victim's money, or of Jean the Flayer, who sometimes did not slay travellers!

The Senate the while it endows Monsieur Bonaparte with twelve millions, and four millions for keeping his palaces in repair, and is itself endowed in turn by Monsieur Bonaparte with one million, congratulates Monsieur Bonaparte on having "saved society," pretty much as one of the characters in a certain comedy congratulates another on having "saved the cash-box."

As to myself, I have yet to find among the plaudits of which Monsieur Bonaparte is the object, a single commendation bestowed by his apologists which would not do equally well for Cartouche and Poulailler after a

good stroke of luck. For the sake of the French language and the name of Napoleon, I sometimes blush at the thinly veiled crudeness of the terms in which the magistracy and the clergy compliment this man for feloniously appropriating power, laying violent hands on the Constitution, and running away from his oath in the night.

After the successful accomplishment of the robberies and burglaries that make up the sum total of his policy, he has resumed his true name; since then every one has recognized the fact that he was a Monseigneur. But M. Fortoul,[1] to his honour be it said, was the first to perceive it.

When the man is measured and found so little, and his success is measured and found so enormous, it is impossible for the mind not to experience some surprise. We ask ourselves: How has he done it? We analyze the adventure and the adventurer, and, laying aside the advantage he derives from his name, and certain facts which aided him in scaling the ramparts, we can discover nothing at the bottom of the man and of his actions but these, — craft and money.

Craft. We have already commented on this remarkable element of Louis Bonaparte's character, but it is worth while to dwell on it more strongly. On the 27th of November, 1848, he said in his manifesto to his fellow-citizens: —

"I feel under an obligation to make known to you my sentiments and my principles. *There must be nothing equivocal between you and me. I am not an ambitious individual.* Brought up in *free* countries, in the school of misfortune, I *shall ever remain faithful* to the duties your suffrages may impose upon me and to the wishes of the Assembly.

[1] The first report addressed to Monsieur Bonaparte, and the first in which he is styled *Monseigneur*, is signed FORTOUL.

"*I would make it a point of honour to leave to my successor, at the end of four years, power consolidated, liberty intact, and a really accomplished progress.*"

On the 31st of December, 1849, in his first message to the Assembly, he wrote: —

"I intend to prove worthy of the confidence of the nation by maintaining the Constitution *I have sworn to.*"

On the 12th of November, 1850, in his second annual message to the Assembly, he said: —

"If the Constitution contains vices and dangers, you are all at liberty to expose them to the view of the country; I alone, *bound by my oath,* maintain myself within the strict limits it has marked out for me."

On the 4th of September of the same year he had said at Cannes: —

"At a time when prosperity seems to be reviving on all sides, he would indeed be a criminal who attempted to arrest its progress *by changing that which to-day exists.*"

Some time before this, on the 22d of July, 1849, at the time of the inauguration of the St. Quentin railway, he had gone to Ham. There he beat his breast as he recalled the memory of Boulogne, and uttered these solemn words: —

"The chosen leader to-day of all France, since I have become the legitimate chief of this great nation, I cannot take any pride in a captivity which had for its cause *an attack against a regular government.*

"When we see how many misfortunes the most just of revolutions bring in their train, it is hard to realize *the audacity of the person who would assume to himself the terrible responsibility of a change.* I do not, therefore, complain of

having *expiated here*, by six years of imprisonment, *my temerity against the laws of my country;* and it is with real pleasure that, in the very place where I suffered, I now propose a toast in honour of the men who are determined, whatever may be their convictions, to respect *the institutions of their country.*"

While speaking thus, he had in the bottom of his heart that thought which he gave voice to in this very prison of Ham, and which he afterwards tested the truth of in his own fashion: "Great enterprises rarely succeed at the first attempt."[1]

Towards the middle of November, 1851, F——, a Representative belonging to the party of the Elysée, was dining with Louis Bonaparte.

"What is the talk in Paris and in the Assembly?" asked the President.

"Ah, Prince!"

"Well?"

"They are speaking always —"

"About what?"

"The *coup d'état.*"

"And does the Assembly believe in it?"

"A little, Prince."

"And you?"

"What! I? Not at all."

Louis Bonaparte at once grasped both the hands of M. F——, and said with deep emotion: "Thank you, Monsieur F——. You, at least, do not believe me a scoundrel!"

This took place a fortnight before the 2d of December. At that very time, nay, at that very moment, as we learn from the confession of his accomplice Maupas, Mazas was being made ready.

[1] Fragments Historiques.

Money. This is the second force of Monsieur Bonaparte. We speak only of facts judicially proved by the records of Strasburg and Boulogne.

At Strasburg, on the 30th of October, 1836, Colonel Vaudrey, an accomplice of Louis Bonaparte, directed the quarter-masters of the 4th regiment of artillery "to distribute two pieces of gold to the cannoneers of each battery."

On the 5th of August, 1840, Monsieur Bonaparte called around him on "The City of Edinburg" the packet-boat he had chartered, some sixty poor wretches, his servants, whom he had cheated into the belief that he was going to Hamburg on a pleasure excursion. He harangued them from the top of one of his carriages, fastened to the deck, made known his project, threw among them the uniforms in which they were to disguise themselves as soldiers, and handed each a hundred francs. Then he gave them liquor. A little drunkenness does not hurt great enterprises. — "I saw," said the witness Hobbs [1] the bartender, before the Court of Peers, "a large sum of money in the room. The passengers were apparently reading some printed papers. The passengers passed the whole night in eating and drinking. I did nothing but uncork bottles and serve food."

After the bartender, comes the captain. The examining magistrate said to Captain Crow, —

"Did you see the passengers drink?"

Crow: "To excess. I never saw anything like it." [2]

After a landing was effected, they reached the custom-house station of Wimereux. The first step of Monsieur Louis Bonaparte was to offer the lieutenant at this station a pension of twelve hundred francs. The examining magistrate put this question to Louis Bonaparte:

[1] Court of Peers. Depositions of the witnesses, p. 94.
[2] Ibid., pp. 75, 81, 88–94.

"Did you not offer the commandant of the station a sum of money if he would consent to join you?"

THE PRINCE: "I did do so, but he refused."[1]

They arrived at Boulogne. His *aides-de-camp* — from that time out he has had *aides-de-camp* — carried suspended from their necks tin rollers filled with gold-pieces. Others followed with bags of coin in their hands,[2] and threw money to the fishermen and peasants, at the same time calling on them to shout, *Vive l' Empereur.* "If we get three hundred bawlers, it is all that we need," one of the conspirators had said.[3]

The 42d regiment of light infantry was then quartered at Boulogne. Louis Bonaparte appeared among them. To one soldier, Georges Koehly, he said, "I am Napoleon; you shall have promotion and decorations." To another, Antoine Gendre, he said: "I am the son of Napoleon; come with me to the Hôtel du Nord, where I will order a dinner for you and me." To another, Jean Meyer, he said, "You shall be well paid;" and to Joseph Meny: "You must come to Paris; you shall be well paid.[4]

An officer accompanied him, holding in his hand a hat filled with five-franc pieces, which he distributed among the curious spectators, saying, "Cry, *Vive l'Empereur.*"[5] Geoffroy, a grenadier, speaks as follows of the attempt to seduce his comrades made by an officer and a sergeant who were in the plot: "The sergeant carried a bottle, and the officer had a drawn sword in his hand." In these two lines we have the whole 2d of December.

[1] Court of Peers. Examination of the accused, p. 13.

[2] Ibid. Depositions of the witnesses, pp. 103, 185.

[3] THE PRESIDENT: "Prisoner Querelles, were not those children who shouted, the *three hundred brawlers* you asked for in a letter?"

[4] Court of Peers. Depositions of witnesses, pp. 143, 155, 156, 158.

[5] Ibid., p. 142.

But to continue: —

"The day after, on the 17th of June, Major Mésonan, whom I believed to have left, was introduced into my study by my *aide-de-camp*. I said, —

"'Major, I thought you had left.'

"'No, General, I have not left. I have a letter to deliver to you.'

"'A letter! and from whom?'

"'Read, General.'

"I invited him to be seated, and took the letter; but as I was about to open it, I perceived that it bore the superscription: —

"'*À. M. le commandant Mésonan.*' I said, —

"'Why, my dear major, this is for you, not for me.'

"'Read, General!'

"I opened the letter and read: —

"My dear Major, — It is absolutely necessary that you see the general of whom we spoke, at once. You know he is a man of action, and can be counted on. You know, too, that he is a man I have noted down to be one day a marshal of France. *You will offer him 100,000 francs on my account*, and ask him to name some banker or notary with whom *I may deposit 300,000 francs for him*, in case he should lose his command.

"I stopped, overcome with indignation; I turned the sheet, and saw that the letter was signed Louis Napoleon. This letter I handed back to the Major, saying that he was engaged in a ridiculous and hopeless undertaking."

Who speaks thus? General Magnan. Where? Before the full Court of Peers. In presence of whom? Who is the man on the stool of repentance, the man whom Magnan covers with "ridicule," the man towards

whom Magnan turns his "indignant" face? Louis Bonaparte.

Money, and with money debauchery, such was his manner of operating in his three enterprises, at Strasburg, at Boulogne, at Paris. Two failures, one success. Magnan, who resisted at Boulogne, sold himself at Paris. If Louis Bonaparte had been vanquished on the 2d of December, the twenty-five millions of the Bank would have been found on him in the Elysée, just as the five hundred thousand francs of London were found on him in Boulogne.

There has been, then, in France, — we must endeavour to succeed in speaking calmly of these things, — in France, in the land of the sword, the land of the chevaliers, the land of Hoche, Drouot, and Bayard, there has been a day when one man, aided by five or six political sharpers, experts in ambuscades and jobbers in *coups d'état*, there has been a day when a man, leaning back in his gilded cabinet with his feet on the fender and a cigar between his lips, has drawn up a tariff of military honour, has weighed it in his scales as if it were merchandise, as if it were a thing purchasable and salable, has estimated this general at a million, that soldier at a louis, and has said of the French conscience, "It is worth so much."

And this man is the nephew of the Emperor. For that matter, this nephew is not too proud; he knows how to accommodate himself to the requirements of his adventures, and assumes with ease the character which destiny allots him. Set him down in London, and, if he have an interest in pleasing the English Government, he will not shrink from the task; and with that hand which would seize the sceptre of Charlemagne, he will grasp the policeman's club. If I were not Napoleon, I would wish to be Vidocq.

And now a truce to reflection.

This is the man by whom France is governed! Governed, do I say? — possessed in supreme and sovereign sway! And every day, and every morning, by his decrees, by his messages, by all the incredible drivel which he parades in the "Moniteur," this emigrant, who knows not France, teaches France her lesson! and this ruffian tells France he has saved her! And from whom? From herself! Before him, Providence committed only follies; God was waiting for him to reduce everything to order; at last he has come! For thirty-six years there had been in France all sorts of pernicious things, — the tribune, a vociferous thing; the press, an obstreperous thing; thought, an insolent thing, and liberty, the most crying abuse of all. But he came, and for the tribune he has substituted the Senate; for the press, the censorship; for thought, imbecility; and for liberty, the sabre; and by the sabre and the Senate, by imbecility and the censorship, France is saved. Saved, bravo! And from whom, I repeat? From herself. For what was this France of ours, if you please? A horde of marauders and thieves, of anarchists, assassins, and demagogues. She had to be manacled, had this mad woman, France; and it is Monsieur Bonaparte Louis who puts the handcuffs on her. Now she is in a dungeon, on a diet of bread and water, punished, humiliated, garotted, safely cared for. Be not disturbed; Monsieur Bonaparte, a policeman stationed at the Elysée, is answerable for her to Europe. He makes it his business to be so; this wretched France is in the strait-jacket, and if she stirs — Ah, what is this spectacle before our eyes? Is it a dream? Is it a nightmare? On one side a nation, the first of nations, and on the other, a man, the last of men; and this is what this man does to this nation. What! he tramples her under his feet, he

laughs in her face, he mocks and taunts her, he disowns, insults, and flouts her? What! he says, "I alone am worthy of consideration"? What! in this land of France where none would dare to slap the face of his fellow, this man can slap the face of the nation? Oh, the abominable shame of it all! Every time that Monsieur Bonaparte spits, every face must be wiped! And this can last! and you tell me it will last! No! no! by every drop of blood in every vein, no! It shall not last! Ah, if this did last, it would be in very truth because there would no longer be a God in heaven, nor a France on earth!

BOOK II.

THE GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSTITUTION.

ROLL of drums; attention, bumpkins!

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

Whereas, all laws restraining the liberty of the press have been annulled, all laws against bill-posting and pamphlet-hawking have been abolished, the right of public meeting has been fully restored, all unconstitutional laws and all measures of martial law have been suppressed, every citizen has the right to say what he wishes, using all forms of publication, journal, poster, and electoral meeting; all engagements undertaken, notably the oath of the 20th of December, 1848, have been scrupulously observed; all acts have been thoroughly investigated, all questions elucidated and resolved, and all candidatures publicly contested, without the possibility of any one being able to say that the least wrong has been done to the least citizen, — in a word, the fullest liberty being enjoyed by all,

The sovereign people, being interrogated on this question: "Does the French People wish to place itself bound hand and foot at the disposal of M. Louis Bonaparte?" has answered YES by seven million five hundred thousand votes. [*Interruption by the author:* We shall return to the seven million five hundred thousand votes.]

PROMULGATES.

THE CONSTITUTION, OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING IS THE TENOR.

ARTICLE THE FIRST. The Constitution acknowledges, affirms, and guarantees the great principles proclaimed in 1789, which are the basis of the public rights of Frenchmen.

ARTICLE THE SECOND, AND FOLLOWING. The tribune and press, which impede the march of progress, are replaced by the police and censorship, and by the secret debates of the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State.

ARTICLE THE LAST. The thing called human intelligence is suppressed.

Given at the Palace of the Tuileries on the 14th of January, 1852.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Duly examined and sealed with the Great Seal.

The Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice,
E. ROUHER.

This Constitution, which resolutely proclaims and affirms the Revolution of 1789 in its principles and in its consequences, and which only abolishes liberty, has evidently been a happy inspiration of Monsieur Bonaparte, suggested by an old playbill of a provincial theatre which it is worth while recalling:—

To-day

GRAND REPRESENTATION

OF

LA DAME BLANCHE.

AN OPERA IN 3 ACTS.

☞ As the music interfered with the progress of the action, its place will be supplied by a lively and piquant dialogue.

CHAPTER II.

THE SENATE.

THE Council of State, the Legislative Body and the Senate are the lively and piquant dialogue. There is, then, a senate? Oh, decidedly. That "great body," that "balancing power," that "supreme moderator" is, in fact, the chief splendour of the Constitution. We must devote our attention to it.

The senate. It is a senate. Of what senate are you speaking? Of that which deliberated as to the sauce with which the Emperor should eat his turbot? Or of the one of which Napoleon said on the 5th of April, 1814: "A nod was a command for the Senate, and it always did more than it was asked to do"?[1] Or the Senate that wrenched very nearly the same cry from Tiberius: "Ah, the infamous creatures! They are greater slaves than I would have them!" Or the Senate which made Charles XII. say: "Send my boot to Stockholm." "Why, sire?" inquired the minister. "To preside over the Senate." — No, we are not jesting. There are eighty senators this year; next year there will be one hundred and fifty. They have the undivided enjoyment of fourteen articles of the Constitution all to themselves, from article 19 to article 33. They are "guardians of the public liberties;" they are unpaid functionaries according to article 22; therefore they have a salary of from fifteen to thirty thousand francs per annum. Their specialty is to receive this income, and their essential

[1] Thibeaudeau: Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.

quality, "not to oppose" the promulgation of the laws. They are all "illustrious men."[1] This senate is not "a failure,"[2] as was that of the other Napoleon; this is a serious senate. The marshals belong to it, so do the cardinals, so does M. Lebœuf.

"What are you doing in this country?" the Senate is asked. "We are charged with guarding the public liberties." "What are you doing in this town?" asks Pierrot of Harlequin. "I am charged," replies Harlequin, "with the thrashing of the horse of bronze."

"We all know what class feeling is; it will induce the Senate to increase its power by all possible means. It will destroy, if it can, the Legislative Body, and if the opportunity comes in its way, it will make a covenant with the Bourbons."

Who says this? The First Consul. Where? At the Tuileries, in April, 1804.

"Without title, without power, and in violation of all principle, it betrayed the country and consummated its ruin. It was the sport of high-placed intriguers. I know of no public body that should have a more ignominious record in history than the Senate."

Who said that? The Emperor. Where? At St. Helena. So there is a senate in the Constitution of the 11th of January. But, to be frank, is not this a fault? Now that sanitary science has made such progress, we have been accustomed to see the public roads better kept than this would argue. Since the senate of the Empire, we really thought that no more senates would be dropped on the highway of constitutions.

[1] Toutes les illustrations du pays. — Louis Bonaparte. Appel au peuple, 2d of December, 1851.

[2] The Senate has been a failure. France does not like to see people well paid when the result is that only bad persons are chosen. — *Words of Napoleon:* Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNCIL OF STATE AND THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

THERE are also the Council of State and the Legislative Body,— the jovial, salaried, chubby-cheeked Council of State, rosy, fat, fresh, and loud-voiced, with a sword at its side, and protuberant stomach, and gold embroidery on its coat; and the Legislative Body, pale, melancholy, and thin, with only silver embroidery. The Council of State comes and goes, steps out and steps in, regulates, arranges, and decides, confirms and prescribes, and sees Louis Napoleon face to face. The Legislative Body walks on the tips of its toes, turns its hat round in its hands, lays a finger on its lips, has a humble smile, sits down on the corner of a chair, and only speaks when spoken to. Its words being naturally obscene, the journals are prohibited from making the slightest allusion to them. The Legislative Body votes the laws and taxes, and when, in the belief that it needs an explanation or elucidation, a hint or detail of some sort, it presents itself, bare-headed, at the door of the minister for the purpose of obtaining an interview with that minister, the usher, who conducts it into the ante-chamber with a roar of laughter, gives it a fillip on the nose. Such are the rights of the Legislative Body.

It is proper to state that this melancholy situation began in June, 1852, to force some sighs from the rueful individuals who form a part of the existing institution. The report of the commission on the budget will be

engraved on the memory of men as one of the most heart-rending masterpieces of the elegiac school. These sweet strains will bear repeating.

"Formerly, as you know, the communications necessary in such cases took place directly between the commissaries and the ministers. To the latter were addressed the demands for such documents as were indispensable for the examination of the affairs in question. Ministers used to come of their own accord, accompanied by the heads of their several departments, and give verbal explanations which often sufficed to forestall all ulterior discussion. And the resolutions which the commissions on the budget drew up after these conferences were directly submitted to the chamber.

"To-day we can have no relations with the Government except through the medium of the Council of State, which, as the confidant and mouthpiece of its opinions, has alone the right to transmit to the Legislative Body the documents it has received from the ministers.

"In a word, for written reports as well as for verbal communications the commissaries of the Government take the place of the ministers with whom they must have previously come to an understanding.

"As to the modifications the commission may wish to propose, either in consequence of the adoption of amendments presented by the Deputies, or after their own examination of the budget, they have, before you are called to deliberate on them, to be referred to the Council of State, and there discussed.

"There — it is impossible to avoid noting the fact — they have no official interpreters or supporters.

"This mode of procedure appears to spring from the Constitution itself; and *if we speak of it*, it is *solely* for the purpose of pointing out to you that it must produce delays in the accomplishment of the work of the commission on the budget."[1]

[1] Report of the Commission of the Budget of the Legislative Body, June, 1852.

It is impossible to exaggerate the tender delicacy of these reproaches; none could receive with a more chaste modesty and grace what Monsieur Bonaparte, in his autocratic style, calls "certain guarantees of tranquillity,"[1] and what Molière, with the freedom allowed a great author, calls, "Kicks —"[2]

There is, then, in the shop where laws and budgets are manufactured, a master of the house, the Council of State, and a domestic, the Legislative Body. According to the provisions of the Constitution, who appoints the master of the house? Monsieur Bonaparte. Who appoints the domestic? The Nation. This is proper.

[1] Préambule de la Constitution.
[2] A coarse expression. See the "Fourberies de Scapin."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FINANCES.

LET us observe that with all these "wise institutions" and with the safeguard of the *coup d'état*, which, as is known to the world, has restored order, financial security, and public prosperity, the budget, by the confession of M. Gouin himself, is balanced by a deficit of a hundred and twenty-three millions.

As to the commercial progress since the *coup d'état*, the prosperity of every form of property, the resumption of business, to form a correct estimate of them, it is enough to discard words and take figures. With regard to figures, we have one which is official and decisive. During the first half year of 1852 the discounts at the central office of the Bank of France yielded only 589,502 francs 62 centimes, and the branches did not rise higher than 651,108 francs 7 centimes. For this we have the authority of the Bank itself in its half-yearly report.

For that matter, the taxes do not give Monsieur Bonaparte much worry. Some fine morning he wakens, yawns, rubs his eyes, takes a pen and decrees — what? the budget. Achmet III. one day desired to raise the taxes to a figure that pleased his fancy.

"Invincible lord," said his vizier, "thy subjects cannot be taxed beyond what the law and the Prophet allow."

This same Bonaparte wrote at Ham: —

"If the money levied each year on the great mass of the people is spent in unproductive services, such as the creation *of useless places, the erection of barren monuments, the maintenance of an army in a time of profound peace, more costly than that which conquered at Austerlitz,* taxes in such a case become a crushing burden; they exhaust the country, as they take without returning."[1]

With reference to this word "budget" it occurs to us to make an observation. At the present hour, in 1852, the bishops, the counsellors of the Court of Cassation, the first presidents, and the *procureurs-généraux* have each sixty-nine francs a day; the senators, prefects, and generals of division receive eighty-three francs a day; the presidents of the sections of the Council of State, two hundred and twenty-two francs a day; the ministers, two hundred and fifty-two francs a day; Monseigneur the Prince President is the recipient every day of forty-four thousand four hundred and forty-four francs forty-four centimes, including, as is proper, the sum granted for the maintenance of the royal châteaux. The revolution of the 2d of December was made to crush the Twenty-Five Francs!

[1] Extinction du Paupérisme, p. 10.

CHAPTER V.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

WE have seen what the legislature is, what the administration is, what the budget is.

And now for the judiciary! What was once known as the Court of Cassation is now nothing more than the registration office of the councils of war. A soldier leaves the guard-room and writes on the margin of the book of the law: "I wish" or "I do not wish." On all sides the corporal orders and the magistrate countersigns. "Come now! tuck up your togas, march, or if not — " And as a result we have these judgments, these arrests, these abominable sentences! What a spectacle is that flock of judges, with drooping head and bended back, driven at the butt-end of a musket to the perpetration of every infamy and every crime!

And the liberty of the press! What shall we say of it? Is it not a mockery to utter that word! That free press, the glory of French intellect, a blaze of light flashing from all points at once and illuminating all questions, ever on watch and ward for the nation's weal, — where is it? What has Monsieur Bonaparte done with it? It is where the tribune is. Twenty journals crushed in Paris, eighty in the departments, a hundred journals suppressed; which means, if we look only to the material side of the question, a multitude of families deprived of bread; which means — attend to this point, *bourgeois* — a hundred houses confiscated, a hundred

farms taken from their owners, a hundred dividend-warrants torn out of the public ledger. Do you see what a profound coincidence of principles is here? Liberty suppressed is property destroyed.

For a law regulating the press, we have a decree laid upon her, a *fetfa*, a firman, dated from the Imperial Spur; we have the *régime* of the official warning (*avertissement*). We know what this is. We see it at work every day. Only people like Monsieur Bonaparte could invent the monstrosity. Never has despotism appeared more clumsily insolent and stupid than in this censorship of what may be said to-morrow, which precedes and announces the suppression of a journal, and bastonades before it kills. In this government, atrocity is corrected and tempered by imbecility. Every decree of the press may be summed up in two lines: "I permit you to speak, but I require you to be silent."

Who is reigning, I pray? Is it Tiberius, or is it Schahabaham? And so we have three fourths of the republican journalists deported or proscribed, the remainder trailed by mixed commissions, scattered, wandering, hiding from every eye. Here and there, in four or five surviving journals, in four or five journals still independent, but closely watched, with the club of Maupas wielded above their heads, fifteen or twenty courageous writers, serious and high-minded men of pure and generous soul, still write with a chain around the neck and a ball hanging from the leg; talent between two sentinels, independence gagged, honesty never allowed to get out of sight, and Vueillot crying, "I am free!"

CHAPTER VI.

INNOVATIONS IN MATTERS OF LEGALITY.

THE rights which the press enjoys at present are subjection to the censorship, suspension, and suppression. It has also the right to be tried. Tried! by whom? By the courts of justice. What courts of justice? The police-courts. And what about that good and true institution, the packed jury? An example of progress: we have outstripped it. The jury is far in our rear; we have come again to government judges: "Repression is more quick and efficacious," as Maître Rouher says; and besides, it is better so. "Call up the prisoners: police-court, sixth chamber; first case, name Roumage, swindler; second case, name Lamennais, writer." This produces a good effect and trains the *bourgeois* to couple vaguely in his conversation a swindler and a writer. Yes, certainly, this is an advantage; but from the practical point of view, from the "pressure" point of view, is the Government quite sure it has acted wisely? Is it quite sure of the superiority of the Sixth Chamber to that admirable Assize Court of Paris, for instance, presided over as it was by such an abject creature as Partarien-Lafosse, and harangued by Suin the base, and Mongis the dull? Can it be reasonably hoped that the police justices will be more cowardly and contemptible than even these? Will those justices, well-paid though they be, do their work any better than that squad of jurymen which received its orders from the Ministry as a body of raw

recruits does from the corporal, and which returned its verdicts of guilty with a pantomimic energy and with the precision of a charge at double-quick? So truly was this the case that the Prefect of Police, Carlier, remarked with guileless simplicity to a celebrated advocate, M. Desm— "The jury! What an absurd institution! Unless you make it up yourself it never returns a verdict of guilty; and if you make it up, it always returns a verdict of guilty." Let us weep over the honest jury which Carlier made up and Rouher made away with.

This government feels that it is hideous. It wants no portrait, above all no mirror. Like the osprey, it takes refuge in the night; if seen it would die. And yet it wishes to last. It is coy of being spoken of, of passing from mouth to mouth. It has imposed silence on the press of France. We have just seen how. But to silence the press of France is only a partial success. It would silence it in foreign lands. There have been two prosecutions tried in Belgium,— a prosecution of the "Bulletin Français" and a prosecution of "La Nation." The loyal Belgian jury acquitted both. This kind of thing is vexatious. What is to be done? We have it. These Belgian journals can be reached through their pockets. You have subscribers in France; if you "criticise" us you shall not enter. You would like to enter? Please yourself. An effort is made to reach the English journals through their fears. If you "criticise" us— clearly one does not like to be *criticised!* — we will hunt your correspondents out of France. The English press has met the threat with a roar of laughter. But this is not all. There are French writers outside France. They are proscribed,— that is to say, free. What if those demagogues should speak? What if they should write? They are quite capable of it. They must be prevented. How? To gag people at a distance is not easy. Mon-

sieur Bonaparte's arms are not long enough for that. Still, some way must be found. What if we were to prosecute them in whatever places they may happen to reside? Do so; the juries of all free lands will understand that these exiles represent justice and that the Bonapartist government represents iniquity. But friendly governments may be asked to expel those who have been expelled, and to exile those who have been exiled. Do so; the proscribed can go elsewhere. They will always find a corner of some free land where they may speak their thoughts. Is there no way, then, of getting hold of them? Rouher joined forces with Baroche, and together they have patched up a law on crimes committed by Frenchmen abroad, and slipped it in among the "Press offences." The Council of State said Yes and the Legislative Body did not say No. To-day this law exists. If we speak outside France we shall be tried in France; and then imprisonment (at some future period, that is, supposing —), fines, and confiscations. We are content. This book will, then, be tried in France and its author condemned in due form. I expect as much, and confine myself to this warning to all individuals calling themselves magistrates, be they whosoever they may, who, whether garbed in black or garbed in red, shall contrive the thing in question, that when the case falls due and the maximum penalty has been fully and fairly rendered, nothing will equal my disdain for the judgment, except my contempt for the judges. This is my plea.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ADHERENTS.

BUT who are they who cluster around the new establishment? As we have said already, the heart swells with indignation at the thought of them. Ah, well, we remember — we the victims of proscription for the time — how these rulers of to-day used to demean themselves when they were Representatives of the People; how proudly they tramped up and down the lobbies of the Assembly, with head erect and self-reliant bearing, and all the air of men who felt they were their own masters. What dignified and imposing attitudes they assumed! With what a grand gesture they pressed their hands to their hearts as they shouted, "Long live the Republic!" And if some "terrorist," some "montagnard," some "red," happened to allude in the tribune to the *coup d'état* which was being concocted, and the empire which was planned, how they would shriek, "You are a calumniator!" How they shrugged their shoulders at the word *senate!* "The empire to-day," cried one, "would be dirt and blood; you calumniate us, we shall never plunge into it!" Another asserted he was minister of the President solely with the object of devoting himself to the defence of the Constitution and the laws; another eulogized the tribune as the palladium of the country; another recalled the oath of Louis Bonaparte and said, "Do you doubt that he is an honest man?" The two latter even voted and signed his deposition in the mayoralty of the 10th Arrondissement on the 2d of

December. Another sent a note on the 4th of December to the writer to congratulate him "on having dictated the proclamation of the Left outlawing Louis Bonaparte." And they are all now senators, councillors of State, ministers, bedizened with lace and gold! Wretches! before you embroider your sleeves, wash your hands!

M. Q.-B. goes in search of M. O.-B. and says to him: "Fancy the cool impudence of this Bonaparte! He has dared to offer me the position of master of requests!"

"You refused?"

"Of course."

On the next day he has the offer of the place of councillor of State, worth twenty-five thousand francs a year; the offended master of requests becomes a softened and grateful councillor of State. M. Q.-B. accepts.

One class of men has been unanimous in rallying to the new order, — the fools. They form the sound portion of the Legislative Body. It is to them that the "head of the State" addresses such claptrap as follows:

"The first trial of the Constitution, altogether French in its origin, must have convinced you that we possessed the conditions of a strong and free government. You exercise a real control, discussion is free, and the vote on the revenue decisive. There is in France a government animated by good faith and the love of justice, which is based on the people, the source of all power; on the army, the source of all force; on religion, the source of all righteousness. Receive the assurance of my sentiments."

We know these worthy dupes well. Their leaders were skilful manipulators, and succeeded in inspiring them with terror, — the surest way of conducting them into whatever path was desirable. These same leaders, having discovered that the old scare-crows, *jacobin*, *sans-culotte*, were decidedly out of date, furbished up anew the

word *demagogue*. Accustomed as they were to all sorts of intrigues, they made good use of "the Mountain;" they flourished this terrible and magnificent memory with great skill. With some few letters of the alphabet, arranged in syllables and properly accented, — "demagogism," "montagnards," "anarchists," "communists," "reds," — they threw an awful glare in front of the eyes of idiots. They had found a way of perverting the brains of their simple colleagues, and inlaying them as it were with a kind of dictionary, in which every one of the expressions in use among the orators and writers of democracy is found at once with its appropriate translation. "Humanity" read "ferocity;" "universal happiness" read "chaos;" "republic" read "terrorism;" "socialism" read "pillage;" "fraternity" read "massacre;" "gospel" read "death to the rich." So when an orator of the Left said, for example, "We wish for the suppression of war and the abolition of the penalty of death," a crowd of unhappy creatures among the Right heard distinctly these words: "We wish to ravage everything with fire and sword," and shook their fists furiously at the speaker. After discourses dealing solely with liberty, universal peace, happiness by the agency of labour, concord, and progress, Representatives belonging to the category mentioned at the head of this paragraph would rise up quite pale; they were not quite certain that they were not already guillotined, and went in search of their hats to make sure they had still their heads. These poor scared creatures did not haggle about their adhesion to the 2d of December. It was for them especially that the saying was invented, "Louis Napoleon has saved society."

And then there were all those eternal prefects, and those eternal mayors; and those eternal *capitouls*, and those eternal aldermen, and those eternal adorers of the rising sun or the lighted lamp, who the day after a suc-

cess besiege the conqueror, the triumpher, the master, — his Majesty Napoleon the Great, his Majesty Louis XVIII., his Majesty Alexander I., his Majesty Charles X., his Majesty Louis Philippe, Citizen Lamartine, Citizen Cavaignac, Monseigneur the Prince President, — kneeling, smiling, joyous, bearing the keys of their cities on dishes, and the keys of their consciences on their faces. But the fools are of ancient date; the fools have always made part of all institutions, and are almost an institution in themselves. And as to the prefects and the *capitouls*, as to these adorers of every to-morrow, insolent in their good fortune and their vapidness, they too have been seen in all times. Let us do this justice to the *régime* of December, — it has not only partisans of the kind alluded to, it has adherents and creatures that belong to itself only; it has produced notabilities of quite a novel species. Nations never know how rich they are in the product of rascaldom. It is only from such commotions and disarrangements as this that they are enabled to form any idea on the subject. Then people stand amazed at the sight of what springs from the dust; it becomes a glorious object of their contemplation. So-and-so, who was shod and clad and famished to a degree to make all the curs in Europe bark at his heels, rises up an ambassador. This other one, to whom Bicêtre and La Roquette were not unknown, awakes a general and grand eagle of the Legion of Honour. Every adventurer dons an official costume, rests his head on a pillow stuffed with bank-notes, takes a sheet of white paper and writes thereon, "End of my adventures."

"You know So-and-so, don't you?"

"Yes."

"He is in the galleys?"

"No, he is a minister."

CHAPTER VIII.

MENS AGITAT MOLEM.

AT the centre is the man, — the man as we have described him, the man of Punic faith, the man of baleful destiny, who to arrive at power attacks civilization, who seeks elsewhere than among the true people a sort of ravenous popularity, speculating on the savage instincts that still remain in the peasant and the soldier, trying to succeed by the agency of the coarsest selfishness and of the basest passions, by inflaming the appetites of the sensual and stimulating the envy of the covetous; a man with some of the attributes of Marat, except that what in Marat was great in Louis Bonaparte is little; the man who kills, transports, exiles, expels, proscribes, and robs; the man of languid gesture and glassy eye, who moves amid the horrible things he does with a vacant air like some untoward somnambulist.

It has been said of Louis Bonaparte, whether in praise or blame I cannot tell, for such strange people have strange flatterers: "He is a dictator, a despot, — nothing more." He is so in our opinion, and he is something else besides.

The dictator was a magistrate. He is styled by Livy[1] and by Cicero[2] *prætor maximus;* by Seneca,[3] *magister populi,* and his decrees were regarded, says Livy[4] as coming immediately from heaven: "Pro numine obser-

[1] Lib. vii. ch. 31.
[2] De Republica, Lib. i. ch. 40.
[3] Ep. 108.
[4] Lib. iii. ch. 5.

vatum." In those ages of imperfect civilization, the inflexibility of the laws did not foresee every contingency that might arise, and the dictator's function was to provide for the safety of the people in sudden emergencies. He was the product of this text: *Salus populi suprema lex esto.* Twenty-four axes were borne before him,— signs that in him resided the prerogative of life and death. He was outside the law and above the law, but he could not touch the law. The dictatorship was a veil behind which the law remained in its integrity. It took hold of him again on his retirement. He was created for a very short period, — six months; "semestris dictatura," says Livy.[1] Ordinarily, the dictator abdicated before the end of his term, as if this enormous power, although freely consented to by the people, weighed on him like a remorse. Cincinnatus resigned at the end of eight days. The dictator was prohibited from disposing of the public moneys without the warrant of the Senate, and from going outside of Italy. He could not ride on horseback without the permission of the people. He might be a plebeian; Marcus Rutilus, and Publius Philo were dictators. A dictator was created for different objects, — to establish festivals on the holy days, to drive a sacred nail into the wall of the Temple of Jupiter, and, once, to name the senate. Republican Rome submitted to eighty-eight dictators. This intermittent institution lasted one hundred and fifty-three years, from the year of Rome 552 to the year 711. It began with Servilius Geminus, and, after passing through Sulla, reached Cæsar. With Cæsar it expired. The dictatorship came into being to be repudiated by Cincinnatus and espoused by Cæsar. Cæsar was dictator during five years, from 706 to 711. This magistracy was dangerous and in the end devoured liberty.

[1] Lib. vi. ch. 1.

Is Monsieur Bonaparte a dictator? We see no impropriety in answering yes. *Prætor maximus*,— commander-in-chief? The flag salutes him. *Magister populi*, — master of the people? Ask the cannon levelled on the public squares. *Pro numine observatum*,— considered a god? Inquire of M. Troplong. He has named the Senate, he has instituted holy days; he has provided for the "safety of society;" he has driven a sacred nail into the wall of the Pantheon, and on this nail has hung his *coup d'état*. He even makes and unmakes laws at his good pleasure, rides without asking permission, and as to the six months, he takes a little longer time. Cæsar took five years; he takes double that. It is quite proper. Julius Cæsar five, Monsieur Louis Bonaparte ten; the proportion is observed.

From the dictator we pass to the despot. It is another qualification almost accepted by Monsieur Bonaparte. We must be allowed to use to some extent the language of the Lower Empire. It will be in harmony with the subject.

The Despotes came next to the Basileus. Among his other attributes he was general of the infantry and cavalry,— *magister utriusque exercitus*. It was the Emperor Alexis, surnamed the Angel, who created the dignity of despotes. The Despotes was less than the Emperor, but greater than the Sebastocrator or Augustus, and than the Cæsar.

It is plain that the condition of things is pretty much the same. If it be admitted, and there is no reason surely why it should not, that Magnan is a Cæsar and Maupas an Augustus, it is clear that Monsieur Bonaparte is a Despotes.

Despot, dictator; granted. Still, all this lordly magnificence, all this triumph of power does not hinder the occurrence of little incidents in Paris like the following,

which innocent townsfolk, who were witnesses of the fact, relate to you with pensive unconsciousness: Two men are walking in the street, chatting about their own affairs, their business, etc. One of them speaks of some sharper or other of whom he has good reason to complain. "He is a wretch!" he exclaims; "he is a swindler, a paltry knave!" An agent of the police hears these last words: "Sir," he says, "you are talking about the President; I arrest you."

Now, will Monsieur Bonaparte be emperor or will he not? A fine question! He is master, he is cadi, mufti, bey, dey, sultan, great khan, grand lama, grand mogul, grand dragon, cousin of the sun, commander of the faithful, shah, czar, sophi, and caliph. Paris is no longer Paris; it is Bagdad, with a Giafar named Persigny and a Scheherezade who risks having her neck cut every morning, and is styled "Le Constitutionnel." Monsieur Bonaparte can do all that he pleases with goods and chattels, with families and with individuals. If French citizens wish to know the depth of the "government" into which they have fallen, they have only to address each other a few questions. "Why, judge, he will tear off your robe and send you to prison!" "Well, what next?" "Why, Senate, Council of State, Legislature, he will take a shovel and tumble you all into a heap in a corner." "And then?" "You are a land-owner, he will confiscate your summer house and your winter house, with all the yards, courts, stables, gardens, and appurtenances thereunto belonging." "And then?" "Father, he will take your daughter; brother, he will take your sister; *bourgeois*, he will take your wife by main force and with a high hand." "And then?" "He does not like your face. O traveller! he will blow your brains out with his pistol and return home." "And then?" And if every one of these things were done, what

would be the result? Nothing. "Monseigneur the Prince President took his usual drive in the Champs Elysées on yesterday in a barouche drawn by four horses, accompanied by a single *aide-de-camp.*" This is what the journals would say.

He has effaced the words *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* from the walls. He has acted with reason. Ah, Frenchmen! you are neither free (the strait-waistcoat is there), nor equal (the man of war is supreme), nor brothers (civil war smoulders under this peace which rests on a state of siege).

Emperor? Why not? He has a Maury answering to the name of Sibour; a Fontanes or Faciuntasinos, if you like it better, who is called Fortoul; he has a Laplace who is styled Leverrier, but who has not made the *Mécanique Céleste.* Esménards and Lance de Lancivals will not be hard to find. His Pius VII. is at Rome in the soutane of Pius IX. He has shown himself in the green uniform at Strasburg; the eagle was seen at Boulogne. Did he not wear his grey greatcoat in Ham? Cassock or greatcoat, it is all the same to him. Madame de Staël is seen leaving his palace; she has written "Lelia." He will smile graciously upon her until he thinks the time has come to send her into exile. Would he like to wed an archduchess? Wait a little; he shall have her. *Tu, felix Austria, nube.* His Murat is called Saint Arnaud, his Talleyrand is named Morny, his Duke of Enghien is styled Right.

Look at the matter as closely as you like, and tell me what does he lack? Nothing, or scarcely anything; hardly Austerlitz and Marengo.

Make up your mind to it, he is emperor *in petto*; one of these fine days he will be emperor in broad daylight. To do so only requires the trifling formality of having his oath consecrated, crowned, and ratified in Notre

Dame. Then everything will be glorious; look out for a spectacle of imperial splendour. Look out for freaks of fortune. Look out for surprises, for wonders, — wonders that paralyze the senses, — for the strangest union of discordant words, for jarring sounds coupled with the most fearless intrepidity; look out for Prince Troplong, for Duke Maupas, for Duke Mimerel, for Marquis Lebœuf, for Baron Baroche. In line, courtiers; hats off, senators; the stable opens; My Lord the Horse is Consul. See that they have the oats of his Highness Incitatus gilded.

All this will be swallowed; the public throat will be distended to portentous proportions, and every enormity will slip easily through it. The gullets that once felt a difficulty in the deglutition of flies can now gulp down whales without embarrassment.

For ourselves the empire exists at the present moment, and without waiting for the truism of the *senatus-consultum* and the comedy of the *plebiscitum*, we send out the following bulletin for the information of Europe:

The treason of the 2d of December has been brought to bed of the Empire.

The mother and child are not doing well.

CHAPTER IX.

OMNIPOTENCE.

PASSING over for a moment this man's 2d of December, passing over his origin, let us see what is his political capacity. Do you wish to judge him during the eight months he has reigned? Place his power on one side and his deeds on the other. What can he do? Everything. What has he done? Nothing. With such authority as his, a man of genius would in eight months have changed the face of France, perhaps of Europe. He would not have, most assuredly, effaced the crime of his origin, but he might have covered it up. By the successful promotion of the material well-being of the people he might possibly succeed in hiding his moral abasement. Given a dictator of genuine sagacity, and, we must confess, the thing was not even difficult. A certain number of social problems, elaborately prepared during these last years by several robust intellects, seemed ripe for actual and relative solution; and such solution would redound to the great advantage and contentment of the nation. Louis Bonaparte does not seem to have even suspected this. He has not approached or caught a glimpse of a single one of these problems. He has not been able to discover in the Elysée an old remnant of his socialistic meditations in Ham. To his first crime he has added several new ones, and in this he has been consistent. These crimes excepted, he has effected nothing. Limitless power and

no initiative. He has seized France by the throat and knows not what to do with her. In truth, one is tempted to pity this eunuch struggling in the arms of omnipotence.

Surely, this dictator exerts himself,— we must do him this justice; he is not quiet for a moment. He feels solitude and darkness around him, and he is appalled. Those who are afraid sing during the night; he fidgets. He turns everything topsy-turvy, meddles with everything, runs wild after every scheme. Not being able to create, he decrees; it would seem as if he were seeking to dupe his own incapacity. It is perpetual motion; but alas! the wheel turns in a vacuum. Conversion of government stock? What profit has resulted from it up to the present hour? A saving of eighteen millions. Granted; the fund-holders lose these eighteen millions which the President and Senate pocket. The gain for France, nothing. But there is the *crédit foncier?* No capital is coming into it. Railways? They are decreed; then the decrees are repealed. It is the same with all these things as it is with the workingmen's towns,— Louis Bonaparte subscribes, but does not pay. As to the budget, that budget controlled by the blind in the Council of State and voted by the dumb in the Legislative Body, an abyss yawns beneath it. The only real and effective economy possible would bear upon the army. Two hundred thousand soldiers left in their homes would mean two hundred millions saved. Attempt, then, to meddle with the army! It is true the soldier, who would become a freeman, might applaud; but what about the officer? And at bottom it is not the soldier, it is the officer, who requires to be petted. Besides, Paris and Lyons have to be watched, and all the other cities as well; and then, when we are emperor, we must have a little war now and then in Europe. You see the gulf!

If from financial questions we pass to political institutions, oh, then we find something to dazzle the neo-Bonapartists; then we find creations! And, good God! what creations! A constitution after the Ravrio style, adorned with carvings of palm-leaves and swans' necks, brought with old arm-chairs in the furniture wagons to the Elysée; the *sénat-conservateur*, new-gilt and trimmed; the Council of State of 1806 smartened and tricked-out with some furbished trappings; the old Legislative Body refitted, repaired, and repainted, with a Lainé the less and a Morny the more! with a bureau of public opinion for the liberty of the press, and for individual liberty the ministry of police.

All these "institutions" — we have passed them in review — are simply the old drawing-room furniture of the Empire. Beat and dust them, take off the cobwebs, daub them with splotches of French blood, and you have the establishment of 1852. This *bric-à-brac* governs France. These are your creations! But where is common-sense, where is reason, where is truth? There is not a single sound feature in contemporary opinion that is not wounded, not a real conquest of the century that is not hurled to the earth and dashed to pieces. All sorts of extravagance are now possible. Since the 2d of December we see a mediocre man broke loose, riding at full gallop through the absurd.

These men, the malefactor and his accomplices, have immense power, — power unrivalled, unlimited, absolute, and sufficient, we repeat, to change the face of Europe. This power they use to minister to their pleasures. To amuse and enrich themselves, — such is their "socialism." They have stopped the budget on the highway; the coffers are opened; they stuff their wallets and have money for the taking. All salaries have been doubled or tripled; we have already given the

figures. Three ministers — Turgot (there is a Turgot in this business), Persigny, and Maupas — have each a million of secret-service money; the Senate a million; the Council of State half a million; the officers of the 2d of December millions; the soldiers of the 2d of December medals, that is to say, millions. M. Murat wants millions, and shall have them. A minister is about to marry, — quick, half a million! Monsieur Bonaparte, *quia nominor Poleo,* has twelve millions plus four millions, — sixteen millions. Millions! The name of this *régime* is Million.

Monsieur Bonaparte has three hundred blood horses, the fruits and vegetables of the national châteaux, and parks and gardens once belonging to kings. He is surfeited with good things: he said the other day, "All my carriages," just as Charles V. might say, "All my Spains," or Peter the Great, "All my Russias." There is always a Gamache wedding-feast at the Elysée; the spits are turning night and day before the bonfires. Six hundred and fifty pounds of meat are consumed every day, — so we are informed by the bulletins, the bulletins of the New Empire. The Elysée will soon have its hundred and forty-nine kitchens, like the castle of Schoenbrunn; drinking, eating, laughing, and banqueting are the order of the day, — a banquet at the residence of every minister, a banquet at the Military School, a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, a banquet at the Tuileries, a monster *fête* on the 10th of May, a still more monstrous one on the 15th of August; a wallowing in all sorts of profusion and intoxication.

And the man of the people, the poor day-labourer, without work, shoeless, and in rags, to whom summer brings no bread and winter no wood, whose aged mother is expiring on a rotten heap of straw, whose young daughter is forced to prostitute herself at the corner of

the street in order to live, whose little children shiver with hunger, fever, and cold in the kennels of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, in the garrets of Rouen, in the cellars of Lille, — do they think of him. What becomes of him? What do they do for him? Die, dog!

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO PROFILES OF MONSIEUR BONAPARTE.

IT is a singular circumstance that these people actually wish to be respected; a general is venerable, a minister is sacred. The Countess d'Andl—, a young woman of Brussels, was in Paris in 1852; she chanced one day to be in a salon of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. M. de P—— enters. Madame d'Andl— is leaving, and passes in front of him; she happens to shrug her shoulders, probably thinking of something quite remote from the present scene. The next day Madame d'Andl— is warned that henceforth she must abstain from every mark of approval or disapproval when she sees a minister, under pain of expulsion from France, like a mere Representative of the People.

Under this government of the corporal and constitution of the countersign, everything marches in military fashion. The French people must learn from the order of the day how they are to sleep, rise, and dress, in what toilet they may present themselves in open court. They are prohibited from making mediocre verses, from wearing the beard; the arrangement of a shirt-frill and the white cravat are laws of State. Regulation, discipline, passive obedience, down-cast eyes, silence in the ranks, — such is the yoke under which bends at the present moment the nation of initiative and liberty, great revolutionary France. The reformer will never stay his hand until France is so like a barracks that the generals

can say, " So far, so well! " and the bishops can say, " It is sufficient! "

Are you fond of the soldier? Well, you have him everywhere. The Municipal Council of Toulouse gave in its resignation; the prefect, Chapuis-Montlaville, puts a colonel in the place of the mayor, a colonel in the place of the first assistant, and a colonel in the place of the second assistant.[1] The men of war take the wall. " The soldiers," says Mably, " believing that they took the place of the citizens who had once made consuls, dictators, censors, and tribunes, linked with the government of the emperors a kind of military democracy. "

Have you a shako on your skull? Do as you please. A young man returning from a ball is crossing the Rue Richelieu in front of the gate of the Bibliothèque; the sentinel takes aim and kills him; the next day the journals say, " The young man is dead," and that is all. Timour-Beg granted his companions in arms and their descendants up to the seventh generation the right of impunity in case of any crime whatever, unless the delinquent committed the crime nine times. The sentinel of the Rue Richelieu has still eight crimes to commit before he is brought to trial by a council of war. It is nice to be a soldier, but not quite so nice to be a citizen. At the same time this miserable army is being dishonoured. On the 3d of December, the commissaries who arrested their representatives and their generals were decorated; it is true the army received for its share two louis a head. Oh, shame on all sides! Money for the soldiers, and crosses for the spies!

The Jesuit and the corporal sum up this entire *régime.* Every political expedient of Monsieur Bonaparte is made up of two hypocrisies, — a swashbuckler hypocrisy di-

[1] These three colonels are MM. Cailhassou, Dubarry, and Policarpe.

rected towards the soldiers, and a catholic hypocrisy directed towards the clergy. When it is not Fracasse, it is Basile. Sometimes it is both together. By this method he easily succeeds in charming equally Montalembert, who does not believe in France, and Saint Arnaud, who does not believe in God.

Does the dictator smell the incense; does he smell the tobacco? Find out. He smells the tobacco and the incense. O France! what a government! The soutane covers the spurs. The *Coup d'État* goes to Mass, cudgels the cockneys, reads its breviary, cuddles Catin, tells its beads, empties the pitchers, and goes to its Easter duty. The *Coup d'État* affirms that we have returned to the age of the Jacqueries; this may be doubtful, but it is clear enough that it is leading us back to the time of the crusades. Cæsar has taken the cross for the Pope. *Diex el volt.* The Elysée has the Templer's faith, and his thirst as well.

To enjoy life to the utmost; to devour the budget; to believe nothing, and turn everything to account; to compromise at the same time two sacred things, military honour and religious faith; to stain the altar with blood, and the flag with the holy-water sprinkler; to render the soldier ridiculous and the priest just a little savage; to mingle the Church and the Nation, the Catholic conscience and the patriotic conscience, in the gigantic political swindle which he calls his power, — such is the method of Bonaparte the Little.

All his deeds, the most enormous as well as the most puerile, the most hideous as well as the most farcical, are marked by this twofold characteristic. For example, the national celebrations worry him. With the 24th of February and the 4th of May there are memories connected, troublesome or dangerous as the case may be, which return obstinately on the appointed day. An

anniversary is a vexatious thing; let us suppress anniversaries. It is done. Ah, but we must keep one *fête*, one only, — ours. Nothing could be better. But with one *fête*, a single solitary *fête*, how can two parties be satisfied, — the soldier party and the priest party? The soldier party is Voltairian. Where Canrobert will smile, Riancey will frown. How, then, can it be done? You are about to see. Such a trifle is not likely to embarrass a first-class juggler. One fine morning the "Moniteur" declares that henceforth there shall be but one national festival, the 15th of August. Therewith a semi-official commentary, the two masks of the dictator, sets about speaking through its two mouths. "The 15th of August," says Mouth-Ratapoil, "Day of Saint Napoleon!" "The 15th of August," says Mouth-Tartuffe, "Feast of the Blessed Virgin!" On one side, the 2d of December puffs out its cheeks, roughens its voice, draws its mighty sabre, and shouts, "*Sacre-bleu!* You old growlers, let us celebrate Napoleon the Great!" on the other, it lowers its eyes, makes the sign of the cross, and mumbles, "My dear brethren, let us adore the Sacred Heart of Mary!"

The present government, — a hand bathed in blood steeping a finger in the holy-water font!

CHAPTER XI.

CAPITULATION.

BUT people say to us: "Are you not going a little too far? Are you not unjust? Allow him something. Has he not to some extent carried socialistic measures into effect?" And then we are told of the *crédit foncier*, the railways, abatement of rents, etc.

We have already estimated these measures at their full value; but even admitting that there was something of "socialism" in all this, you would be very simple to attribute any credit for it to Monsieur Bonaparte. It is not he that marches on the path of socialism; it is the time.

A man is swimming against a rapid current; he struggles with unheard-of efforts, he buffets the waves with hand and forehead, with shoulder and knee. You say he will ascend. You look a moment after; he has descended. He is much lower in the river than he was when he started. Without knowing and without suspecting, at every effort he makes he is losing ground. He imagines he is going up, and he is going down always. He believes he is advancing, and he is receding. You are quite right as to *crédit foncier;* you are quite right as to abatement of rent. Monsieur Bonaparte has issued several of those decrees which you are good enough to qualify as socialistic, and he will issue more of them yet. M. Changarnier would have done so, if he, instead of Monsieur Bonaparte, had triumphed. Henry V.

would do so if he returned to-morrow. The Emperor of Austria is doing so in Galicia, and the Emperor Nicholas in Lithuania. And now, finally, what does all this prove? That this current, whose name is Revolution, is stronger than this swimmer, whose name is Despotism.

But what is this socialism of Monsieur Bonaparte? Real socialism? I deny it. Hatred of the *bourgeoisie*, granted; socialism, no. The Ministry of Agriculture and of Commerce had, if any, a socialistic feature; he abolishes it. What does he give in compensation? The Ministry of Police. Another socialistic ministry is the Ministry of Public Instruction. It is in danger. One of these mornings it will be suppressed. The starting-point of socialism is education, is gratuitous and primary instruction, is light. To take the children and make men of them, to take the men and make citizens of them, — intelligent, honest, useful, and happy citizens, — is the essential thing. Intellectual progress in the front, moral progress in the front; material progress afterward. The two first, from their very nature, lead inevitably to the last. Well, what is Monsieur Bonaparte doing? He is persecuting and stifling education on all sides. There is a pariah in this France of ours of to-day; it is the schoolmaster.

Have you ever reflected on what a schoolmaster is? Have you ever reflected on that magistracy in which the tyrants of other days found a refuge, as criminals did an asylum in the temple? Have you ever bethought yourself of what the man is who teaches children? You enter a wheelwright's; he is manufacturing wheels and shafts; you say, "This is a useful man." You enter a weaver's; he is manufacturing cloth; you say, "This is a valuable man." You enter a blacksmith's; he is manufacturing spades and hammers and ploughshares; you

say, " This is a necessary man. " You greet with respect these worthy workmen. You enter the schoolmaster's; let your greeting be more respectful still. Do you know what he is doing? He is manufacturing minds. He is the wheelwright, the weaver, the blacksmith of that work in which he is God's helper, — the Future.

Well, to-day, thanks to the predominance of the priest party, as it is not desirable that the schoolmaster should work for this future, as it is desirable that this future be made up of darkness and brutality and not of intelligence and light, would you know in what fashion this great and humble magistrate, the schoolmaster, is made to execute his functions? The schoolmaster serves Mass, rings the bell at vespers, arranges the chairs, sings at the music-desk, renews the flowers before the Sacred Heart, polishes the altar candlesticks, dusts the tabernacle, folds the copes and chasubles, keeps the linen of the sacristy in order, puts oil in the lamps, beats the cushions of the confessionals, sweeps the church and sometimes the presbytery; what time is left him, he may, on condition he pronounce not these words of the Evil One, — Country, Republic, Liberty, — employ in teaching the little children to spell A B C; that is, if he feels so inclined.

Monsieur Bonaparte strikes at the same time education at the top and at the bottom, — at the bottom to please the curés, at the top to please the bishops. At the very moment he is trying to close the village school, he mutilates the Collége de France. With one kick he upsets the chairs of Michelet and Quinet. One fine morning he declares by a decree that Greek and Latin letters are suspect, and shuts out from the intellect, as far as lies in his power, all communion with the old poets and historians of Athens and of Rome, scenting a vague odour of demagogism in Æschylus and Tacitus.

With a single stroke of his pen, for example, he has placed physicians beyond the borders of literary instruction, which has made Dr. Serres exclaim: "We are actually dispensed by decree from the obligation of knowing how to read and write!"

New taxes, sumptuary taxes, vestiary taxes; *nemo audeat comedere præter duo fercula cum potagio;* a tax on the living, a tax on the dead, a tax on successions, a tax on carriages, a tax on paper. "Bravo!" howls the beadle party, "fewer books!" a tax on the dogs, the collars shall pay; a tax on the senators, the coats-of-arms shall pay. "We 'll see now who is going to be popular," cries Monsieur Bonaparte, rubbing his hands. "Why, we have a socialist emperor!" roar the trusty ones in the faubourgs. "He is a Catholic emperor," murmur the sanctimonious ones in the sacristies. How lucky he would be if he could pass here for Constantine and there for Babeuf! Watchwords are repeated, testimonies of devotion are uttered aloud, enthusiasm runs wild in all quarters. The École Militaire designs his monogram with bayonets and pistol-barrels; the Abbé Gaume and Cardinal Gousset applaud; his bust is crowned with flowers in the Market; Nanterre dedicates to him her prize maidens of virtue (*rosières*); social order is decidedly saved; property, religion, and the family breathe again, and the police raise him a statue.

Of bronze?

For shame! that did well enough for the uncle.

Of marble?

Tu es Pietri, et super hanc pietram ædificabo effigiem meam.[1]

[1] We read in a Bonapartist correspondence: "The commission named by the employés of the Prefecture of Police has come to the conclusion that bronze was not worthy to reproduce the image of the Prince; it will be cut in marble, and placed on a marble pedestal, the beauty and magnificence of which will be increased by the following inscription, inlaid in

What he attacks, what he pursues, what they all pursue in his company, what they all rage about, what they all would crush, burn, suppress, destroy, annihilate, is it that poor obscure man who is called the primary instructor, is it that sheet of paper called a journal, is it that bundle of leaves called a book, is it that engine of wood and iron called a press? No, it is thou, Thought; it is thou, Human Reason; it is thou, Nineteenth Century; it is thou, Providence; it is thou, God!

We who battle with them are "the eternal enemies of order;" we are — they have not yet discovered that this word is threadbare — demagogues.

In the language of the Duke of Alba, to believe in the sanctity of the human conscience; to withstand the Inquisition; to brave the stake for one's faith; to draw the sword for one's country; to defend one's creed, city, home, and family; to uphold one's God, — was only worthy of a rabble of beggars, was, in fact, named *la gueuserie.* In the language of Louis Bonaparte, to struggle for liberty, justice, and right; to wage war in the cause of humanity and progress, of France and civilization; to desire the abolition of war and of the penalty of death; to be zealous for the brotherhood of man; to believe in the obligation of an oath; to take up arms for the Constitution of one's country and defend its laws, — this is named demagogism.

Those who were beggars (*gueux*) in the sixteenth century are demagogues in the ninteenth. Well, if it be assumed that the dictionary of the Academy no longer

the stone: 'Souvenir of the oath of fidelity to the Prince President, taken by the employés of the Prefecture of Police, the 20th of May, 1852, in presence of M. Pietri, Prefect of Police.' The subscriptions of the employés, whose zeal it was found necessary to moderate, will be apportioned thus: Chief of division, 10 fr.; chief of bureau, 6 fr.; employés at 1800 fr., 3 fr.; at 1500 fr., 2 fr. 50 c.; at 1200 fr., 2 fr. It is calculated that this subscription will reach more than 6,000 francs."

exists, that it is night at full noon, that a cat is no longer called a cat, and Baroche is no longer called a knave, that justice is a chimera, history a dream, the Prince of Orange one of the beggars, and the Duke of Alba one of the righteous; if it be granted that Louis Bonaparte is identical with Napoleon the Great, that those who have violated the Constitution are its saviours and those who defended it are brigands, — in a word, that human honesty is dead, — then I admire this government. It is getting on well; it is a model of its kind. It suppresses, represses, and oppresses; it exiles, slaughters, exterminates, and even "pardons;" its authority is represented by cannon-shot, and its "clemency" by blows with the flat of a sabre.

"'T is easy talking," some incorrigible worthies of the ex-party of order exclaim. "Lash yourself into a fury of indignation, mock, flout, stigmatize; it is little we care. Stability forever! Whatever you may say, we have, on the whole, a solid government."

Solid! well, we have already called attention to this solidity.

Solid! yes, I admire this solidity.

If it snowed journals in France for even two days, on the morning of the third not a man would know the spot over which Monsieur Louis Bonaparte passed.

For all this, the man is a weight on the entire age; he disfigures the nineteenth century, and there will perhaps be two or three years in that century marked by some indescribably ignoble trace of the presence of Louis Bonaparte there. This man, sad to say, is now the question of all men.

At certain epochs in history the entire human race turns its eyes, from every point of the earth, towards one mysterious spot whence the destiny of mankind would seem to be about to issue. There have been hours when

the eyes of the world were directed to the Vatican, — a Gregory VII. or a Leo X. had there his chair; other hours when it has contemplated the Louvre, — a Philip Augustus, a Louis IX., a Francis I., or a Henry IV. was there; San Justo, — Charles V. was dreaming of it; Windsor, Elizabeth the Great ruled in it; Versailles, — Louis XIV., encircled with stars, irradiated it; the Kremlin, — there you caught a glimpse of Peter the Great; Potsdam, — Frederick II. shut himself up in it along with Voltaire. To-day, bow down thy head, O History, the universe has its eyes fixed on the Elysée!

That gate not unlike a street doorway at the extremity of the Faubourg Saint Honoré flanked by two sentry-boxes painted to look like tents, — that gate is regarded by the civilized world to-day with a sort of profound anxiety. Ah, what is that place from which has never issued an idea that was not a snare, an action that was not a crime? What is that place where all that is shameless dwells with all that is hypocritical? What is that place where bishops elbow Jeanne Poisson on the stairs, and, as it was a hundred years ago, salute her to the ground; where Samuel Bernard laughs in a corner with Laubardemont; where Escobar enters leaning on the arm of Gusman d'Alfariche; where, as the horrible report runs, in a thicket of the garden, men whom it is not desirable to try are, they say, dispatched with bayonets; where a man was heard to tell a woman who interceded and wept, that as he overlooked her love intrigues, she must overlook his hatreds! What is that place where the orgy of 1852 troubles and dishonours the morning of 1815; where Cæsarion, with folded arms or hands behind his back, walks beneath the very trees in the very alleys yet haunted by the indignant shade of Cæsar?

This place is the stain of Paris; this place is the de-

filement of the age; this gate, from which issue all kinds of joyous sounds, — flourish of trumpets, music, laughter, clinking of glasses, — this gate, saluted in the day-time by the passing battalions, illuminated at night, thrown wide open with insolent confidence, is an ever-present public affront. The centre of the shame of the world is there.

Ah, of what is France dreaming? Certainly this nation needs to be awakened; she needs to be taken by the arm and aroused and spoken to. The country should be traversed through and through, the villages entered, the barracks entered; the soldier spoken to, who no longer knows what he is doing; the labourer spoken to, who has an engraving of the Emperor in his cottage, and because of that engraving votes whatever he is asked. We must remove the radiant phantom they have before their eyes. The whole situation is an immense delusion. We must dispel this delusion; sound its every depth; disabuse the people, and, above all, the people of the country districts; stir up their consciences and their emotions; show them the empty houses, the open graves, and make them lay their finger on the horrors of this *régime*. They are good and honest; they will understand. Yes, peasant, there are two, — the great and the little, the illustrious and the infamous, Napoleon and Naboleon![1]

Let us give a summary of this government. Who is in the Elysée and Tuileries? Crime. Who sits in the Luxembourg? Baseness. Who sits in the Palais Bourbon? Imbecility. Who sits in the Palais d'Orsay? Corruption. Who sits in the Palace of Justice? Prevarication. And who is in the prisons, in the forts, in

[1] *Nabot*, — a dwarf, a shrimp. (Always employed to express contempt.) — Tr.

the cells, in the dungeons, in the hulks, at Lambessa, at Cayenne, in exile? Law, honour, intelligence, liberty, Right.

Proscribed victims, of what do you complain? Yours is the better part.

BOOK III.

THE CRIME.

BUT this government, this horrible government, at once hypocritical and stupid; this government which makes you hesitate between a shout of laughter and a sob of agony; this constitution-gibbet from which our liberties are suspended; this big universal suffrage and this little universal suffrage, the first naming the President, the second naming the legislators,— the little saying to the big: "Monseigneur, accept these millions," the big saying to the little: "Receive the assurance of my sentiments;" this Senate, this Council of State, — whence have all those things issued? My God! have we come to this, that it is necessary to recall it again?

Whence has this government issued? See there! It is still running, it is still smoking. It is blood.

The dead are far away; the dead are dead. Ah, have we reached a point where men already no longer think of this? It is frightful to think so; it is frightful to say so.

Because men eat and drink; because coach-building is prosperous; because you, navvy, find work in the Bois de Boulogne; because you, mason, get your forty sous a day in the Louvre; because you, banker, have made a profit out of the metallurgic industries in Vienne or the

shares of Hope and Company; because titles of nobility are restored; because people can call each other Monsieur le Comte or Madame la Duchesse; because processions march on Corpus Christi; because amusement and laughter are the order of the day; because the walls of Paris are placarded with announcements of celebrations and theatres,— because of all this must the dead bodies that lie underneath be forgotten?

Because you have been to the ball of the École Militaire; because you have returned with dazed eyes and weary head and torn garment and faded bouquet; because you have thrown yourself on your bed, and slept, dreaming of some handsome officer,— are you no longer to remember that there, under the grass, in a gloomy ditch, in a deep hollow, in the inexorable shadow of death, is a crowd of human beings, still, icy-cold, terrible, a multitude of human beings already become formless, whom the worms are devouring, who are mouldering into dust and beginning to form one with the earth, and who once existed, wrought, and thought, and loved, who had a right to live and have been killed? Ah, if this is no longer remembered, let us recall it to those who forget! Awake, ye who sleep! The dead are about to defile before your eyes.

Extract from an unpublished work entitled "The Crime of the 2d of December."

This book will soon be published. It will form a complete narrative of the infamous event of 1851. A large part is already written; the author is at this moment gathering materials for the remainder.

He believes it proper to enter now into some details on the subject of this work which he has imposed on

himself as a duty. The author renders himself this justice, — that in writing this narrative, the austere occupation of his exile, he has unceasingly before his mind the high responsibility of the historian.

When this work appears, it will certainly raise numerous and violent protests; the author expects as much. You cannot cut into the living flesh of a contemporary crime with impunity, and especially at a time when that crime is all-powerful. However that may be, however more or less interested these protests may be, that the reader may be enabled to estimate their value in advance, the author thinks it his duty to explain here in what fashion, and with what scrupulous regard for truth this history will be written, or, to speak more correctly, this official report of the Crime will be drawn up.

This story of the 2d of December will contain, besides the general facts of which none are ignorant, a very large number of facts hitherto unknown, which are now brought to light for the first time. Several of these facts the author has seen, touched, and witnessed; of them he may say, *Quæque ipse vidi et quorum pars fui.* The members of the republican Left, whose conduct has been so fearless, have seen them as well as he, and their testimony will not be wanting. For what remains, the author has made a real judicial inquest; he has, so to speak, constituted himself the Examining Magistrate of history. Every actor of the drama, every combatant, every victim, every witness, has come to depose before him; for all doubtful facts he has compared statements, and when necessary confronted one deponent with another. In general, historians address themselves to dead facts; they touch them in the tomb with their judicial wands, make them rise, and question them. He has addressed himself to living facts.

All the details of the 2d of December have in this way

passed under his eyes; he has registered and weighed them all, — none has escaped him. History may complete but cannot weaken this narrative. He has done the office of the magistrates who failed in their duty. When direct and verbal testimony was not within his reach, he has sent what may be truly called commissions of inquiry to the places, where this was necessary. He drew up regular lists of questions with regard to such and such a fact, and these questions have been minutely answered.

He has, he repeats, submitted the 2d of December to a long and severe inquisition. He has carried the torch as far and as forward as he could. He has, thanks to this inquiry, nearly two hundred files of documents; and this book will be their result. There is not a fact of this narrative behind which, when the work is published, the author cannot place a name. It will be easily understood why he abstains from doing so, it will also be understood why he substitutes sometimes for proper names, and even for certain indications of localities, designations as little transparent as possible, in presence of the proscriptions pending. He does not desire to furnish Monsieur Bonaparte with a supplementary list.

Certainly the author is no more "impartial" in this story of the 2d of December than in the work he is actually publishing. People are in the habit of calling an historian impartial when they wish to praise him. Impartiality is a singular sort of virtue, and Tacitus was without it. Woe be to the writer who would remain impartial in presence of the bleeding wounds of Liberty! Before the deed of December, 1851, the author feels all his human nature rise in revolt; he does not conceal this, and every reader of his work must perceive it. But in him the passion for truth equals the passion for right.

The indignant man does not lie. This history of the 2d of December, then, will be, he declares now while quoting from it, written with the most absolute regard for fact.

We have deemed it useful to detach a chapter[1] from that work, and publish it here. This chapter will, we think, strike every mind as throwing a new light on the "success" of Monsieur Bonaparte. Thanks to the reservations of the official historiographers of the 2d of December, it is not sufficiently known how near the *coup d'état* was to its fall, and none know fully by what means it was saved. Let us place this special fact before the eyes of the reader.

I.

DAY OF THE 4TH OF DECEMBER. THE COUP D'ÉTAT AT BAY.

THE resistance had assumed unexpected proportions. The combat had become threatening; it was no longer a combat, it was a battle, and was waged in all directions. In the Elysée and in the ministerial palaces men were growing pale. They had asked for barricades; they had them.

The entire centre of Paris was becoming covered with redoubts got up at a moment's notice. The barricaded quarters formed an immense trapezium between the Public Markets and the Rue Rambuteau on one side and the boulevards on the other, and bounded on the east by the Rue du Temple and on the west by the Rue Mont-

[1] The author has wished to reserve, for Napoleon the Little solely, the following chapter, which forms an integral part of this work. He has therefore rewritten for "The History of a Crime" the narrative of the "Day of the 4th of December," with new facts, and from another point of view.

martre. This vast network of streets, intersected on all sides by redoubts and intrenchments was wearing a more and more terrible aspect every hour, and was becoming a kind of fortress. The combatants of the barricades extended their advanced guards to the very quays. Beyond the trapezium we have referred to, barricades were erected even in the Faubourg Saint Martin and the environs of the Canal. The quarter of the schools, where the Committee of Resistance had sent Representative De Flotte, was more eager for revolt than on the evening before; the suburbs were taking fire, and the people of Batignolles were beating the call to arms. Madier de Montjau was stirring up Belleville, and three enormous barricades were constructed at Chapelle-Saint-Denis. In the business streets the merchants were giving up their guns, and the women making lint. "Things are getting on! Paris is on the move!" cried B—— as he entered the Committee of Resistance,[1] radiant with joy. We received news at every moment; all the permanent committees of the various quarters were putting themselves in communication with us. The members of the Committee were deliberating and issuing orders and instructions with regard to the different scenes of action. Victory seemed certain. There was a moment of enthusiasm and of joy in which these men, placed between life and death, embraced each other. "Now," exclaimed Jules Favre, "let but a

[1] A Committee of Resistance, charged with the centralization of the action and management of the struggle, had been named on the evening of the 2d of December by the members of the Left, who met and organized as an Assembly at the house of Representative Lafon, No. 2, Quai Jemappes. This committee, which had to change its place of meeting twenty-seven times in four days, and which, sitting to some extent night and day, never ceased for a single moment to act during the variable emergencies of the *coup d'état*, was composed of Representatives Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, Schœlcher, and Victor Hugo.

regiment turn or a legion declare itself and Louis Bonaparte is a lost man!" "To-morrow the Republic will be at the Hôtel de Ville," said Michel de Bourges. The excitement and agitation was general; in the most peaceful quarters proclamations were torn down and orderlies dismounted. At Rue Beaubourg, while a barricade was being constructed, the women at the windows cried out, "Courage!" The ferment even reached the Faubourg Saint Germain. At the hotel of the Rue Jérusalem, — that centre of the huge spider's web the police stretches over Paris, — at that spot was fear and trembling; the anxiety there was deep; a victorious republic did not look impossible. In the courts, offices, and lobbies, clerks and policemen were beginning to speak of Caussidière with tender emotion.

If we are to believe what has leaked out from that den, Prefect Maupas, so ardent on the evening before and so active in his hateful mission, was beginning to recoil and to weaken. He seemed to lend a terrified ear to the roar of the rising tide of insurrection, the sacred and legitimate insurrection of Right; he stammered, he faltered, and the word of command died away on his lips. "This little young fellow has the colic," said ex-Prefect Carlier on leaving him. In his trepidation, Maupas clung to Morny. The electric telegraph was the medium of a perpetual dialogue between the Prefecture of Police and the Ministry of the Interior. Every disturbing rumour, every sign of panic and confusion, came one after another from the prefect to the minister. Morny, less alarmed, and at least a man of wit, received all these shocks in his cabinet. The story goes that at the first he said, "Maupas is sick," and to the question "What am I to do?" replied by telegraph, "Go to bed!" To the second he answered also, "Go to bed!" To the third, losing patience, he answered, "Go to bed, you ——!"

The zeal of the police agents slackened; they were beginning to think of changing sides. An intrepid man sent by the Committee of Resistance to raise the Faubourg Saint Marceau was arrested in the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor, his pockets full of proclamations and decrees of the Left. Conducted by the soldiers towards the Prefecture of Police, he expected to be shot. When his guards were passing the Morgue on the Quai Saint-Michel, a roar of musketry was heard from the Cité; the police officer leading the squad, said to the soldiers: "Go back to your post, I will take charge of the prisoner." The soldiers out of sight, he cut the cords tying the wrists of the prisoner, and said to him: "Get off! I am saving your life. Remember it was I who set you at liberty! Look me well in the face, so that you can recognize me."

The principal military accomplices were holding a council. The question under discussion was whether it was necessary for Louis Bonaparte to quit at once the Faubourg Saint Honoré and repair to the Palace of the Luxembourg or to the Invalides, — two strategic points more easy to defend from a sudden attack than the Elysée. Some were for the Invalides, others for the Luxembourg. There was an altercation on the subject between two generals.

It was at this moment the ex-King of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte, seeing the *coup d'état* stagger, and taking thought of the morrow, wrote to his nephew this significant letter: —

My dear Nephew, — French blood has run; stop its further effusion by an appeal to the people. Your sentiments are badly understood. The second proclamation, in which you speak of the *plebiscitum*, is badly received by the people, who do not regard it as the restoration of universal suffrage. Liberty is without a guaranty if an Assembly does not form

an element in the Constitution of the country. The army has the upper hand. Now is the time to complete a material victory by a moral victory; and what a government cannot do when it is beaten, it ought to do when it is victorious. After destroying the old parties, work for the renovation of the people; proclaim that universal suffrage, sincerely acting in harmony with the greatest liberty, will name the President and the Constituent Assembly, in order to save and restore the Republic.

I write to you in the name of my brother, and as one who shares his horror of civil war. Trust to my old experience, and remember that France, Europe, and posterity will be called on to judge your future conduct.

Your affectionate uncle,

JEROME BONAPARTE.

Two Representatives, Fabvier and Crestin, happening to meet in the Place de la Madeleine, General Fabvier pointed out to his colleague four pieces of ordinance on gun-carriages which were leaving the boulevard and galloping in the direction of the Elysée. "Is it possible that the Elysée is already on the defensive?" observed the General. And Crestin, directing his attention to the façade of the Palace of the Assembly, beyond the Place de la Révolution, answered: "To-morrow, General, we shall be there." From certain mansard-roofs overlooking the stables of the Elysée, three travelling carriages had been noticed in the yard since morning, put to and loaded, with postilions in saddle, and ready for starting.

The impulse had indeed been given, and the outburst of anger and hatred had become universal. The *coup d'état* seemed lost; one shock more, and Louis Bonaparte was ruined. Let the day end as it had begun, and all was over. The *coup d'état* was in despair. The hour for some supreme resolution had come. What was it going to do? It had to strike hard; it had to strike a

blow that would be unforeseen, — a blow that would be horrible. It was reduced to this situation, — to perish, or to save itself by an atrocious deed.

Louis Bonaparte had not left the Elysée. He stayed in a cabinet on the ground-floor, adjoining that splendid gilded salon, where, in 1815, he, then a child, was present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He was there, alone; orders had been given to allow no one to come near him. From time to time the door half opened, and the grey head of General Roguet, his *aide-de-camp*, appeared. No one except General Roguet had permission to open this door and enter. The news brought by the General had become more and more alarming, and frequently ended with the words "It does not get on," or, "It is getting on badly." When he finished, Louis Napoleon, leaning on a table, seated, with his feet on the fender, before a big fire, turned his head half round on the back of his arm-chair, and without apparent emotion, invariably replied in his coldest and most phlegmatic tones: "Let my orders be executed!" The last time General Roguet entered with his usual bad news, it was near one o'clock. (He has himself since related these details as reflecting honour on the impassiveness of his master.) He informed the Prince that the barricades in the central streets were holding out successfully, and others were multiplying; that on the boulevards cries of "Down with the dictator!" — he did not dare to say of "Down with Soulouque!" — and hisses were heard in every direction as the troops marched by; that in front of the Galerie Jouffroy an adjutant-major had been pursued by the crowd, and at the corner of the Café Cardinal a staff captain was torn from his horse.

Louis Bonaparte half rose from his arm-chair, and fixing his eyes on the General, said calmly: "Well! let Saint Arnaud be told to execute my orders."

"What are those orders?"

"You shall see."

Here we collect our thoughts, and the narrator lays down the pen with a kind of hesitation and anguish. We are approaching the horrible catastrophe of that lugubrious day of the 4th, — the monstrous deed from which has sprung, all bathed in blood, the success of the *coup d'état.* We are going to unveil the most sinister of the premeditations of Louis Bonaparte; we are going to recount, disclose, and lay open that which all the historiographers of the 2d of December have concealed, which General Magnan has carefully omitted in his report, which in Paris itself, where these things have been seen, one hardly dare whisper in his neighbour's ear. We are entering into the horrible.

The 2d of December is a crime which the night covers, — a coffin, closed and dumb, through the chinks of which flow streams of blood. We are going to open this coffin.

II.

Early in the morning, — and here the premeditation is placed beyond question, let us lay special stress on this point, — early in the morning strange placards had been pasted on all the street corners. These placards we have transcribed; the reader can recall them. For sixty years the thunder of cannon has been heard in revolutionary Paris on certain days, and menaced power has sometimes had recourse to desperate expedients, but nothing had yet been seen like unto this. These placards announced that all assemblies, of what nature soever, would be dispersed by force, *without a summons to disperse.* In Paris, the central city of civilization, it was difficult to believe that a man would push his crime to

its utmost limit; and the public saw in these proclamations only an act of intimidation, hideous, indeed, and savage, but almost ludicrous. They were mistaken. These placards contained in the germ the plan of Louis Bonaparte. These placards were serious things.

And now a word on the future theatre of the unexampled deed prepared and perpetrated by the Man of December.

From the Madeleine to the Faubourg Poissonnière the boulevard was free; from the Gymnase Theatre to that of Porte Saint Martin it was barricaded, as were the Rue de Bondy, the Rue Meslay, the Rue de la Lune, and all the streets bordering or debouching on Porte Saint Denis and Porte Saint Martin. Beyond Porte Saint Martin the boulevard became once more free as far as the Bastille, close by a barricade roughly constructed on a level with the Château d'Eau. Between Porte Saint Denis and Porte Saint Martin, seven or eight redoubts intersected the causeway at certain distances. A square of four barricades enclosed the Porte Saint Martin.

One of these four barricades, facing the Madeleine and intended to meet the first shock of the troops, was erected on the highest point of the boulevard. Its left rested on the corner of the Rue de la Lune, and its right on the Rue Mazagran. Four omnibuses, five furniture-vans, the fittings of the office of the inspector of cabs, the columns torn down from the public water-closets, the benches on the boulevard, and the iron hand-rail of the sidewalk wrenched off at a single effort by the stout arms of the crowd, entered into the composition of this pile, which yet scarcely sufficed to stop up the boulevard, very wide at this particular spot. The barricade, then, did not even reach from one curbstone of the boulevard to the other, and there was an extensive space vacant

towards the Rue Mazagran. At this spot a house was in course of construction. A fashionably dressed young man, on noticing this gap, mounted the scaffolding, and alone, without any hurry, without even dropping the cigar in his mouth, cut all the ropes. Persons in the neighbouring windows laughed and applauded. A moment after, the scaffolding fell with a great noise, in a single piece, and its downfall allowed the barricade to be completed.

While this redoubt was being finished, a score of men entered the Gymnase by the actors' door, and left it, a few moments after, with some guns and a drum found in the store-room. These formed a portion of what, in the language of the theatre, is called the "properties." One of the men took the drum and set about beating the roll-call. The others, with some of the pillars and furniture-vans laid on their sides, with window-blinds and shutters unhooked from their hinges and with old stage-scenery, erected a little barricade on a level with the Bonne Nouvelle station, as an outpost, or rather small demi-lune to guard the Poissonnière and Montmartre boulevards and the Rue Hauteville. The troops had evacuated the guard-house in the morning, and the flag belonging to this guard-house was taken and planted on the barricade. This is the flag since declared by the journals of the *coup d'état* to have been the "red flag."

At this advanced post fifteen men took their stand. They had guns, but few or no cartridges. The great barricade in their rear, which covered the Porte Saint Denis, was held by a hundred combatants, among whom were seen two women and an old man with white hairs supporting himself by a cane with his left hand and holding a gun in his right. One of the women bore a sabre in a cross-belt. She had cut three of her fingers in helping to wrench off the hand-rail, and showed her

wounds to the crowd, shouting, " Vive la République ! " The other woman having ascended the top of the barricade and leaned against the flagstaff, read in a loud voice the appeal to arms of the Representatives of the Left. She was escorted by two men in blouses, who presented arms. The people clapped their hands.

All this took place between noon and one o'clock. The number of people on this side of the barricade was immense, and covered both the footpaths of the boulevard. In some places they were silent, in others they cried : " Down with Soulouque ! Down with the traitor ! "

Gloomy processions passed through this multitude at intervals, consisting of lines of litters borne by hospital nurses and soldiers. Men walked in front holding long staves from which hung blue placards, on which were written in large letters the words : " Service des hopitaux militaires. " On the curtains of the litters might be read : " The wounded. Ambulances. " The weather was dark and rainy.

At this time there was a crowd at the Bourse, and bill-posters were pasting on all the walls dispatches announcing the adhesion of the departments to the *coup d'état.* The stockbrokers, while buying for a rise, were laughing and shrugging their shoulders at these placards. Suddenly a well-known speculator and admirer of the *coup d'état* for the two last days rushes in, pale as death, gasping like one fleeing from some danger, and says : " They are sweeping the boulevards with grapeshot ! "

And now for what was happening.

III.

A LITTLE after one o'clock, a quarter of an hour after the last order given by Louis Bonaparte to General Roguet, the boulevards throughout their entire length from the Madeleine were suddenly covered with infantry and cavalry. The Carrelet division, almost at its full complement, composed of the five brigades of Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Reybell, and presenting an effective force of 16,410 men, had taken position and formed in echelons from the Rue de la Paix to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade had its battery with it. On the Boulevard Poissonnière alone eleven pieces of ordnance were counted. Two of these were placed back to back, and pointed, one at the entrance of the Rue Montmartre, the other at that of the Faubourg Montmartre, for no reason that any one could see, as neither showed signs of any barricade. The people whom curiosity brought to the sidewalks and windows were astounded at this jumble of gun-carriages, sabres, and bayonets.

"The troops were laughing and chatting," says one witness; another witness says, "Most of them, with the butt-ends of their muskets resting on the ground, were supporting themselves on the barrels, and seemed to be in a half-staggering condition from fatigue or from something else." One of those old officers who have made it their study to sound the very depths of the soldier's soul, General L——, said, while passing the Café Frascati: "They are drunk."

Symptoms of this were becoming apparent. At a moment when the crowd was shouting to the soldiery: "Vive la République! Down with Louis Bonaparte!" an officer was heard to whisper: "We shall have some pig-sticking soon."

A battalion of infantry was debouching by the Rue-Richelieu. In front of the Café Cardinal it was received with a unanimous cry of, "Vive la République!" A writer who was there, the editor of a conservative journal, added, "Down with Soulouque!" The staff-officer who was leading the detachment dealt him a sword-cut, which was evaded by the writer, and lopped off one of the small trees on the boulevard.

As the 1st Lancers, commanded by Colonel Rochefort, reached the Rue Taitbout, a numerous crowd was spreading over the boulevard. It consisted of the inhabitants of the quarter, merchants, artists, journalists, and some women holding their children by the hand. When the regiment was passing, all — men, women, and children — cried out: "Vive la constitution! vive la loi! vive la République!" Colonel Rochefort — he is the man who took the chair at the banquet given by the 1st Lancers to the 7th at the École Militaire, and who at that banquet uttered this toast: "To Prince Napoleon, to the Chief of the State: he is the personification of that order which we are the defenders of," — Colonel Rochefort, we say, at this cry, which was perfectly legal, spurred his horse through the middle of the crowd and over the chairs on the sidewalk; the Lancers dashed after him, and men, women, and children were sabred. "A good number of them were killed," says an apologist of the *coup d'état*, adding: "It was the affair of a moment." [1]

About two o'clock, howitzers were levelled at the extremity of the Poissonnière boulevard, a hundred and fifty paces from the little demi-lune barricade of the Bonne Nouvelle station. While placing these pieces in battery, the train-soldiers, though little in the habit of making unskilful manœuvres, broke the pole of an am-

[1] Le Capitaine Mauduit: Revolution militaire du 2 Décembre, p. 217.

munition wagon. "You can well see that they are full!" exclaimed a man of the people.

At half-past two — we must follow step by step and minute by minute the details of this hideous drama — firing began in front of the barricade, languidly, and, as it seemed, at random. The military leaders appeared to have their minds fixed on something else besides a combat. We shall know what they were thinking of.

The first shot, badly aimed, passed above all the barricades. The projectile killed a young lad in the Château d'Eau who was drawing water from the fountain. The shops were shut, and nearly all the windows as well. One casement, however, remained open in the upper story of a house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier.

Influenced by curiosity, more and more people came flocking into the boulevard, thronging on the sidewalk on the south especially. It was a crowd, and nothing more, — men, women, children, and greybeards, on whom the barricade, which was hardly attacked or defended, produced all the effect of a sham battle.

This barricade remained a spectacle until it became a pretext.

IV.

For about a quarter of an hour there was some poor firing on the part of the soldiers, replied to in a way, by the barricade, but not one wounded on either side, when suddenly as if by an electric impulse an extraordinary and terrible movement was made, first by the infantry, then by the cavalry. In a moment the soldiery wheeled completely round.

The historiographers of the *coup d'état* have related that a shot fired at the soldiers came from an open window at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. Others have said from the top of the house at the corner of the Rue

Notre-Dame-de-Recouvrance and the Rue Poissonnière. Others again say it was a pistol-shot fired from the roof of the high house at the corner of the Rue Mazagran. The shot is disputed; but what there can be no dispute about is, that for firing this problematic pistol-shot, which may, after all, have been nothing else than the noise made by a door shut to with violence, a dentist living in the neighbourhood was executed. After all, did any one hear either gun-shot or pistol-shot fired from one of the houses on the boulevard? Is the story true? Is it false? It is denied by a crowd of witnesses. If the shot was fired, another question remains to be cleared up. Was it a cause, or was it a signal?

Be this as it may, on a sudden, as we have just said, cavalry, infantry, and artillery faced about and confronted the multitude massed on the sidewalks, and without warning, without any one being able to guess why, without motive, without a summons to disperse, (*sans sommation*) as the infamous placards of the morning had announced, from the Gymnase to the Chinese Baths, — that is to say, along the whole length of the richest, the most animated and joyous boulevard in Paris, a butchery was begun.

The soldiery commenced to shoot down the people with their muskets close to the people's breasts. Who shall describe the horrors that ensued! — the cries, the arms raised to heaven, the surprise, the terror, the crowd flying in all directions, a hail of balls raining down on the pavements and rising again to the roofs, the dead bodies scattered in a moment along the causeway, young men falling with the cigar still between their lips, women in velvet robes dropping stone dead, two booksellers slaughtered on the threshold of their shops without knowing in what they had offended, shots fired through the openings in cellars and killing it mattered

"The soldiery commenced to shoot down the people."

Etched by R. de Los Rios — From Drawing by François Flameng.

not whom, the Bazaar riddled with shells and bullets, the Hôtel Sallandrouze bombarded, the Maison d'Or raked with grape-shot, Tortoni carried by assault, hundreds of corpses on the boulevard, the Rue Richelieu a stream of blood!

And here the historian must again be allowed to interrupt his narrative for a while.

In presence of these deeds without a name, I who write these lines proclaim myself the recording officer who registers the crime; I bring the cause before the court. All my function is in this. I cite Louis Bonaparte; I cite Saint Arnaud, Maupas, Morny, Magnan, Carrelet, Canrobert, Reybell, his accomplices; I cite the others whose names will be found elsewhere; I cite the executioners and the murderers, the witnesses and the victims, the red-hot cannon and smoking sabres; the drunkenness of the soldiery, the agony of families, the dying and the dead, the horror, the blood and the tears, before the bar of the civilized world.

The narrator, be he who he may, would not be believed alone. Then let living, bleeding facts speak. Let us listen to the evidence.

V.

We will not print the names of the witnesses, — we have said why, — but the sincere and bitter accent of truth will be easily recognized.

A witness says: —

"I had hardly taken three steps on the sidewalk when the troop which was defiling suddenly halted, wheeled round towards the south, lowered its arms, and fired on the bewildered crowd, by an instantaneous movement. The firing continued without interruption for twenty minutes, the roll of cannon being now and then heard above it.

"At the first fire I threw myself flat on the ground, and crawled like a reptile along the sidewalk up to the first half-open door I met. It was a wine-merchant's warehouse, at No. 180, close to the Bazar de l'Industrie. I was the last to enter. Meanwhile, the fusilade never stopped.

"In this warehouse there were about fifty persons, and among them five or six women, and two or three children. Three unfortunates had entered wounded, two of whom died at the end of a quarter of an hour in horrible suffering; the third was still alive when I left the place at four o'clock, but did not survive his wound, as I learned later.

"To enable you to form an idea of the class of people on whom the soldiers fired, I cannot do better than give the following examples of the persons assembled in this warehouse: —

"Amongst them were some women who had gone out to buy provisions for their dinner; a bailiff's clerk sent on an errand by his master; two or three stock-jobbers; two or three proprietors; and some workmen, most of whom had no blouses. One of these unhappy fugitives made a strong impression on me; he was a man about thirty years old, in a grey overcoat. He was going, in company with his wife, to dine with his family in the Faubourg Montmartre when he was stopped on the boulevard by the passing of the column of troops. At the first volley both he and his wife fell; he rose up and was dragged into the wine-merchant's, but he had no longer his wife on his arm, and his despair was indescribable. He insisted absolutely, in spite of our representations, on having the door opened and running in search of his wife through the grape-shot that was sweeping the street. We had the greatest difficulty in keeping him back for an hour. The next day I learned that his wife had been slain, and her corpse had been recognized. I learned also, a fortnight later, that the unhappy man, having threatened Louis Bonaparte with the penalty of *lex talionis*, was arrested and transported to Brest, on his way to Cayenne. Nearly all the citizens assembled in the warehouse held monarchical opinions; and I met only two, — an ex-compositor of "La Réforme," named

Meunier, and one of his friends, — who avowed themselves republicans. I left the warehouse about four o'clock."

A witness, one of those who believe they heard the shot fired in the Rue Mazagran, adds: —

"That shot was the signal for a simultaneous discharge of musketry on all the houses between the Café du Grand-Balcon and the Porte Saint Denis. It continued at least thirty minutes. Soon the roar of cannon was mingled with that of musketry."

A witness says: —

"At a quarter past three a singular evolution took place. The soldiers fronting the Porte Saint Denis suddenly faced about, backing themselves on the houses near the Gymnase, the Maison du Pont-de-Fer and the Hôtel Saint-Phar, and at once kept up a running fire on the persons on the side opposite, between the Rue Saint Denis and the Rue Richelieu. In a few minutes the sidewalks were covered with dead bodies; the houses were riddled with balls, and this paroxysm of fury lasted for three quarters of an hour."

A witness says: —

"The first cannon shots fired at the Bonne Nouvelle barricade served as a signal for the rest of the soldiery, who fired almost at the same time on everything within reach of their muskets."

A witness says: —

"It is impossible for words to give an idea of the barbarism of such a deed. One must have witnessed it to venture on asserting the truth of an action so utterly meaningless. Thousands of shots were fired by the soldiery — the number is *inappreciable* [1] — on inoffensive persons, without any reason whatever. It was desired to produce a strong impression; this explains everything."

[1] The witness means "incalculable." We did not wish to change anything in the text.

A witness says:—

"When the agitation on the boulevard was at its height, the Line, followed by the artillery and cavalry, arrived. A soldier was seen to fire a shot from the middle of the troops, and it was easy to observe that it was fired in the air, as the smoke rose perpendicularly; therefore it was the signal for firing *sans sommation* and charging the people with the bayonet. This is significant, and shows that the soldiery wished to have a semblance of reason for beginning the massacre that followed."

A witness relates:—

"The cannon loaded with grape-shot tore away the fronts of the houses between the Magasins de Prophète and the Rue Montmartre. A cannon-ball must also have been fired from the Bonne Nouvelle boulevard into the Maison Billecocq, for it was struck on the corner near Aubusson; and the ball, after piercing the wall, penetrated the interior."

Another witness, one of those who deny the shot in the Rue Mazagran, says:—

"It has been tried to extenuate this fusilade and these assassinations by pretending that the troops were fired on from the windows of some houses. Not only does the official report of General Magnan seem to give the lie to this rumour, but I assert strongly that the discharges were instantaneous from the Porte Saint Denis to the Porte Saint Martin, and, until the general discharge, there was not a single shot fired, either from the windows or by the soldiery, between the Faubourg Saint Denis and the Boulevard des Italiens."

Another, who did not hear the shot either, says:—

"The troops defiled in front of Tortoni's, where I had been for about twenty minutes, when before a report of any shot reached us, they moved forward, the cavalry at a gallop, the infantry in double-quick time. Suddenly we saw in the

direction of the Boulevard Poissonnière a sheet of fire which increased and spread rapidly. I can guarantee that no explosion preceded the fusilade then begun, and that not a single shot was fired from the houses between the Café Frascati and the place where I was standing. At last we saw the soldiers in front of us lower their guns in a threatening fashion. We took refuge under a gateway on the Rue Taitbout. At that very moment the balls were passing over us and around us. A woman was killed within ten paces of me when I was hiding under the gateway. There were, I swear it, neither insurgents nor barricade there; there were *hunters and game on the run,* that was all."

This image of "hunters and game" seems to have been in the mind of every one who beheld this thing of horror. We find it in the testimony of another witness: —

"I saw the mobilized gendarmes — and I know it was the same in the rest of the neighbourhood — holding their guns and themselves in the attitude of a hunter *on the look-out for the starting of the game;* that is to say, with the gun near the shoulder, ready to aim and shoot.

"The utmost attention was given to the wounded who fell in the Rue Montmartre, near the city gates. At certain distances a door would open, a hand would be stretched out, and the dead or dying for whom the balls were still disputing, dragged in."

In the testimony of another witness we meet the same image: —

"The soldiers in ambush at the corners of the streets were watching for citizens to cross over, as *hunters watch for game;* and when they saw them in the street, fired at them *as they would at a target.* Several citizens were killed in this manner in Rue du Sentier, Rue Rougemont, and Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière.

. . . . . .

"'Begone!' the officers would say to the unoffending citi-

zens who asked their protection; and at this word they started off quickly and confidently. It was but a watchword, and it meant *death;* a few paces on, and they fell on their backs."

Says another witness: —

"At the moment the firing began on the boulevards, a bookseller near the carpet warehouse was hurrying to close his doors and shutters, when some fugitives who tried to enter were suspected by the soldiery or gendarmes, I don't know which, of having fired on them. The soldiers made their way into the bookseller's house; he was led out in front of his door, and his wife and daughter had barely time to fling themselves between him and the soldiers when he fell dead. His wife had her thigh broken, and the daughter was saved by the busk of her corset. The wife, I have been told, has since gone mad."

Another witness: —

"The soldiers rushed into the two bookstores between the house of the Prophète and that of M. Sallandrouze. The murders they committed have been verified. The two booksellers were butchered on the sidewalk, the other prisoners in the warehouses."

We will finish with these three extracts, which cannot be written down without a shudder. Says a witness:

"During the first quarter of an hour of this horrible deed there was a moment of inaction, and some citizens who were lying wounded made an attempt to rise. Among those stretched in front of the Prophète two succeeded in getting up. One of them fled down the Rue du Sentier, from which he was separated only by a few yards. He escaped with the loss of his hat, which was pierced by balls. The second could only rise on his knees, and with clasped hands he begged the soldiers to give him quarter; but he was shot down on the instant. The next morning a spot might be seen

near the perron of the Prophète, not more than a few yards wide, which was struck by over a hundred bullets.

"At the entrance to the Rue Montmartre, near the fountain, there were sixty corpses spread over a length of sixty paces, men and women, young girls and children. All these unfortunate victims had been stationed on the side of the boulevard opposite the gendarmes and soldiery, and were the first victims of their fire. They fled at the first report, but had hardly taken some steps forward when they fell, never to rise again. A young man who took refuge in a gateway and was trying to shelter himself under a wall projecting in the direction of the boulevards, *was used as a target* by the soldiers. After some ten minutes' clumsy firing, he was hit in spite of all his efforts to make himself as small as possible, and he too sank down never to rise again."

Another: —

"The mirrors and windows of the Maison Pont-du-Fer were broken. A man who happened to be in the courtyard fell dead from fright. The cellars were filled with women, but they could not escape. The soldiers fired into the shops and down the openings of the cellars. Such was the condition of things between Tortoni and the Gymnase. It lasted more than an hour."

VI.

Let us have done with these extracts now; let us close this mournful indictment. The evidence is sufficient. The horror of the deed is patent. A hundred other testimonies are before our eyes; they repeat the same facts almost in the same terms. From this forth it is certain, it is proved beyond doubt and beyond question, it is as clear as the noonday sun, that on the Friday of the 4th of December, 1851, the inoffensive inhabitants of Paris, the inhabitants who took no part in

the combat, were mowed down by grape-shot *sans sommation*, and massacred for the simple purpose of intimidation, and that the mysterious phrase of Monsieur Bonaparte is capable of bearing no other meaning than this.

The execution lasted until nightfall. For more than an hour the boulevard was the scene of something like an orgy of musketry and artillery. During cannonading and platoon firing, the soldiers interchanged shots at random, and at certain moments killed one another. The battery of the 6th regiment of artillery, which formed a part of the Canrobert brigade, was dismounted; the horses, rearing amid the bullets, smashed the gun-carriages in front, and the wheels and shafts of others; and of the whole battery there was but one piece left fit for action. An entire squadron of the 1st Lancers was obliged to take refuge in an outhouse on the Rue Saint-Fiacre. The next day, the lance pennants were found to be pierced with seventy holes made by bullets. Fury had seized on the soldiery. At the corner of the Rue Rougemont, a general, in the midst of the smoke, was seen attempting to restrain them by violent gesticulations; an assistant surgeon-major of the 27th narrowly escaped death at the hands of the soldiers whom he was trying to hold back. A sergeant said to an officer who seized his arm: "Lieutenant, you are a traitor." The soldiers no longer knew what they were doing; they seemed maddened by the crime they were forced to commit. There comes a time when the very abomination of the wickedness you are doing compels you to do it with redoubled energy. Blood is a sort of horrible wine; massacre intoxicates.

It looked as if some unconscious hand was hurling death from the depths of a cloud. The soldiers were but projectiles.

Two pieces of ordnance were pointed at the façade of the Sallandrouze warehouse from the causeway of the boulevard, and poured several discharges into the building, firing carelessly, at random, within a few yards of it. This house, once a palace, noted for its almost historic perron, was split asunder by the balls as if by iron wedges, and was cracked and shattered from top to bottom; the soldiers became more indefatigable in the work of destruction than ever. After every discharge a crash made itself heard. Suddenly an artillery officer galloped up and cried, "Stop! stop!" The house leaned forward; another ball fired and it would have fallen on the cannon and the cannoneers.

The cannoneers were so drunk that several of them, no longer knowing what they were doing, let themselves be killed by the recoil of the guns. The balls came at the same time from the Porte Saint-Denis, the Boulevard Poissonnière, and the Boulevard Montmartre; the artillery-men, when they heard them whistling by their ears, threw themselves flat upon their horses, the train-soldiers took refuge under the gun-carriages or behind the ammunition wagons; soldiers were seen to drop their *kepis* and fly along the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Recouvrance, in a state of utter bewilderment; some troopers lost their heads and fired their carbines in the air; others leaped to the ground, and sheltered themselves behind the flanks of their horses. Three or four horses broke loose and ran here and there, dazed with terror.

There were two horrible pastimes combined with the massacre. The tirailleurs of Vincennes had taken a position on one of the barricades which they carried at the point of the bayonet, and from there engaged in target practice on the pedestrians at a distance. Such hideous dialogues as the following were heard in the neighbouring houses: "I bet I 'll bring that one down."

"I bet you wont." "I bet I shall." And the shot was fired. When the man fell, a roar of laughter told of the success. If a woman was passing, the officers cried: "Fire at the woman! Always fire at the women!"

This was one of the watchwords; on the Boulevard Montmartre, where bayonets were much used, a young staff-captain shouted: "Prod the women!" A woman with a loaf under her arm thought she might be able to cross the Rue Saint-Fiacre safely. A tirailleur killed her.

On the Rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau the soldiers did not go to such extremes; a woman cried: "Vive la République!" she was only whipped by them. But let us return to the boulevard.

A bailiff was aimed at as he was walking along, and hit in the forehead. He fell on his hands and knees, crying "Spare me!" He received thirteen more balls in the body. He is alive to-day. By such a chance as was never heard of, no wound was mortal. The ball in the forehead had ploughed along the skin and travelled round the skull without breaking it. An old man of eighty, found skulking in some hole or other, was led in front of the perron of the Prophète and shot. He fell. "He won't get a bump on the head," said a soldier. The old man had fallen on a heap of corpses. Two young men of Islay, who had been a month married to two sisters, were crossing the boulevard after their day's work. They saw some soldiers taking aim at them. They fell on their knees and cried, "We have married two sisters!" They were slain. A cocoa peddler named Robert, residing at No. 97 Faubourg Poissonnière, was flying down the Rue Montmartre, with his cocoa barrel on his back He was slain.[1] A saddler's apprentice,

[1] We are able to name the witness who saw the deed. He has been proscribed. His name is Versigny, a Representative of the People. He says: "I saw also at the top of the Rue du Croissant, a lemonade-seller

a child of thirteen years, was passing in front of the Café Vachette; muskets were levelled at him. He uttered piercing cries; he shook a bridle which he held in his hands saying, "I am going on an errand." He was slain. Three balls were lodged in his breast. All along the boulevard might be heard the howls and spasmodic starts of the wounded; the soldiers were pinking them with their bayonets, but went no further. They denied their victims even the indulgence of finishing them off.

Thieves availed themselves of the occasion for plying their trade. A cashier whose office was in the Rue de la Banque, left it at two o'clock, went to the Rue Bergère, collected an account, returned with the money, and was killed on the boulevard. When his dead body was lifted he had no longer on him his ring or watch or the money he was carrying back with him.

The soldiers, under the pretext that shots had been fired at them, entered ten or twelve houses at random and bayoneted every one they could discover. All the houses on the boulevard have cast-iron pipes through which the dirty water is emptied into the gutters outside. The soldiers, without knowing why, contracted a feeling of distrust or hatred for one of such houses, closed from top to bottom; dull and gloomy, like all the houses of the boulevard, and seeming to be uninhabited, the silence was so profound. They knocked at the door; it was opened, and they entered. A moment after, a red and smoking stream was seen to flow from the mouth of the cast-iron pipe. It was blood.

A captain, with the eyes starting out of his head,

with his tin apparatus on his back fall dead against a shop-front. He alone, although his only weapon was his little bell, had the honour of being fired at by a whole platoon." The same witness adds: "The soldiers swept streets with musketry, in which there had not been a single bit of pavement uprooted or a single combatant seen."

shouted to the soldiers: "No quarter!" A major yelled, "Enter the houses and kill every one!" Sergeants were heard to exclaim, "Punch the brutes [*bédouins*]! Give it to the brutes!" "In the time of the uncle," relates a witness, "the soldiers used to call the bourgeois *pékins;* now we are *bédouins.* When the soldiers were massacring the people, it was to the cry of 'Pitch into the bédouins!'"

At the Frascati Club, where several of the *habitués,* among others an old general, were assembled, the roar of cannon and musketry was commented on. They could not believe that balls were being fired. "It is only powder," they said to one another. They laughed and joked: "How well the thing has been staged! Truly a first-class performer is this Bonaparte of ours!" They fancied they were at the Cirque. Suddenly some soldiers entered in a fury and wanted to kill every one of them. They never suspected the danger they were running, and continued to laugh. One of those present said to us: "We believed this was a part of the buffoonery!" However, when the soldiers became more menacing, they began to understand at last. "Let us kill every man of them!" cried a soldier. A lieutenant who recognized the old general prevented a butchery. Nevertheless, a sergeant could not keep from using obscene language towards his superior, and saying, "You leave us alone! This is our business, and not yours."

The soldiers killed for the mere sake of killing. A witness says: "In the courtyards of some houses they shot the very dogs and horses."

In the house that, with Frascati, forms the angle of the Rue Richelieu, the soldiers had quietly arranged to shoot even the women and children. The latter were set in front of a platoon for this purpose, when a colonel arrived on the scene. He put off the murder,

placed these poor trembling creatures in the gallery of the Panoramas, locked the gate, and saved them. A distinguished writer, M. Lireux, who had escaped when first fired on, was taken prisoner and handed about from guard-room to guard-room, expecting to be shot every moment. He was saved by a miracle. The celebrated artist Sax, who happened to be in the music warerooms of Brandus, was about to be shot when a general recognized him. People were killed at random in every direction.

The first person slain in this butchery — history has also preserved the name of the first person killed at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew — was named Theodore Debaëcque, and resided in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier, where the carnage began.

VII.

THE moment the carnage was over, — it had begun in broad daylight, and ended in the darkness of the night, — the dead bodies were carried away. They were in such heaps that more than three hundred were counted in front of a single shop, — the shop of Barbedienne. Every square of earth cut round the trees of the boulevard was a reservoir of blood. "The dead," says a witness, "were piled up on top of one another, — old men, children, blouses and broadcloth, heads, arms, and legs, jumbled together in indescribable confusion."

Another witness thus paints a group of three: "Two were turned over on the back; a third, having got himself entangled between their legs, had fallen on top of them." Single corpses were rare, and therefore more noticed than the others. A young man, well dressed, was seated, leaning against a wall, his legs wide apart, his arms half folded, and a malacca cane in his hand;

he seemed to be staring at something. He was dead. A little farther on the balls had pinned to the shop-front a youth in velveteen trousers, holding some proof-sheets in his hand. The wind tossed these bloody leaves on which the fingers of the dead boy had contracted. A poor old man, with white hairs, lay stretched in the middle of the causeway, with his umbrella beside him. His elbow almost touched the body of a young man in varnished boots and yellow gloves; his eye-glass had not dropped from his eye. A few paces farther on lay a woman of the people, with her head on the sidewalk and her feet on the pavement; she had been flying with her child in her arms. Mother and child were both dead, but the mother still held the child.

Ah, you will tell me, Monsieur Bonaparte, that you are very sorry, but that the calamity was unavoidable; that in presence of Paris on the point of revolution you had to decide on some course or other, and that you were driven to a stand; and that, as to the *coup d'état*, you had debts, your *aides-de-camp* had debts, your lackeys had debts; that you took all the responsibility; that, confound it! what is the use of being a prince if a man cannot now and then squander a few millions over and above? that a little amusement and enjoyment is indispensable; that it was the Assembly's fault not to understand this and want to condemn you to two paltry millions per annum, and, worse still, force you to quit office at the end of four years and comply with constitutional obligations; that, after all, it was impossible for you to leave the Elysée and enter Clichy; that you had recourse without success to the little expedients provided for by Article 405; that scandals were approaching, the demagogic press was babbling, the affair of the gold ingots was making a noise; that you owed some respect to the name of Napoleon; and that, egad! rather

than be one of the vulgar swindlers of the code, you preferred to be one of the great assassins of history!

So, instead of soiling you, this blood has washed you. Very well!

I continue.

VIII.

When all was ended, Paris came to have a look; the people flocked in crowds to these terrible spots. They were allowed to do so. It was the object of the assassin that they should do so. Louis Bonaparte did not perpetrate this thing with the view of hiding it.

The south side of the boulevard was covered with papers and torn cartridges; the sidewalk on the north disappeared under the plaster detached from the fronts of the houses by the balls, and was as white as if it had been snowing; pools of blood made wide blackish stains on this snow. The foot escaped a corpse only to strike against fragments of glass, plaster or stone; some houses were so shattered by grape-shot and bullets that they appeared ready to fall, among others the Maison Sallandrouze, of which we have spoken, and the mourning warehouse at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre. "The Maison Billecocq," says a witness, "is still propped up by strong wooden stays to-day, and the façade will be in part rebuilt. There are gaps in several places in the carpet warehouse." Another witness says, "All the houses from the Cercle des Étrangers to the Rue Poissonnière were literally riddled with balls, especially on the right side of the boulevard. One of the large mirrors of the Petite Jeannette warehouse had certainly more than three hundred for its share. There was not a window intact. You breathed an atmosphere

of saltpetre. Thirty-seven corpses were piled up in the Cité Bergère, and the passers-by might count them through the grating. A woman was stopped by something at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. She looked. Suddenly she felt that her feet were wet. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'it has rained, then?' 'No, madame,' some one replied, 'it is not water.' Her feet were in a pool of blood." In the Rue Grange Batelière, three bodies were seen in a corner, entirely naked.

During the massacre the barricades on the boulevard were carried by the Bourgon brigade. The dead bodies of the defenders of the barricade of Porte Saint Denis, of which we spoke at the beginning of this narrative, were heaped up in front of the door of the Maison Jouvin. "But" says a witness, "it was nothing compared with the heaps that covered the boulevard."

Two steps from the Théâtre des Variétés, the crowd came to a pause before a cap filled with blood and brains hanging from the branch of a tree. A witness says: "A short distance beyond the Variétés I came upon a corpse with the face resting on the earth. I tried to raise it, assisted by some others. The soldiers drove us back. A little farther there were two bodies, a man and a woman, then one by itself, a workman," (We abridge his story.) "From the Rue Montmartre to the Rue du Sentier, *one literally walked in blood;* it covered the sidewalk in certain places, and was nearly an inch deep. Without exaggeration or hyperbole, you had to be very cautious to avoid putting your feet in it. I counted thirty-three corpses. This spectacle was more than I could bear, and big tears coursed down my cheeks. I asked permission to cross the causeway in order to return home; it was '*graciously granted.*'"

A witness says: "The aspect of the boulevard was

horrible. *We literally walked in blood.* We reckoned eighteen corpses in a length of twenty-five paces."

A witness who is a merchant in the Rue du Sentier says: "I crossed the Boulevard du Temple; when I reached my house I found there was an inch of blood on my trousers."

Representative Versigny relates: "We perceived in the distance, reaching nearly to the Porte Saint Denis, the immense camp-fires of the troops. With the exception of an odd lamp here and there, these afforded the only means of finding one's way in this frightful carnage. The combat of the daytime was a mere nothing in comparison with these corpses and this silence. R—— and I were paralyzed. A citizen happened to pass; hearing one of my passionate outbursts, he approached and took me by the hand, saying: 'You are a republican; I was what is called a friend of order, a reactionary; but he who would not execrate this hideous carnage must be abandoned of God and man. France is dishonoured!' and he left, sobbing."

A witness of high character, M. de Cherville, a legitimist, who allows the use of his name, declares: "In the evening I wished to begin again these gloomy investigations. In the Rue Peletier I met MM. Bouillon and Gervais (de Caen); we went some steps together, and I slipped. I caught hold of M. Bouillon and looked at my feet; I had stepped into a wide puddle of blood. Then M. Bouillon told me that he had seen in the morning, while at his window, the druggist whose shop he pointed out to me, busy shutting his door. A woman fell, and the druggist ran out to raise her. At that very moment a soldier, ten yards from him, took aim and shot him in the head. M. Bouillon, indignant and forgetful of his own danger, shouted to those who were passing by: 'You will all testify as to what has just taken place?'"

About eleven in the evening, when the bivouacs were lighted up everywhere, Monsieur Bonaparte was pleased to allow the soldiers to amuse themselves. The boulevard was the scene of something like a night festival. They laughed and danced as they flung the débris of the barricades into the fire; then, as at Strasburg and Boulogne, came the distribution of money. Let us listen to what a witness relates: "I saw a staff-officer give two hundred francs to the leader of a detachment of twenty men, saying: 'The Prince has charged me to hand you this money for distribution among your brave soldiers. He will not limit himself to this evidence of his satisfaction.' Each soldier received ten francs."

On the evening of Austerlitz, the Emperor said, "Soldiers I am satisfied with you!"

Another adds: "The soldiers, with cigars between their lips, jeered the passers-by and rattled the money they had in their pockets."

Another says: "The officers broke rouleaux of louis with as much indifference as they would sticks of chocolate."

The sentinels allowed women only to pass; if a man presented himself, they shouted to him, "Be off!" Tables were set in the bivouacs, at which officers and soldiers drank. The flames from the wood-fires were reflected on all these merry faces. The corks and white caps of the champagne bottles swam on the red streams of blood. One bivouac called and replied to another with loud cries and obscene pleasantries. They exchanged salutes: "Vive les gendarmes!" "Vive les lanciers!" And all together added: "Vive Louis-Napoléon!" The clinking of glasses and noise of broken bottles made themselves heard. Here and there, in the shadow, women prowled among the corpses, with a taper of yellow wax or a lantern in their hands, gazing

into those pallid faces one after the other and searching for a son or a husband or a father.

IX.

Let us get rid at once of these frightful details.

On the morrow of the 5th, in the cemetery of Montmartre, a horrible thing was seen.

A vast space, vacant until that day, was "utilized" for the provisional interment of some of the massacred. They were buried with their heads above the ground, in order that their families might recognize them; most had their feet also exposed, with a little earth on their breasts. The curious came there in crowds, pushing, jostling one another, and wandered amid the graves; sometimes the ground would sink when trodden on, — it was really the stomach of a corpse. On turning round and looking, you saw boots and sabots or women's dress shoes rising from the earth; opposite was the head which on account of your pressure on the body had made a movement.

An illustrious witness, the great sculptor David, to-day proscribed and wandering in foreign lands, says: "I saw about forty dead bodies in the cemetery of Montmartre with their clothes still on them; they were placed side by side. A few shovelfuls of earth covered them up to the head, which was left exposed so that their friends might recognize them. The feet were half uncovered. It was a horrible thing to see people walking on top of these corpses. There were there some noble young faces bearing the impress of lofty courage; in the middle was a poor woman, a baker's servant, who was killed while carrying bread to her master's customers, and beside her a lovely young girl who sold flowers

on the boulevard. Those who were searching for the missing were compelled to trample on the bodies in order to examine the faces nearer. I heard a man of the people say with an expression of horror: 'It 's like walking on a spring-board.' "

The crowd continued to flock to the various places where the bodies of the victims were deposited, — notably to the Cité Bergère, — until the number of sightseers became so large and troublesome that a placard was posted at the entrance to the Cité Bergère with these words in large letters: " There are dead bodies here no longer." The three naked corpses of the Rue Grange-Batelière were not carried away until evening.

It is evident then, and we urge this point earnestly, that at first the *coup d'état* made not the slightest pretence at concealment of its crime. It did so because it saw its profit in doing so. It was later on that it became bashful. But on the first day it made, on the contrary, a parade of its iniquity. Atrocity was not enough; it needed cynicism. To massacre was but the means; to terrify was the aim.

X.

Was this aim reached? Yes.

From the 4th of December the public effervescence subsided immediately. A dull stupor froze the blood of Paris. The indignation that raised its voice in presence of the *coup d'état* was suddenly dumb in presence of the butchery. Nothing resembling this had ever occurred in history before. Men felt they were dealing with some monstrous individuality heretofore unknown.

Crassus crushed the gladiators; Herod massacred the Innocents; Charles IX. exterminated the Huguenots;

Peter of Russia the Strelitz, Mehemet-Ali the Mamelukes, Mahmoud the Janissaries; Danton massacred the prisoners. Louis Bonaparte had just invented a new kind of massacre, — the massacre of the pedestrians in the streets.

This massacre ended the struggle. There are times when that which should inflame nations strikes them with dismay. The people of Paris felt that the foot of a bandit was on its neck. It no longer struggled. That very evening Mathieu (de la Drôme) entered the place where the Committee of Resistance was sitting and said to us: "We are no longer in Paris, we are no longer under the Republic; we are in Naples, and under King Bomba."

From this moment, whatever were the efforts of the Committee, the Representatives and their courageous auxiliaries, there was resistance at onlya few points, — as, for instance, at that barricade of the Petit Carreau where Denis Dussoubs, the brother of the Representative, fell with such heroism; and that resistance bore less resemblance to a conflict than to the last convulsions of despair. All was ended.

On the morning of the 5th the victorious troops paraded the city. A general was seen to point his naked sword at the people and cry, "There is your republic!"

Thus an infamous butchery, a massacre of the people in the streets, entered as an element of the supremest importance into the "measure" of the 2d of December. For its elaboration a traitor was needed; for its success a murderer.

This was the method by which the *coup d'état* conquered France and vanquished Paris. Yes, Paris! It is at Paris — we must repeat it again to ourselves — that this thing occurred.

Great God! the Cossacks entered Paris with uplifted

lance, singing their wild songs, Moscow had been burned; the Prussians entered Paris, Berlin had been taken; the Austrians entered Paris, we had bombarded Vienna; the English entered Paris, the camp of Boulogne had menaced London. They arrived at our barriers, did these men of all nations, with drums beating, trumpets sounding, flags flying, with naked swords, and cannon rolling and matches lighted, flushed with victory, enemies, conquerors, avengers, shrieking wrathfully in front of the domes of Paris the names of their capitals,— London, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow! And then! No sooner did they set a foot on the threshold of that city, no sooner did the hoofs of their horses ring on the pavements of our streets, than all, — Austrians, English, Prussians, and Russians, — when they had penetrated Paris, saw dimly in those walls, in those edifices, in that people, something awe-inspiring, predestined, and august; all felt a sacred terror of the sacred city; all understood that there, before them, was the city not of a people, but the city of mankind; all lowered the uplifted sword! Yes, to massacre the Parisians, to treat Paris as a fortress carried by assault, to sack one of its quarters, to violate the second Eternal City, to assassinate civilization in its sanctuary, to mow down old men, women, and children with grape-shot in that grand arena, that fatherland of the Universe, to do what Wellington had forbidden to his half-naked Highlanders, what Schwartzenberg interdicted to his Croats, what Blücher did not permit to his Landwehr, what Platow did not dare to let his Cossacks do, — all this hast thou done; and thy instruments were French soldiers, wretch!

BOOK IV.

THE OTHER CRIMES.

CHAPTER I.

SINISTER QUESTIONS.

WHAT is the sum total of the dead?

Knowing the hour is at hand when History will raise her voice, and imagining that a Charles IX. can palliate a St. Bartholomew, Louis Bonaparte has published what he calls an "official return of the dead," as a voucher. In this *alphabetic list*[1] we find such notices recorded as follows: —

"Adde, bookseller, 17 Boulevard Poissonnière, killed in his house.

"Boursier, child seven and a half years old, killed Rue Tiquetonne.

"Belval, cabinet-maker, 10 Rue de la Lune, killed in his house.

"Coquard, proprietor at Vire (Calvados), killed, Boulevard Montmartre.

"Debaëcque, merchant, 45 Rue du Sentier, killed in his house.

"De Couvercelle, florist, 257 Rue Saint Denis, killed in his house.

[1] The employé who has drawn up this list is, we know, an able and exact statistician, and he has, we do not doubt, drawn it up in good faith. He has verified what he was permitted to see and examine; but as to what was concealed from him, he was, of course, helpless. This field remains open to conjecture.

"Labilte, jeweller, 63 Boulevard Saint Martin, killed in his house.

"Grellier, charwoman, 209 Faubourg Saint Martin, killed on the Boulevard Montmartre.

"Guillard, shop-woman, 77 Faubourg Saint Denis, killed on the Boulevard Saint Denis.

"Garnier, confidential waiting-woman, 6 Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, killed on the Boulevard Saint Denis.

"Ledaust, charwoman, Passage du Caire, in the Morgue.

"Françoise Noël, waistcoat-maker, 20 Rue des Fosses-Montmartre, died in the Charité.

"Count Poninski, fundholder, 32 Rue de la Paix, killed on the Boulevard Montmartre.

"Raboisson, seamstress, died in the Maison Nationiale de Santé.

"The woman Vidal, 97 Rue du Temple, died in the Hôtel Dieu.

"The woman Seguin, embroiderer, 240 Rue Saint Martin, died in the Hospice Beaujon.

"Seniac, shop-girl, 196 Rue du Temple, died in the Hospice Beaujon.

"Thirion de Montauban, proprietor, Rue de Lancry, killed at his door," etc.

Let us abridge. Louis Bonaparte, in this document, confesses to *a hundred and ninety-one* assassinations.

Having recorded this inventory for what it is, we ask what is the total? What is the real number of the victims? How many corpses has the *coup d'état* of December scattered along its path? Who can tell? Who knows, — who shall ever know? As we have seen before, a witness deposes: "In that place I reckoned thirty-three bodies;" another, who was somewhere else on the boulevard, says: "We counted eighteen corpses in a length of twenty or twenty-five yards." Another, stationed at a different point, says: "There were more than sixty corpses within a length of sixty yards." The

writer, who was so long threatened with death, has himself said to us: "I saw with my own eyes more than eight hundred corpses along the boulevard." Now just try to compute the number of skulls and breasts shattered and riddled by grape-shot required "literally" to cover the boulevards with blood for considerably over a quarter of a mile. Do as the women did, do as the sisters, daughters, and despairing mothers did, — take a torch and go out into the night, grope along the ground, grope along the pavement, grope along the wall, pick up the dead bodies, question the spectres, and then reckon if you can.

The number of victims! We can only conjecture it. It is a question reserved for history; and that question we solemnly bind ourselves, as far as in us lies, to examine and to fathom later.

On the first day Louis Bonaparte made a public display of his massacre. We have said why. It was useful to him to do so. Having gained by this course of action all the advantage he desired, he then concealed it. Orders were given to the Elysian gazettes to be silent, to Magnan to omit, to the historiographers to ignore. The dead were buried after midnight, without torches, without funeral procession, without chant, without priest, by stealth. Families were forbidden to weep too loudly.

And the massacre of the boulevard was not the only one; there were others, — summary fusilades, unpublished executions.

One of the witnesses whom we have interrogated asked the major of the mobilized gendarmerie, which distinguished itself in these slaughters: "Now, what was the real number? Was it four hundred?" The man shrugged his shoulders. "Was it six?" He shook his head. "Was it eight?" "Put it at twelve hundred,"

returned the officer, " and you will not be still near the mark. "

At the present moment, no one knows exactly what the 2d of December is, what it has done, what it has dared, whom it has killed, entombed, and buried. Since the morning of the crime the printing-houses have been placed under seal, and free speech has been suppressed by Louis Bonaparte, the man of silence and of night. On the 2d, the 3d, the 4th, the 5th, and afterward, Truth was taken by the throat and strangled at the moment she was about to speak. She has not been able even to utter a cry. He has sought to enshroud his ambuscade in thicker darkness, and he has in part succeeded. Whatever be the efforts of history, the 2d of December will for a long time still, perhaps, be plunged in a species of awful twilight. This crime is composed of audacity and of shadow. On one side it parades cynically in the broad daylight; on the other, it steals away and vanishes in the fog; a malignant and hideous shape, a front of brass, hiding under its mantle monstrosities that are unknown.

What we get a glimpse of is enough for our purpose. On one particular side of the 2d of December all is darkness, but we see graves dimly in that darkness.

Under that greatest of crimes we have a confused perception of a crowd of others. Providence wills that this be so; it makes treasons dependent on necessities. Ah, you perjure yourself! Ah, you violate your oath, and bridle right and justice. So far so good! But now take a cord, for you shall be forced to strangle; take a dagger, for you shall be forced to stab; take a bludgeon, for you shall be forced to crush; take darkness and night, for you shall be forced to hide. One crime calls for another. Horror is full of logic. You cannot stop; you cannot halt in the middle of a footrace. Go on!

First this; very well. Now that, and now that other. Go on! go on always! The law is like the veil of the temple; when it is rent, it is rent from top to bottom.

Yes, we repeat, in what is styled "the act of the 2d of December" you find crime throughout the whole depth; perjury on the surface, assassination at the bottom; partial murders, wholesale slaughters, volleys of grape-shot in broad daylight, nocturnal fusilades, — from every part of the *coup d'état* arises a vapour of blood.

Look into the common graves of the cemeteries, search under the pavements of the streets, under the slopes of the Champs de Mars, under the trees of the public gardens, search the bed of the Seine. There are few revelations. It is easily understood why. Bonaparte has had the monstrous art of binding to himself a multitude of unhappy men in the official class by a frightful universal complicity, the nature of which words are powerless to reveal. The stamped papers of the magistrates, the inkstands of the recording-clerks, the cartridge-boxes of the soldiers, the prayers of the priests, are his accomplices. He has flung his crime around him as if it were a net, and in it he has caught prefects, mayors, judges, officers, and soldiers. This complicity gravitates from the general to the corporal, and soars again from the corporal to the president. The police-agent feels as much compromised as the minister. The gendarme, the muzzle of whose pistol has touched the ear of some unfortunate, and whose uniform has been daubed with brains, knows that he is as guilty as the colonel. Atrocious men on high have given orders which have been executed by ferocious men below. Ferocity keeps the secret of atrocity. Hence this hideous silence.

Between this ferocity and this atrocity there was even a rivalry and a struggle; what escaped the one was laid hold of by the other. The future will not believe in

these marvels of inhuman rage. A workman was passing over the Pont-du-Change, when he was stopped by some mobilized gendarmes. They smelled his hands. "Gunpowder," said a gendarme. The workman was shot. Four balls passed through his body. "Throw him into the water!" shouts a sergeant. The gendarmes took him by the head and feet and flung him over the bridge. The man, thus shot and drowned, floated down the stream. Yet he was not dead. The icy chill of the river revived him. He was incapable of making a movement; his blood spurted into the water through four holes, but his blouse held him up, and he came ashore under the arch of a bridge. There he was discovered by some wharf porters, picked up, and carried to the hospital. He was cured, and when cured, he left. The next day he was arrested and brought before a court-martial. Death had refused him, Louis Bonaparte has recaptured him. The man is to-day at Lambessa.

What the Champ de Mars, in particular, has seen, the awful nocturnal massacres that dismayed and dishonoured it, history cannot record as yet. Thanks to Louis Bonaparte, that august arena of the Federation may henceforth be called Haceldama. One of the miserable soldiers whom the Man of December transformed into executioners relates with horror and in a whisper that in a single night the number shot down was not less than eight hundred.

Louis Bonaparte has hastily dug a trench and flung his crime into it. A few shovelfuls of earth and the holy-water sprinkler of a priest, and there was nothing more to be said. Now the imperial carnival is dancing above it.

Is this, then, all? Is this, then, ended? Does God allow and accept such entombments as these? Do not believe it. Some day, under the feet of Bonaparte,

that trench shall open suddenly, and we shall see rise up one after another between the marble flagging of the Elysée or of the Tuileries every corpse with its wound, — the young man shot through the heart, the old man shaking his white head pierced by a ball, the sabred mother holding her slaughtered babe in her arms, — all standing livid and terrible, and fixing on their assassin their blood-shot eyes.

Waiting for that day, history begins your trial now, Louis Bonaparte. It throws aside your official list of the dead and your vouchers. History says that they lie and that you lie.

You have placed a bandage on the eyes of France and a gag in her mouth. Why? To accomplish loyal deeds? No, to commit crimes. He who is afraid of the light is doing evil.

You have fusiladed the people on the Champs de Mars, at the Prefecture, at the Palace of Justice, on the squares, on the quays, — everywhere.

You say, No; I say, Yes.

Considering what you are, to us belongs the right to conjecture, the right to suspect, the right to accuse. And when you deny, to us belongs the right to believe. Your disavowal adds force to our averment.

Your 2d of December is pointed at by the public conscience. No one thinks of it without a secret shudder. What have you been doing in that background of shadow?

Your days are hideous, your nights are under suspicion. Ah, man of darkness that you are!

Let us return to the massacre on the boulevard, to the words, "Let my orders be executed!" and to the events of the 4th.

On the evening of that day Louis Bonaparte must have drawn a parallel between himself and Charles X.,

who refused to burn Paris, and Louis Philippe, who refused to shed the blood of the people; and he must have done himself the justice of thinking that he was a great statesman. Some days after this, General Th—, formerly a member of the household of one of the sons of Louis Philippe, came to the Elysée. As soon as Louis Bonaparte saw him in the distance, drawing in his own mind the comparison we have just indicated, he cried out to the general, with an air of triumph: "Well?"

Monsieur Louis Bonaparte is truly the very person who said to a man who had been his minister, from whom we have the story: "If I had been Charles X., and if, in the days of July, I had taken Lafitte, Benjamin Constant, and Lafayette, I would have had them shot like dogs."

On the evening of the 4th of December Louis Bonaparte would have been torn from the Elysée, and the law would have triumphed, if he had been one of those men who hesitate before a massacre. Happily for him, he was not troubled by any such squeamish delicacy. What do a few dead bodies, more or less, matter? Forward! kill! kill at random, sabre, fusilade, cannonade, crush, mangle, strike terror into this hateful city of Paris! The *coup d'état* was tottering to its fall; this grand murder restored it. The felony of Louis Bonaparte all but ruined him; his ferocity saved him. If he had been only a Faliero, his destruction was inevitable; luckily, he was a Cæsar Borgia. He jumped with his crime into a river of blood. A less guilty man might have been drowned; he swam across safely. This is what is styled his success. To-day he is on the other shore, trying to wipe and dry himself, streaming with that blood which he takes for the purple, and claiming the empire.

CHAPTER II.

CONTINUATION OF THE CRIMES.

AND there stands the malefactor!

And would none applaud thee, O Truth, if before the eyes of Europe, the eyes of the world, in presence of the people, in the face of God, appealing to honour, to violated faith, to religion, to the sanctity of human life, the magnanimity of all souls, wives, sisters, mothers, to civilization and liberty, to the Republic and to France, — if before his lackeys, his Senate, his Council of State, his priests, and his police, thou, who dost represent the people, for the people is reality; thou, who dost represent intelligence, for intelligence is light; thou, who dost represent humanity, for humanity is reason, — if in the name of the people in bondage, in the name of intelligence proscribed, in the name of humanity, outraged, in presence of that heap of slaves who cannot or dare not say a word, — thou shouldst slap this brigand of order on the face?

Ah, let others search for moderate words. I am frank and harsh; I am without pity for that pitiless man, and I glory in this implacability.

Let us continue.

To what we have just related, add all the other crimes to which we shall have more than one opportunity of reverting, and which, if God spares us our life, we shall relate in detail. Add the incarcerations *en masse* accompanied by every circumstance of ferocity, the

prisons overflowing,[1] the sequestration of the goods of the proscribed in ten departments,[2] notably in the Nièvre, in the Allier, and in the Lower Alps; add the confiscation of the property of the Orleans family, a morsel of it being thrown to the clergy (Schinderhannes always took the part of the curé); add the Mixed Commissions, and the so-called Commission of Clemency;[3] the councils

[1] The "Bulletin des lois" publishes the following decree, dated the 27th of March: —

"*Whereas* the law of the 10th of May, 1838, which classes the ordinary expenses of the departmental prisons among those to be inscribed on the departmental budgets; *whereas* such is not the character of the expenses occasioned by the arrests which have taken place in consequence of the events of December; *whereas* the acts because of which these arrests have been multiplied are connected with a *plot against the safety of the State*, the repression of which concerned society at large, and because it is therefore just that the public treasury should be responsible for the excess of expenditure resulting from the *extraordinary increase* of prisoners, —

"Decrees: An extraordinary credit of 250,000 francs is opened at the Ministry of the Interior, on the funds of receipt and expenditure, to be applied to the payment of the expenses resulting from the arrests made in consequence of December."

[2] *Digne, Jan.* 5, 1852. The colonel commanding the state of siege in the Department of the Lower Alps, decrees: At ten days' notice, the goods of those charged with crime who have taken flight shall be sequestrated and administered by the director of the domains of the Department of the Lower Alps, in conformity with civil and military laws, etc. — FRIRION.

We might quote ten other decrees issued by the commandants of the state of siege of a similar character. The first of these malefactors who committed this crime of confiscation and who gave the example of this kind of decree is named Eynard. He is a general. On the 18th of December he placed the property of a certain number of citizens of Moulins under sequestration; "because," he said cynically, "*the examination begun* leaves no doubt as to the part they have taken *in the insurrection* and pillage of the Department of the Allier."

[3] The number of condemnations which have been confirmed (there is question here of transportations for the most part) up to the date of the reports is given below: —

By M. Canrobert	3,876
By M. Espinasse	3,625
By M. Quentin-Bauchard	1,634
Total	9,135

of war in conspiracy with the examining magistrates and multiplying abominations, exiles hurried off in batches, three thousand two hundred banished or deported from one department alone, the Herault; add that frightful proscription, worthy of comparison with the most tragic desolations of history, which, for a mere leaning, for an opinion, for an honest dissent from this government, for a word becoming a freeman spoken even before the 2d of December, takes, seizes, apprehends and drags the labourer from his field, the artisan from his trade, the proprietor from his house, the doctor from his patients, the notary from his study, the councillor-general from the people of his department, the judge from his tribunal, the husband from his wife, the brother from his brother, the father from his children. No one escapes. A man in rags, with a long beard, entered one morning my chamber in Brussels. "I am here at last," said he; "I travelled the whole way on foot; I have eaten nothing for the last two days." He was given some bread. When he had eaten I said to him:

"Where do you come from?"

"From Limoges."

"Why are you here?"

"I do not know. I have been hunted from my home."

"What are you?"

"I am a sabot-maker."

Add Africa, add Guiana, add the atrocities of Canrobert, the atrocities of Bertrand, the atrocities of Espinasse, the atrocities of Martimprey; the cargoes of women sent out by General Guyon; Representative Miot dragged from casemate to casemate; hovels, each containing a hundred and fifty human beings, under the sun of the tropics, promiscuously living amid filth and vermin, and where all these innocent creatures, all these patriots, all these honest people are dying, far from those dear to them, in fever, in

misery, wringing their hands in horror and despair. Add all those unfortunates surrendered to the gendarmes, tied two by two, packed in the orlops of the "Magellan," the "Canada," or the "Duguesclin," flung out at Lambessa, flung out at Cayenne with felons, without an idea of what their offence was, without being able to guess what they had done. For instance, Alphonse Lambert of the Indre, torn dying from his bed; Patureau Francœur, a vine-grower, deported because some people in his village wanted to make him a president of the Republic; Valette, a carpenter at Châteauroux, deported for having six months before the 2d of December, refused to erect the guillotine on the day a criminal was to be executed.

Add the hunt after men in the villages, the battue of Viroy in the mountains of Lure, the battue of Pellion in the woods of Clamecy with fifteen hundred men; order restored in Crest,— of the two thousand insurgents three hundred being killed; the movable columns everywhere, every one rising in defence of the law sabred and shot down. Charles Sauvan shouts "Vive la République" in Marseilles; a grenadier of the 54th fires on him; the bullet enters the loins and comes out through the belly. Another — Vincent, of Bourges — is deputy mayor of his commune; he protests as magistrate against the *coup d'état;* he is tracked to his village; he flies, and is pursued; one trooper cuts off two of his fingers with a sabre-stroke, another cleaves his skull; he falls; he is transported to the fort of Ivry before his wound is healed; he is an old man of seventy-six.

Add facts like those which follow. In the Cher, Representative Viguier is arrested. Arrested, why? Because he is a Representative, because he is inviolable, because the suffrage of the people has made him sacred. Viguier is thrown into prison. One day he is permitted to go out *for an hour* to regulate some matters that im-

periously demand his presence. Before leaving, two gendarmes, named Pierre Guéret and Dubernelle (the latter a non-commissioned officer) take hold of Viguier; the non-commissioned officer joins his two hands so that the palms touch, and binds the wrists tightly with a chain; the end of the chain was hanging; the officer passed it forcibly and repeatedly between the two hands of Viguier at the risk of breaking his wrists by the pressure. The hands of the prisoner became blue and swollen.

"You are, then, applying the torture to me," said Viguier, tranquilly.

"Hide your hands," replied the gendarme, with a grin, "if you are ashamed of them."

"Wretch!" returned Viguier. "It is thou, not I, whom this chain dishonours!"

And Viguier crossed the streets of Bourges in this fashion, where he has lived for thirty years, between two gendarmes, raising his hands and showing his chains. Representative Viguier is seventy years old.

Add the summary fusilades in twenty departments. "Every one resisting," writes Saint Arnaud, the Minister of War, "should be shot in the name of society acting in lawful defence."[1] "Six days have sufficed *to crush* the insurrection," announces General Levaillant, commanding the state of siege in the department of the Var. "I have made some good captures," writes Viroy from Saint Étienne. "I have had eight individuals shot on the spot; I am tracking the leaders in the woods." At Bordeaux, General Bourjoly orders the

[1] We give this odious dispatch as it is in the "Moniteur": —

"All armed insurrection has ceased in Paris owing to a vigorous repression. The same energy will have the same effect everywhere.

"Bands engaging in pillage, violation, and arson are thereby placed outside the law. With them there can be no parley or summons to disperse. They must be attacked and dispersed.

"All who resist must be SHOT, in the name of society acting in lawful defence."

chiefs of the movable columns "to have all persons taken with arms in their hands shot at once." At Forcalquier it is better still; the proclamation of the state of siege runs thus:—

"The town of Forcalquier is in state of siege. The citizens who have not taken part in the events of the day, but who withhold arms, are summoned to surrender them under penalty of being shot."

The movable column of Pézenas reaches Servian; a man tries to escape from a house surrounded; he is killed by a shot. At Entrain, eighty prisoners are made; one is escaping by swimming; he is fired on; the ball hits him, and he disappears under the water. The rest are shot down.

To these execrable deeds add these other infamous deeds. At Brioude, in the Upper Loire, a man and woman were thrown into prison for ploughing the field of a proscribed. At Loriol, in the Drôme, a field-keeper named Astier, was condemned to twenty years of hard labour for giving asylum to fugitives.

Add (and the pen trembles in writing this) the penalty of death restored, the political guillotine raised once more, and these horrible sentences, in virtue of which citizens are condemned to death on the scaffold by the janissary judges of the councils of war; at Clamecy, Milletot, Jouannin, Guillemot, Sabatier, and Four; at Lyons, Courty, Romegal, Bressieux, Fauritz, Julien, Roustain, and Garain, first assistant of the mayor of Clionscat; at Montpellier, seventeen for the affair of Bédarrieux, — Mercadier, Delpech, Denis, André, Barthez, Triadou, Pierre Carrière, Galzy, Calas (known as the Cow-herd), Gardy, Jacques Payès, Michel Hercule, Mar, Vène Frié, Malaterre, Beaumont, Pradal (the six last, fortunately for themselves, in a state of contumacy);

and at Montpellier four others,— Choumac, Vidal, Cadelard, and Pagés. What is the crime of these men? Their crime is yours, if you are a good citizen; it is mine also who write these lines, — it is obedience to Article X. of the Constitution; it is armed resistance to the outrage of Louis Bonaparte. The council " decrees that the execution take place *in the ordinary form* on one of the public squares of Beziers " for the last four, and for the seventeen others " on one of the public squares of Bédarrieux." The " Moniteur " so announces. It is true the " Moniteur " announces at the same time that the last ball of the Tuileries was arranged by three hundred stewards according to the rigorous etiquette prescribed by the ceremonial of the old imperial house! Unless a universal cry of horror arrest this man in time, all these heads shall fall.

At the very hour we are writing this, the following incident has just occurred at Belley: —

A workman named Charlet, from Bugez, near Belley, ardently supported the candidature of Louis Bonaparte on the 10th of December, 1848. He distributed voting papers, hawked pamphlets, propagated his opinions, and supported his favourite in every way. The election was for him a triumph; he placed his hopes in Louis Napoleon and took quite seriously the socialist writings of the man of Ham and his " humanitarian " and republican programmes. There were on the 10th of December many such honest dupes; to-day they are the most indignant of men. When Louis Bonaparte was in power, when they saw the man at his work, their illusions vanished. Charlet, being a man of intelligence, was one of those whose republican probity rose in revolt; and gradually, as Louis Bonaparte sank lower in presence of the reaction, Charlet separated from him; he thus passed from the most trustful adhesion to the most loyal and

vehement opposition. It is the history of many other noble hearts.

On the 2d of December Charlet did not hesitate. Brought face to face with that infamous act of Louis Bonaparte in which all the other outrages met, Charlet felt the law stir within him; he told himself it was his duty to be so much the more severe as he was one of those whose confidence had been most betrayed. He clearly understood that there was now but one duty for the citizen, — an imperative duty, and one inseparable from right, — to defend the Republic, to defend the Constitution, and to resist by all means the man whom the Left, and his own crime still more than the Left, had just outlawed. The refugees in Switzerland passed the frontier in arms, crossed the Rhone near Anglefort, and entered into the department of the Ain. Charlet joined them. At Seyssel the little band met the custom-house officers. The custom-house officers, voluntary or misled accomplices of the *coup d'état*, opposed their passage. An engagement resulted; an officer was slain, and Charlet was taken prisoner.

The *coup d'état* brought Charlet before a council of war. He was charged with the death of the officer, which after all was but an incident of the fight. In any case, Charlet was a stranger to this death. The custom-house officer fell pierced by a ball, and Charlet's sole weapon was a sharpened file. Charlet refused to acknowledge the competency of the group of men who pretended to try him. He said to them: "You are not judges; where is the law? It is on my side." He refused to answer. They questioned him on the circumstances attendant on the officer's death. With a word he could have cleared up the whole matter. But to condescend to an explanation would have been in a certain measure to accept this tribunal. He would not do so; he kept silence.

These men condemned him to death "according to the ordinary forms of criminal executions."

After the sentence was announced, he appeared to be forgotten; days, weeks, months, glided past. Everybody connected with the prison said to Charlet: "You are saved." On the 29th of June, at break of day, the town of Belley saw a doleful thing. The scaffold had sprung up from the earth during the night, and rose in the midst of the public square. The inhabitants approached one another with pallid faces, and the question ran from lip to lip, —

"Have you seen what is in the square?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

It was for Charlet.

The sentence of death had been reported to Monsieur Bonaparte; it had long slept in the Elysée. People there had other things to think of; but one fine morning, after seven months, when no one was thinking either of the engagement of Seyssel, or of the killed officer, or of Charlet, Monsieur Bonaparte, having need probably of putting something between the *fête* of the 10th of May and the *fête* of the 15th of August, signed the order of execution.

On the 29th of June, then, hardly a few days ago, Charlet was drawn from his prison. He was told he was going to die. He continued calm. A man who is at one with justice does not fear death, for he feels that in him are two things, — the body which may be killed, and justice, whose arms are not bound and whose head does not fall under the knife. They wished to persuade Charlet to ride in the cart. "No," he said to the gendarmes, "I will go on foot; I can walk. I am not afraid." There was a great crowd on his passage. Everybody in the town knew him and loved him; his

friends sought his eyes. Charlet, with his arms tied behind his back, saluted those on his right and left by a movement of the head. "Adieu, Jacques! adieu, Pierre!" he would say with a smile. "Adieu, Charlet!" they answered, and all wept. The gendarmerie and soldiers of the Line surrounded the scaffold. He mounted it with a slow and firm step. When the crowd saw him standing on the scaffold, there was a protracted groan; the women uttered cries, the men clinched their fists. When they were tying him on the plank he looked up at the knife and said, "When I think I have been a Bonapartist!" then raising his eyes to heaven, he cried, "Vive la République!" A moment afterwards his head fell.

There was mourning in Belley and in all the villages of the Ain. "How did he die?" people asked. "Bravely!" "God be praised!"

It is in this fashion that a man has just been slain. Thought gives way and plunges into horror in presence of so monstrous a deed. This crime added to the other crimes completes them and seals them with a sort of sinister seal. It is more than the complement, it is the crowning. We feel that now Monsieur Bonaparte must be content. To shoot during the night, in darkness, in solitude, on the Champ de Mars, under the arches of the bridges, behind a deserted wall, unknown persons, mere shadows; to shoot them at random, with such carelessness that their numbers are not even guessed at; to have persons whose names are buried in oblivion slain by his myrmidons who are equally nameless, — and to have all this go on in the dusk, in mystery and shadow, is on the whole not very satisfactory to one's self-love. The person who does these things in this manner looks as if he were trying to hide, and, in good truth, he does hide. This is a rather commonplace proceeding. Scru-

pulous people have the right to say to you: "You see well that you are afraid; you would not dare to do those things in public; you recoil before your own actions." To a certain degree these people seem to think soundly. To massacre people in the night is a violation of all laws, human and divine, but it is not sufficiently insolent. The individual accomplishing this does not feel triumphant after it is done. Something better is possible.

The broad daylight, the public square, the legal scaffold, the regular apparatus of society's vengeance on the law-breaker, — ah, to deliver the innocent to this, to slay them in this manner, is quite another thing! This is what I like to hear about! To commit a murder in full noon in the beautiful centre of the town, by means of a machine called a "tribunal" or "council of war," by means of another machine slowly built by a carpenter, fitted up, jointed, screwed, and greased at your leisure; to say, "It shall be at such an hour;" to bring two baskets, and say, "This will be for the body, and this for the head;" when the hour has come, to lead the victim to the spot, tied with cords and supported by a priest; to proceed to this murder with calmness, see that a proper report is drawn up by a clerk, that gendarmes with naked swords encompass the murder so that the people standing there may shudder and no longer know what they are looking at, and doubt whether these men in uniform are a brigade of gendarmerie or a band of brigands, and ask themselves as they gaze on the man who lets the knife fall, whether he is the executioner and not rather an assassin! — to do all this is truly something that shows boldness and firmness; it is a parody of the legal fact altogether, shameless, and very enticing, and well worth the trouble of being executed; it is a large and splendid slap on the face of justice; it is just the thing!

Then to do this seven months after the struggle, coldly, uselessly, as an omission atoned for, as a duty accomplished, is horrible, is perfect; there is an air of one's being in his right about it that completely disconcerts consciences, and makes honest folk shudder.

There is here a terrible comparison that sums up the whole situation. We have here two men, — a workman and a prince. The prince commits a crime, — he enters the Tuileries; the workman does his duty, — he mounts the scaffold. And who erects the scaffold for the workman? It is the prince.

Yes, this man who if he had been vanquished in December would have escaped the penalty of death only because of the omnipotence of progress and by an extension (most undoubtedly too generous in this case) of the principle of the inviolability of human life, — this man, this Louis Bonaparte, this prince who carries the methods of the Poulmanns and Soufflards into politics, — it is this man who rebuilds the scaffold! And he does not tremble! he does not grow pale! he does not feel that it is a fatal ladder, — that you may raise it up, but that once risen you are no longer at liberty to throw it down, and that he who erects it for others finds later that he has erected it for himself: it recognizes him and says, "Thou hast placed me here; I have waited for thee." No, this man does not reason; he has needs, caprices, and they must be gratified; he has the hankerings of the dictator. Omnipotence would be insipid if it could not be seasoned in this fashion. "Well, then, cut me off the head of Charlet and the heads of others!" Monsieur Bonaparte is Prince President of the French Republic; Monsieur Bonaparte has sixteen millions a year, (forty-four thousand francs a day), twenty-four cooks for his personal service, and as many *aides-de-camp;* he has his hunting and fishing rights over the forests of Laigne,

Ourscamp, and Carlemont; the ponds of Saclay and Saint-Quentin, and the woods of Champagne and Barbeau; he has the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Elysée, Rambouillet, Saint-Cloud, Versailles, Compiègne; he has his imperial box at all the plays, *fête* and banquet and music every day; he has the smile of M. Sibour and the arm of Mylady the Marchioness of Douglas to enter the ball-room. All this, however, did not content him; the guillotine was a further necessity for him. Among his baskets of champagne he desired to find some of those red baskets as well.

Oh, let us hide our faces with both our hands! This man, this hideous butcher of right and justice, had still the leather apron over his belly, had his hands in the smoking bowels of the Constitution and his feet in the blood of all the slaughtered laws, when you, judges, magistrates, men of law, men of right — But I stop here; I shall find you later on, with your black robes and your red robes, your robes the colour of ink and your robes the colour of blood; and I shall find also your chiefs, whom I have chastised already and intend still further to chastise, — those juridical bullies of the ambuscade, those prostitutes, Baroche, Suin, Royer, Mongis, Rouher, Troplong, — deserters of the laws; all those names which no longer express aught except the quantity of contempt possible to man!

And if he has not sawed his victims between two planks like Christiern II; if he has not buried people alive like Ludovico the Moor; if he has not built the walls of his palace with living men and stones like Timur-Beg, who was born, they say, with his hands closed and full of blood; if he has not opened the womb of pregnant women like Cæsar, Duke of Valentinois; if he has not strappadoed women by their breasts, *testibusque viros*, like Ferdinand of Toledo; if he has not

broken men alive on the wheel, burned them alive, boiled them alive, flayed them alive, crucified, empaled, and quartered them, — if he has not done all this, do not blame him, it is not his fault; it is because the age is obstinately opposed to such courses. He has done all that was humanly or inhumanly possible. Given the nineteenth century, — a century of softness, a century of decadence, as say the Absolutists and Papists, — and Louis Bonaparte has equalled his contemporaries Haynau, Radetzky, Filangeri, Schwartzenberg, and Ferdinand of Naples, and has even surpassed them. A rare merit of his is that the scene took place in France, which was for him a difficulty the more. Let us do him this justice: in the time in which we live, Ludovico Sforza, the Valentinois, the Duke of Alba, Timur, and Christiern II. would not have done more than Louis Bonaparte; in their age he would have done all they did; in ours, the very moment they attempted to construct and rear their gibbets, their wheels, their wooden horses, their strappado-cranes, their living towers, their crosses and their stakes, they would be stopped as well as he, in spite of themselves and without their knowledge, by the secret and invincible resistance of their moral environment, by the invisible force of progress accomplished, by the formidable and mysterious refusal of a whole century rising north, south, east, and west around tyrants, and saying to them, —

"No!"

CHAPTER III.

WHAT 1852 WOULD HAVE BEEN.

BUT supposing this 2d of December had not occurred, "necessary" as it was, according to the accomplices and their dupes subsequently, what would have taken place in France? Great heavens! this simply.

Let us go some steps backward and recall briefly the situation as it was before the *coup d'état.* The party of the past, under the name of order, resisted the Republic,— in other words, resisted the future. Oppose it or not, consent to it or not, leaving all illusion aside, the Republic is the future, far or near,— the inevitable future of nations.

How shall this Republic be established? It can be established in two ways,— by strife or by progress. The democrats would have it by progress; their adversaries, the men of the past, would seem to wish to have it by strife.

As we have just recalled, the men of the past resist. They resist obstinately; they strike the tree with their axes, and fancy they can arrest the course of the ascending sap. They are lavish of their strength, their childishness, and their rage.

Let no bitter word be flung at our old adversaries, fallen the same day as ourselves, and many fallen with honour, let us confine ourselves to the statement that the majority of the Legislative Assembly of France from

the first days of its installation, from the month of May, 1849, had entered on this strife.

This policy of resistance is a fatal policy. This wrestling of man with God is necessarily vain; but null as to result, it is fruitful in catastrophes. What ought to be shall be, what ought to flow must flow, what ought to fall must fall, what ought to be born must be born, what ought to grow must grow; but place an obstacle in the way of these natural laws, trouble arises, disorder begins. And the sad thing is that this disorder has been called order.

Tie up a vein, you become sick; dam a river, you have an inundation; bar the future, you have revolutions. Preserve with obstinate determination in your midst, as if it were alive, the part which is dead, and you produce a sort of moral cholera. Corruption spreads around; it is in the air,— you breathe it. Entire classes of society, functionaries, for example, fall into rottenness. Keep the dead bodies in your houses, and a plague will burst forth.

From a kind of fatality this policy blinds those who practise it. Those men calling themselves statesmen cannot understand that they, with their own hands, with great toil and with the sweat of their brows, have themselves produced those terrible events which they lament, and that those catastrophes which overwhelm them have been constructed by them. What would be said of the peasant who made a weir from one bank to the other of a river in front of his cabin, and who, when the river, having become a torrent, casts down his dike, overflows its banks, and carries away his roof, should say, "Wicked river!" The statesmen of the past, those grand constructors of dikes across currents, spend their time in crying, "Wicked people!" Take away Polignac and the ordinances of July,— that is to say, the dike,—

and Charles X. would have died in the Tuileries. Reform the electoral law in 1847, — that is to say again, take away the dike, — and Louis Philippe would have died on the throne.

Do I mean to say that the Republic would not have come? No. The Republic, we repeat, is the future. It would have come, but step by step, progress by progress, conquest by conquest, — as a river that flows, and not as a deluge that devastates; it would have come at its hour, when everything had been made ready to receive it; it would have come, not certainly with more vitality, for now it is indestructible, but with more tranquillity, without a possible reaction, without princes waylaying it, without a *coup d'état* behind it.

The policy of resistance to the movement of humanity excels — let us insist on this point — in creating artificial cataclysms. Thus it succeeded in making of the year 1852 a formidable eventuality, and this always by the same method, — by means of a dike. A train is going to pass over yonder railway in an hour: throw a beam across the rails; when the train reaches that point it will be crushed to pieces; you will have Fampoux. Take away the beam before the arrival of the train: the travellers are carried through without even suspecting that there was any danger there. This beam is the law of the 31st of May. The leaders of the majority of the Assembly had flung it across 1852, crying, "It is there! society will be crushed!" The Left said to them: "Take away the beam! take away the beam! let universal suffrage pass over freely!" This is the whole history of the law of the 31st of May. There are things which a child might understand, and which the "statesmen" do not understand.

Now to answer the question we proposed a moment ago: "But for the 2d of December, what would have

taken place in 1852?" Suppress the law of the 31st of May; take from the people its dike; take from Bonaparte his lever, his arm, his pretext; let universal suffrage alone; take the beam from the rails, — do you know what would have happened in 1852?

Nothing. Some elections. A few calm Sundays on which the people would have come to vote; yesterday toilers, to-day electors, to-morrow toilers, always sovereign.

But the retort comes: "Yes, elections! You speak of them at your ease. But what about the 'Red Chamber' that would spring out of these elections?" Was it not proclaimed that the constituant of 1848 would be a "Red Chamber"? Red Chambers, red ogres, — all these predictions have their value. Those who parade these fantastic apparitions before the scared inhabitants of the rural districts know perfectly what they are doing, and laugh behind the horrible rag they wave. Under the long scarlet robe of the phantom to which the name "1852" has been given, it is easy to recognize the heavy boots of the *coup d'état.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE JACQUERIE.

HOWEVER, after the 2d of December, — the crime being finished and done with, — it became necessary that public opinion should be put on the wrong scent. The *coup d'état* at once set about crying, " Stop the Jacquerie ! " like the assassin who cried, " Stop thief ! "

Let us add that a *Jacquerie* had been promised, and Monsieur Bonaparte could not, without some inconvenience, fail in all his promises at the same time. What was the " red spectre" if not the *Jacquerie ?* Some reality must be given to this spectre. It was absolutely necessary. You cannot abruptly break out into a roar of laughter in presence of the whole people and say, " There was nothing the matter ! I have the whole time been making you afraid of yourselves. "

There has, then, been a *Jacquerie.* The promises of the proclamation have been kept. The set around Louis Bonaparte gave their imaginations full scope ; the terrors of the nursery were exhumed, and more than one child on reading a newspaper must have been able to recognize the ogre of our worthy old friend Perrault disguised as a socialist. Implications and inventions became the order of the day. As the press was done away with, the thing became very simple : to lie is easy when you have previously torn out the tongue of the person lied to. The cry was : " Look out, *bourgeois !* Had it not been for

us, you would have been ruined. We mowed you down with grape-shot, but it was for your good. Consider, the Lollards were at your gates, the Anabaptists were scaling your walls, the Hussites were knocking against your Venetian blinds, the lean ones were climbing your stairs, the empty bellies had an eye to your dinner. Look out! Have not Mesdames your wives been a trifle violated by them?"

One of the chief editors of "La Patrie" (his name is Froissard) has been given leave to write up the subject:

"I would not dare to write or relate the horrible and unseemly acts they did to the ladies. But among the other licentious and villainous deeds, they killed a knight and put him on a spit, and turned him before the fire and roasted him before his lady and children. After ten or twelve had forced and violated the lady, they tried to make her and the children eat of the knight by force; and then they killed them, and made them die a miserable death.

"These wicked people robbed and burned everything, and killed and forced and violated all dames and maids without pity and without mercy, like mad dogs.

"In like manner people of the same class maintained themselves between Paris and Noyon, and between Paris and Soissons, and Ham and Vermandois, throughout the entire land of Coucy. The great violators and malefactors were there; but in the county of Valois, in the bishoprics of Laon, of Soisson, and of Noyon, more than a hundred castles and good houses of knights and squires were destroyed: and they killed and robbed whatever they found. But God by his grace brought such remedy to this that much ought we to thank him therefor."

Monseigneur the Prince President has only taken the place of God. It was the least that could be expected.

To-day, after eight months have passed, we know the real meaning of this *Jacquerie;* the facts have at last

become clear. Where? How? Before the tribunals of Monsieur Bonaparte himself. The sub-prefects whose wives had been violated had never been married; the curés who had been roasted alive and whose hearts had been eaten by the *Jacques* have written that they are in very fair health; the gendarmes around whose dead bodies they danced came afterward to give their evidence before the councils of war; the public money-boxes which were pillaged have since been found in the hands of Monsieur Bonaparte, who has "saved" them; the famous deficit of five thousand francs at Clamecy has been reduced to two hundred francs expended for loaves of bread. An official publication said on the 8th of December: "The curé, the mayor, and the sub-prefect of Joigny and several gendarmes have been massacred in a cowardly manner." Some one has answered this in a letter given to the public: "Not a drop of blood was shed in Joigny; the life of nobody was threatened." Who is the author of this letter? This same mayor of Joigny *massacred in a cowardly manner!* M. Henri de Lacratelle, from whom an armed band extorted two thousand francs in his château of Cormantin, is astounded up to the present hour, not at the extortion but at the invention. M. de Lamartine, whom another band wished to sack and probably treat *à la lanterne*, and whose château of Saint-Point was burned down, and who had written to demand the protection of the "government," learned of the thing through the journals.

The following paper was produced before the council of war of the Nièvre, presided over by ex-Colonel Martimprey: —

ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Probity is the virtue of republicans.
Every robber and plunderer shall be shot.

Every withholder of arms, who in twelve hours does not deposit them at the mayoralty, or who does not return them, shall be arrested and detained until further orders.

Every drunken citizen shall be disarmed and imprisoned.

Long live the Social Republic.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE.

CLAMECY, 7th of December, 1851.

What we have just been reading is the proclamation of the *Jacques*. "Death to pillagers! Death to thieves!" such is the cry of these pillagers and thieves. One of these *Jacques* named Gustave Verdun-Lagarde, of Lot-et-Garonne, died in exile at Brussels on the 1st of May, 1852, leaving a hundred thousand francs to his native town to found a school of agriculture. This communistic "sharer" (*partageux*) has shared indeed!

There has not been, then, a *Jacquerie;* and the honest sharpers of the *coup d'état* are the first to acknowledge this among themselves, with an amiable enjoyment of the fact. Yes, it is true there was no *Jacquerie;* but it served their turn.

There was in the departments what there was in Paris, — a legal resistance; the resistance prescribed for citizens by Article 110 of the Constitution, and by that which is above the Constitution, by natural right. There has been legitimate defence (this time the word is in its proper place) against the "saviours;" there has been the struggle of men armed by the law and by the right against the infamous insurrection of power. The Republic, surprised by an ambuscade, and the *coup d'etat* have collared each other. That is the whole. Twenty-seven departments arose. The Ain, the Aude, the Cher, the Bouches-du-Rhone, the Côte d'Or, the Upper Garonne, the Lot-et-Garonne, the Loiret, the Marne, the Meurthe, the Nord, the Lower Rhine, the Rhone, and Seine-et-Marne have nobly done their duty; the Lower

Alps, the Aveyron, the Drôme, the Gard, the Gers, the Hérault, the Jura, the Nièvre, the Puy-de-Drôme, the Saône-et-Loire, the Var, and the Vaucluse have acted fearlessly. They succumbed as well as in Paris. The *coup d'état* was as ferocious there as it was at Paris. We have just cast a summary glance over these crimes.

It was this resistance, at once legal, constitutional, and virtuous, — this resistance in which all the heroism was on the side of the citizens, and all the atrocity on the side of power, — it was this resistance which the *coup d'état* has called the *Jacquerie.* But let us repeat, a little of the " red spectre " was useful. This *Jacquerie* had two ends; it served in two ways the policy of the Elysée; it offered a double advantage. On one side it forced an affirmative vote on the question of the plebiscit; to force a vote under the sabre and in face of the spectre; to suppress the intelligent, to frighten the credulous; terror for one, fear for the other, as we shall explain later on, — all the success and all the secret of the vote of the 2d of December lie in this. The other end was to give a pretext for proscriptions. 1852 did not, then, contain in itself any real danger. The law of the 31st of May, killed morally, was dead before the 2d of December. A new Assembly, a new President, the Constitution purely and simply put in practice, and some elections, — nothing more. Take away Monsieur Bonaparte, and you had 1852. But it was necessary for Monsieur Bonaparte to go; that was the difficulty, and from that came the catastrophe.

And so one fine morning this man took the Constitution, the Republic, the law, and France by the throat; he gave the future an assassin-stab in the back; he trampled under his feet right, common-sense, justice, reason, and liberty; he arrested men who were inviolable, he sequestrated men who were innocent, he banished men who were illustrious; he seized the people in the

person of its Representatives; he raked the boulevards of Paris; he made his cavalry plunge about in the blood of old men and women; he shot down *sans sommation*, he fusiladed without sentence; he filled Mazas, the Conciergerie, Sainte-Pélagie, Vincennes, the forts, the cells, the casemates, and the dungeons with prisoners and the graveyards with corpses; he put in Saint-Lazare the woman who brought bread to her concealed husband, and sent to the galleys for twenty years the man who gave shelter to an outlaw; he tore all codes and violated all mandates; he caused thousands of the deported to rot in the horrible holds of the prison ships; he sent to Lambessa and Cayenne a hundred and fifty children from twelve to fifteen years old. He, who was more grotesque than Falstaff, has become more terrible than Richard III.; and all this for what? Because, as he says, "there was a plot against his power;" because the year that was closing had a traitorous understanding with the year that was opening, for his overthrow; because Article 45 had a perfidious arrangement with the calendar to thrust him out; because the second Sunday of May would "depose" him; because his oath had the audacity to plot his downfall; because his word of honour conspired against him! The day after his triumph he is reported to have said: "The second Sunday of May is dead." No! it is probity that is dead, it is honour that is dead, it is the name of the Emperor that is dead!

How the man who lies in Saint-Jérôme Chapelle must start, and what despair must be his! For now unpopularity mounts around that great figure, and it is this fatal nephew who has placed the ladder! And now the great memories are all effaced and all the evil ones return. Men dare speak no longer of Jena, of Marengo, of Wagram. Of what do they speak? Of the Duc d'Enghien, of Jaffa, of the 18th Brumaire. The hero is forgotten, and only the despot is visible. Caricature is

already beginning to take liberties with the profile of Cæsar. And then what a personage beside him! There are already people who confound the uncle with the nephew, to the joy of the Elysée and the shame of France. The counterfeit passes as the head of the family. Alas! This immense stain could alone sully that immense splendour! Yes, worse than Hudson Lowe! Hudson Lowe was but a jailer; Hudson Lowe was but an executioner. The man who really assassinates Napoleon is Louis Bonaparte. Lowe killed his life; Louis Bonaparte kills his glory.

Ah, the wretch! he takes everything, uses everything, soils and dishonours everything. He selects for his ambuscade the very month, the very day, of Austerlitz. He returns from Satory as if he was returning from Aboukir. He draws out from the 2d of December some bird of night and perches it on the banner of France and says, "Soldiers, behold the eagle!" He borrows from Napoleon his hat, and from Murat his plume. He has his imperial etiquette, his chamberlains, his *aides-de-camp*, his courtiers. Under the empire they were kings; under him they are lackeys. He too has his own policy, his own 13th Vendémiaire, his own 18th Brumaire. He draws a parallel between himself and his uncle. At the Elysée Napoleon the Great has vanished. They say: "Napoleon the uncle? The Man of Destiny is a by-gone Geronte. The perfect one is not the first, but the last. It is evident the first came only to make the bed of the second." Louis Bonaparte, surrounded with valets and prostitutes, fits to the needs of his table and his bed the coronation and anointing, the Legion of Honour, the Boulogne Camp, the Vendôme Column, Lodi, Arcola, Saint-Jean d'Acre, Eylau, Friedland, Champaubert. Ah, Frenchmen! gaze on that hog, covered with mud, rolling on the lion's skin!

BOOK V.

PARLIAMENTARISM.

CHAPTER I.

1789.

ONE day sixty-three years ago, the French people, owned by one family for eight hundred years; oppressed by the barons up to Louis XI., and by the parliaments since Louis XI., — that is to say, to use the sincere expression of a great lord of the eighteenth century, "eaten up first by the wolves, and then by the lice;" penned up in provinces, in castilanies, in bailiwicks, in seneschal jurisdictions; exploited, squeezed, overtasked, overtaxed, flayed, shaved, misused, abused at mercy; fined indefinitely for the good pleasure of its masters; governed, led, driven, overdriven, dragged, tortured; scourged, and branded with a hot iron for an oath; sent to the galleys for a rabbit killed on the king's lands; hanged for stealing five sous; furnishing its millions to Versailles and its skeleton to Montfaucon; loaded down by prohibitions, by ordinances, patents, letters-royal, fiscal edicts, rural edicts, laws, codes, and customs; crushed by gabelles, aids, quit-rents, mortmains, dues, acsises,[1] excises, tithes, tolls, corvées, and bankruptcies; beaten with a stick which was called a

[1] Taxes on necessaries.

sceptre; sweating, suffering, moaning, marching always; crowned indeed, but on its knees; a beast of burden rather than a nation, — this French people on a sudden raised its head, determined to become human, and set about asking an account from the monarchy, an account from Providence, and liquidating its eight centuries of misery.

It was a great effort.

CHAPTER II.

MIRABEAU.

A VAST hall was chosen, and benches were placed around it; then some planks were taken, and with these planks a sort of platform was erected in the centre of this hall. When the platform was finished, all that at that time was styled the nation, — namely the clergy in their red and violet soutanes, the *noblesse* adorned with their white plumes, with swords at their sides, and the *bourgeoisie* clad in black, — came and sat down on the benches. Hardly were all seated when an extraordinary figure was seen to mount the platform and draw himself up thereon.

"Who is that monster?" said some.

"Who is that giant?" said others.

This was a singular being, unexpected and unknown, abruptly risen from the darkness, at once frightful and fascinating; a hideous malady made his head seem somewhat like a tiger's; all kinds of ugliness appeared to have been branded on this face, which was also marked by all kinds of vices. Like the *bourgeoisie*, he was clad in black; that is to say, in mourning. His tawny eye threw its dazzling flashes over the Assembly, with a semblance of reproach and of menace; all observed him with a sort of curiosity mingled with horror. He raised his hand, — there was silence.

Then from that distorted face came sublime words. It was the voice of the new world speaking through the

mouth of the old. It was '89 standing erect, and questioning, accusing, and denouncing to God and men the fatal dates of the monarchy. It was the past, an august spectacle, — the past bruised by chains, branded on the shoulder, a slave of old, a felon of old; the unhappy past calling with loud cries on the future, the liberating future. Such was this unknown, and this was what he did on that platform. At his words, which at moments became the roar of the thunder, prejudices, fictions, abuses, superstitions, errors, intolerance, ignorance, infamous fiscalities, barbarous penalties, decaying authorities, worm-eaten magistracies, rotten laws, — all that which was destined to perish felt a trembling, and that the crumbling of these things had begun. This formidable apparition has left a name in the memory of men. He should have been called the Revolution; he is called MIRABEAU.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIBUNE.

ON the day when that man set his foot on that platform, the platform was transfigured; the French tribune was founded.

The French tribune! A book were needed to tell all that word contains. The French tribune! — it has been for sixty years the open mouth of the human mind, — of the human mind saying all, blending and combining all, fructifying all; the good and the evil, the true and the false, the just and the unjust, the high and the low, the horrible and the beautiful, dream and reality; passion, reason, love, hatred, matter, the ideal. But its sublime and eternal task is that it makes right, or order, to draw day from it, chaos to draw life from it, the Revolution to draw the Republic from it.

What has passed on that tribune, what it has seen, what it has done, what tempests have assailed it, what events it has begotten, what men have shaken it with their clamours, what men have consecrated it by their words, is it possible to recount? After Mirabeau were Vergniaud, Camille Desmoulins, Saint-Just, that austere young man; Danton, that gigantic tribune; Robespierre, that incarnation of the immense and terrible year. There were heard those fierce interruptions: "Ah, indeed! so you will cut off my words to-day?" exclaimed an orator of the Convention. "Ay," answered a voice, "and your neck to-morrow!" And those superb apos-

trophes: "Minister of Justice," said General Foy to an unjust keeper of the seals, "I condemn you on leaving this enclosure to gaze on the statue of L'Hôpital!" There, as we lately remarked, all was defended, — the bad causes as well as the good; the good only have been won finally. There, in presence of resistances, of denials, of obstacles, those who wished the future as well as those who wished the past lost patience; there it befell truth to become violent, and falsehood to become furious; there all extremes surged. On this tribune the guillotine had its orator, — Marat; and the Inquisition also, — Montalembert. Terrorism in the name of public safety, terrorism in the name of Rome, — poison in these two mouths, anguish in the auditory. When one spoke, you thought you saw the gliding of the knife; when the other spoke, you thought you heard the crackling of the fagots. There all parties combated, — all with fury, some with glory. There the royal power violated popular right in the person of Manuel, who became august for history in virtue of this violation. There appeared, disdaining the past which yet they served, two melancholy old men, — Royer-Collard, lofty honesty; Châteaubriand, intense genius. There Thiers (adroitness) wrestled with Guizot (strength). There men intermingled, came into collision, fought one another, brandished evidence as if it were a sword. There, for more than a quarter of a century, all hatreds, rages, egotisms, impostures, and superstitions howled and hissed and barked and reared and writhed, always shouting the same calumnies, always showing the same clinched fist, spitting since Christ the same saliva, whirling like a tempest cloud around thy face serene, O Truth!

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORATORS.

ALL this was living, ardent, fruitful, tumultuous, and great. And when every question had been pleaded, debated, scrutinized, explored, sounded, defended, and attacked, what issued from the chaos? Ever some spark of flame. What issued from the cloud? Always light. All the tempest could do was to shake the ray and turn it to lightning. There, on that tribune, all questions were proposed, analyzed, enlightened and almost always resolved, — questions of credit, questions of labour, questions of circulation, questions of wages, questions of State, questions of territory, questions of peace, questions of war. There was pronounced for the first time that phrase in which was contained an entire new society, — "The Rights of Man." There was heard ringing during fifty years the anvil on which the hammers of superhuman forgers forged pure ideas, — ideas, those swords of the people, those lances of justice, those armours of right. There all those whose breasts were nurseries of the sacred flame, penetrated on a sudden by sympathetic influences, like live coals that redden in the wind, — powerful advocates like Ledru-Rollin and Berryer; great historians, like Guizot; great poets, like Lamartine, — became immediately and naturally great orators.

This tribune was a place of strength and virtue. It saw everything, it inspired everything; and from its strength and from its virtue emanated, as we would will-

ingly believe, all devotions, all abnegations, all energies, all intrepid deeds. As to ourselves, we honour courage everywhere, even in the ranks of our antagonists. On a certain day the tribune was enveloped in shadow; it looked as if a chasm was formed around it. From that shadow a sound like the roar of the sea burst forth, and suddenly from that livid night a pike appeared, near the marble rim on which the strong hand of Danton was tightly pressed, and on it a severed head. Boissy d'Anglas saluted that head. That day was a day of menace.

But the people do not overthrow the tribune; the tribune belongs to the people, and the people know this. Place a tribune in the centre of the world, and before long in every corner of the earth, the Republic will rise. The tribune shines for the people, and the people are not ignorant that it does so. Sometimes the tribune infuriates the people, who foam with rage, who beat on it with their waves and even cover it, as on the 15th of May, then draw back majestically like the ocean and leave it standing, as the lighthouse. To overthrow tribunes would be madness in the people; but for tyrants it is a profitable task. Once the people rose, irritated and indignant. Some generous error had taken hold of them, some illusion led them astray; they mistook the meaning of a fact, an act, a measure, a law; they had become wrathful; they had lost that superb calm which is the resting-place of force; they flocked to all the public squares with low and menacing murmurs and terrific bounds; they had become a riot, an insurrection, civil war, a revolution perhaps. The tribune was there. A beloved voice arose and said to the people: "Stop, consider, listen, judge!" *Si forte virum quem conspexere, silent,* — this was true in Rome; it is true in Paris. The people became still.

O Tribune! pedestal of strong men! from thee have

issued forth eloquence, law, authority, patriotism, devotion, and great thoughts, — those curbs of nations, those muzzles of lions. For sixty years all intellectual natures, every quality of mind, and every species of genius have uttered their thoughts on this the most resounding spot on earth. From the first Constituent Assembly to the last, from the first Legislative Assembly to the last, through the Convention, the Councils, and the Chamber, reckon up the men if you can! It would be an enumeration of Homer. Follow the series. How many figures that contrast, from Danton to Thiers! How many figures that are like, from Barrère to Baroche, from Lafayette to Cavaignac! To the names we have already mentioned, — Mirabeau, Vergniaud, Danton, Saint-Just, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, Manuel, Foy, Royer-Collard, Châteaubriand, Thiers, Guizot, Ledru-Rollin, Berryer, Lamartine, — add these names also; names belonging to men widely apart and sometimes hostile; scholars, artists, statesmen, warriors, lawyers, democrats, monarchists, liberals, socialists, republicans; all famous, some illustrious, having each his own peculiar halo, — Barnave, Cazalès, Maury, Mounier, Thouret, Chapelier, Pétion, Buzot, Brissot, Sieyès, Condorcet, Chénier, Carnot, Lanjuinais, Pontécoulant, Cambacérès, Talleyrand, Foutanes, Benjamin Constant, Casimir Périer, Chauvelin, Voyer d'Argenson, Lafitte, Dupont (de l'Eure), Camille Jordan, Lainé, Fitz James, Bonald, Villèle, Martignac, Cuvier, Villemain, the two Lameths, the two Davids (the painter in '93, the sculptor in '48), Lamarque, Mauguin, Odillon Barrot, Arago, Garnier-Pagès, Louis Blanc, Marc Dufraisse, Lamennais, Emile de Girardin, Lamoricière, Dufaure, Crémieux, Michel (de Bourges), Jules Favre. What talents, what diversified aptitudes! what services rendered! what a struggle of all realities with all errors! what teeming brains! what an expenditure (and all to the profit of progress) of

knowledge, philosophy, passion, conviction, experience, sympathy, eloquence! what a genial warmth spread around! what an immense trail of light! And we do not name all. To use an expression borrowed from ourselves, "We pass over even the best." We have not noticed that valiant legion of young orators which started up among the Left in these last years, — Arnauld (de l'Ariége), Bancel, Chauffour, Pascal Duprat, Esquiros, De Flotte, Farconnet, Victor Hennequin, Madier de Montjau, Morellet, Noël Parfait, Pelletier, Sain, Versigny.

Let us insist on this: Beginning with Mirabeau, there has been in the world, in the fellowship of humanity, in civilization, a culminating point, a central spot, a hearth, a summit. This summit was the French tribune, — that admirable starting-point of the nations marching on, that dazzling pinnacle in peaceful times, that beacon in the obscurity of catastrophes. From the extremities of the intelligent universe the people fixed their eyes on that height whence the human mind radiated. When some sudden cloud enveloped them they heard from there a great voice, which spoke to them in the shadow, — "Admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras," a voice that suddenly, like that of chanticleer announcing the dawn, like the cry of the eagle calling to the sun, rang out like a clarion of war or a trumpet of doom; and at that sound all those heroic dead nations — Poland, Hungary, Italy — stood erect, terrible, shaking their winding-sheets and seeking swords in their sepulchres! And so, at this voice of France, the glorious sky of the future half opened; the old blinded and frightened despotisms bowed down their heads in the darkness beneath, and mankind saw Liberty appear, — Liberty, the archangel of nations; her feet on the cloud, her brow among the stars, her great wings open in the azure!

CHAPTER V.

THE POWER OF SPEECH.

THIS tribune was the terror of all tyrannies and of all fanaticisms; it was the hope of all the oppressed under heaven! Whoever planted his foot on this summit felt distinctly the pulsations of the great heart of humanity. There, provided he was a man of good will, his soul swelled within him and radiated beyond him; something universal took hold of him, and filled his spirit as the breath of the breeze fills the sail. As long as he stood on those four planks, he was a stronger and a better man. At that sacred moment he knew he was a living part of the collective life of nations; generous words came to his mouth on behalf of all men; he perceived beyond the Assembly, grouped around his feet, the people, attentive and serious, with finger on lip, listening with all their might; and beyond the people the human race, sad and grave, seated in a circle, and heedful of what they hear.

Such was this grand tribune from whose height a man spoke to the world. From this tribune, ever in ceaseless vibration, issued perpetually sonorous surges, immense oscillations of sentiments and ideas which ran from billow to billow and from people to people, to the very limits of the earth, stirring up those thinking waves called souls. Often no one knew why such a law, such an edifice, such an institution was staggering yonder, farther than our frontiers, farther than our seas,

— the Papacy beyond the Alps, the throne of the Czar at the extremity of Europe, slavery in America, the penalty of death everywhere. It was because the tribune of France had started. At certain hours a start of this tribune is an earthquake. The tribune of France spoke! all that thinks here below became meditative; the words spoken sank into the darkness, travelled through space, at random, it mattered not where. "It is only wind, it is only noise," said those barren minds whose lifeblood is irony, — and the next day, or three months later, or a year later, something fell or something arose on the surface of the globe. What had caused this? This "noise" that had vanished, this "wind" that had passed. This "wind" this "noise" was the Word, — a sacred force. From the Word of God were all beings created; from the word of man shall spring the fellowship of the nations.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT THE ORATOR IS.

ONCE mounted on this tribune, the man there was no longer a man, — he was that mysterious workman seen in the evening twilight marching with great strides along the furrows, and with an imperial gesture launching into space the germs, the seeds, of the future harvest, the riches of the neighbouring summer, bread and life. He goes, comes, returns; his hand opens and empties, is filled and emptied again. The gloomy plain stirs; the unknown abyss of creation begins its travail; the suspended dews descend; the bit of wild oat thrills and dreams of the blade of wheat that will succeed it. The sun hidden behind the horizon loves what this man does, and knows its rays will not be lost. Holy and marvellous work!

The orator is the sower. He takes from his heart his instincts, his passions, his beliefs, his sufferings, his dreams, his ideas, and throws them in handfuls among men. Every brain is his furrow. A word fallen from the tribune always takes root somewhere, and becomes a thing. You say: "It is nothing, it is a man talking;" and you shrug your shoulders. O short-sighted minds! it is a future germinating; it is a world dawning.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THE TRIBUNE DID.

TWO great problems are suspended over the world: war must disappear, and conquest must continue. These two necessities of growing civilization would seem to exclude each other. How satisfy the one without losing the other? What could solve the two problems at once? What was resolving them? The tribune. The tribune is peace, and the tribune is conquest. As for conquest by the sword, who wants it? No one. The nations are the fatherlands of their inhabitants. Conquest by idea, who wants it? Every one. The nations are humanity.

Now, two brilliant tribunes were dominating nations, — the English tribune, by doing its own work; the French tribune, by creating ideas. The French tribune had elaborated since '89 all the principles that form the political Absolute; and it had begun since 1848 to formulate all the principles that form the social Absolute. Once a principle was drawn from limbo and born into life, it threw that principle into the world armed at all points, and said, "Go!" This conquering principle was opening the campaign, was meeting the custom-house officers on the frontier and passing in spite of the watchdogs; was meeting the sentinels at the gates of cities, and was passing in spite of the countersigns; was taking the railway train; was mounting the packet-boats; was traversing continents, crossing seas, accost-

ing the travellers on the highways, sitting at the hearths of families; was gliding between friend and friend, between brother and brother, between man and woman, between master and slave, between people and king; and to those who asked, "Who art thou?" it answered: "I am Truth!" and to those who asked, "Whence comest thou?" it answered, "I come from France!" Then he who questioned it stretched forth his hand, and it was better than a province, — it was an intelligence annexed. Henceforth between Paris — the metropolis — and this man isolated in his solitude, and this city lost in the depth of woods or steppes, and this people bent under the yoke, a current of thought and of love was established. Under the influence of these currents certain nationalities were growing weak, others were growing strong and rising to their feet. The savage felt less a savage, the Turk less a Turk, the Russian less a Russian, the Hungarian more of a Hungarian, the Italian more of an Italian. Slowly and gradually the French nation, in the cause of universal progress, was assimilating other nations. Thanks to that admirable French language, composed by Providence with a marvellous balancing of consonants enough to be pronounced by the peoples of the north, and vowels enough to be pronounced by the peoples of the south, — thanks to that language, which is a power of civilization and humanity, step by step, by the force of its own radiance, that lofty central tribune of Paris was conquering the nations and making them France. The material frontier of France was as it might be; but there were no treaties of 1815 for the moral frontier. The moral frontier was falling back unceasingly, and growing wider from day to day; and perhaps before a quarter of a century men would have spoken of the French world as they once did of the Roman world.

This is what the tribune was; this is what it was doing for France. The tribune! that huge water-wheel of ideas, that gigantic apparatus of civilization, perpetually elevating the intellectual level throughout the entire universe, and setting free, in the midst of humanity, an enormous quantity of light!

And this is what Monsieur Bonaparte has suppressed!

CHAPTER VIII.

PARLIAMENTARISM.

YES, Monsieur Louis Bonaparte has overthrown this tribune. That power created by our great revolutionary childbirths he has broken, mangled, crushed, torn at the point of bayonets, and trodden under the feet of horses. His uncle uttered an aphorism: "The throne is a plank covered with velvet;" he too has uttered his: "The tribune is a plank covered with cloth, on which may be read Liberté, égalité, fraternité." He has flung plank and cloth and liberty, equality and fraternity into the fire of a bivouac. A roar of laughter from his soldiers, a little smoke, and all is over.

Is this true? Is this possible? Has this passed away so? Could such a thing be seen? Good heavens! yes. It is even very simple. To cut off Cicero's head and nail his two hands to the rostrum, all that was required was a brute with a knife, and another brute with nails and hammer.

For France the tribune was three things: a means of exterior initiation; a method of interior government; a glory. Louis Bonaparte has suppressed initiation. France was teaching the nations, and was conquering them through love: what was the use? He has suppressed that mode of government, — his own is superior. He has breathed on the glory, and has extinguished it. Certain breaths have this quality.

Besides, to assault the tribune is a family crime. The first Bonaparte had committed it already; but at least what he brought into France to replace this glory was glory also, not ignominy. Louis Bonaparte has not contented himself with overthrowing the tribune; he has bethought himself of making it ridiculous. This sort of thing is his style. It does not matter so much in one who cannot say two words consecutively, or indulge in a tirade, without a notebook in his hand; who verbally and mentally is a stammerer, and who has his little gibe at Mirabeau! General Ratapoil said to General Foy, "Hold your tongue, babbler!"

"What is this tribune, then?" cries Monsieur Louis Bonaparte; "it is parliamentarism!" What say you to that, "parliamentarism"? "Oh, parliamentarism pleases me; parliamentarism is a pearl. The Dictionary is enriched indeed! This academician of our *coups d'état* is inventing words. As a matter of fact, there is no use in a person being a barbarian if he does not fling a barbarism round now and then. He too is a "sower;" things like that do germinate in the brains of idiots. The uncle had "the ideologues;" the nephew has "the parliamentarists." Parliamentarism, Messieurs! parliamentarism, Mesdames! That is an answer to everything. But you hazard this timid observation: "It is perhaps a sad thing to have ruined so many families, deported so many families, proscribed so many citizens, filled so many litters, dug so many graves, shed so much blood." "Ha! I see!" returns a coarse voice with a Dutch accent, "you are regretting 'parliamentarism,' then? Get out of this!" Parliamentarism is a godsend. I shall give my vote to Monsieur Bonaparte for the first vacant chair in the Institute! Why so, pray? Why, we must really encourage neology! This man comes forth from the charnel-house, this man comes

forth from the Morgue, this man has his hands reeking with blood like a butcher's, and he scratches his ears and smiles, and invents vocables like Julie d'Angennes. He unites the wit of the Hôtel de Rambouillet with the odour of Montfaucon. It is fine. We will both vote for him, shall we not, Monsieur de Montalembert?

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRIBUNE DESTROYED.

THEN "parliamentarism," that is to say, the security of citizens, the liberty of discussion, the liberty of the individual, the control of taxation, a clear knowledge of receipts and of expenditures, the safety lock of the public money-box, the right to know what is done with your money, the solidity of the public credit, liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, the support of property, the resource of men against confiscations and spoliations, the security of each, the counterpoise of arbitrary power, the dignity of the nation, the grandeur of France, the rigid morality of free peoples, the public initiative, movement and life,— is now no more. All this has been effaced, annihilated; has disappeared! And this "deliverance" has cost France only some twenty-five millions of francs, divided between twelve or fifteen saviours, and forty thousand francs' worth of brandy for the brigades! In truth, it is not dear; these gentlemen of the *coup d'état* have done the thing at a discount.

To-day it is finished, perfected, completed. Grass is growing in the Palais Bourbon. A virgin forest is already sprouting between the Pont de la Concorde and the Place Bourgogne. Through the thickets you can distinguish the box of a sentry. The Legislative Body pours out its urn among the reeds and runs to the foot of this sentry-box with a gentle murmur.

To-day all is over; the great work is accomplished.

And what fine results the thing has had! Attend to your own affairs, have a good time, laugh and grow fat; the question for you no longer is to be a great people, to be a powerful people, to be a free nation, to be the luminous centre of the world; France is no longer clear-sighted. This, indeed, is a success! France votes Louis Napoleon, carries Louis Napoleon, fattens Louis Napoleon, contemplates Louis Napoleon, admires Louis Napoleon; and it all stupefies her. The aim of civilization is attained.

To-day there is no more noise or bustle, no more palaver, parliament, or parliamentarism. The Legislative Body — the Senate and the Council of State — are all tongue-tied. No one has any reason to fear that he shall read some fine discourse when he gets out of bed in the morning. It is all up with those who thought, meditated, created, spoke, shone, or beamed among this great people. Be proud, Frenchmen! lift your heads, Frenchmen! You are no longer anything, and this man is everything. He holds in his hands your understanding as a child holds a bird. On whatever day he pleases he will strangle the genius of France. There will then be another noise the less. Meanwhile let us repeat in chorus: "No more parliamentarism! no more tribune!" Instead of all those grand voices that conferred together in order to instruct the world, — one voice being idea; another, fact; another, right; another, justice; another, glory; another, hope; another, science; another, genius, — instead of those voices that educated, charmed, encouraged, consoled, reassured, fertilized, — instead of all those sublime voices, what do we hear in this black night which covers France? The noise of a sounding spur, and a sabre dragging along the pavement.

Alleluia! says M. Sibour. Hosanna! replies M. Parisis.

BOOK VI.

THE ABSOLUTION.

First Form.

THE SEVEN MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOTES.

CHAPTER I.

THE ABSOLUTION.

THEY say to us: "Are you not dreaming! All these facts which you call crimes are henceforth 'facts accomplished,' and consequently respectable. All this is accepted, all this is adopted, all this is legitimated, all this is covered, all this is absolved."

"Accepted, adopted, legitimated, covered, absolved! — by what?"

"By a vote."

"What vote?"

"The seven million, five hundred thousand votes."

"Oh, indeed! Yes, there has been a *plebiscite,* and vote, and seven million, five hundred thousand yes's. Let us speak of them."

CHAPTER II.

THE DILIGENCE.

A BRIGAND stops a diligence at the corner of a wood. He is at the head of a determined band. The travellers are more numerous, but they are separated, disunited, penned in compartments, half asleep, surprised in the middle of the night, seized unexpectedly and without arms. The brigand orders them to descend, to utter no cry, to suffer no word to escape their lips, and to lie flat on the ground. Some resist; he blows out their brains. Others obey, and lie on the road dumb, motionless, terrified, jumbled together with the dead, and like the dead themselves. The brigand, while his accomplices have their feet on the backs of the passengers and their pistols at their heads, rummages their pockets, breaks open their trunks and takes all he finds worth his while. The pockets emptied, the trunks pillaged, the *coup d'état* over, he says:—

"Now, in order to make things right with the law, I have written on a paper that you acknowledge that all I have taken belongs to me, and that you surrender it fully and freely. I conclude that this is your opinion. A pen will be placed in your hand, and without saying a word, without making a gesture, without quitting the attitude in which you are [the belly on the ground and the face in the mud], you shall stretch out your

right hands and sign this paper. You see the muzzle of my pistol: still you are free."

The travellers stretch out their hands and sign. When this is over the brigand raises his head and says:

"I have seven million, five hundred thousand votes."

CHAPTER III.

EXAMINATION OF THE VOTE. RECALLING PRINCIPLES. FACTS.

MONSIEUR LOUIS BONAPARTE is president of this diligence. Let us call attention to certain principles.

That a political ballot be valid three conditions are absolutely necessary: (1) That the vote be free; (2) That the vote be an enlightened vote; (3) That the figures be genuine. If one of these conditions be wanting, the balloting is null. What then if the three conditions are absent at the same time? Let us apply these rules.

1. *That the vote be free.* What the freedom of the vote on the 20th of December was we have just seen. We have given expression to this freedom by a plain and striking representation. We might dispense ourselves from adding anything further. Let each one of those who have voted enter into himself and ask under what moral and material pressure he deposited his ballot in the box. We could mention a certain commune of the Yonne where out of five hundred heads of families four hundred were arrested, — the remainder voting *yes;* a commune of the Loiret where out of six hundred and thirty-nine heads of families four hundred and ninety-seven were arrested or expelled, — the hundred and forty-two who escaped voting *yes!* And what we say of the Yonne and Loiret might be said of every one of the departments. Since the 2d of December, every city

has had its swarm of spies; every market-town, every village, every hamlet has had its denouncers. To vote *no* was prison, exile; was Lambessa. In the villages of a certain department, we are told by an ocular witness, "ass-loads of ballots marked *yes*" were brought to the doors of the mayoralties. The mayors, flanked by field-guards, handed them to the peasants, and the peasants had to vote *yes*. At Savigny, near Saint-Maur, enthusiastic gendarmes declared on the morning of the balloting that he who did not vote would not sleep in his bed that night. The gendarmerie imprisoned in the jail of Valenciennes M. Parent (*fils*), deputy of the justice of the peace of the canton of Bouchain, for urging the inhabitants of Avesne-le-Sec to vote *no*. The nephew of Representative Aubry (du Nord), having seen the agents of the prefect distributing ballots marked *yes* in the public square of Lille, went to the same place the next day and distributed ballots marked *no;* he was arrested and locked up in the citadel. As to the vote of the army, some have voted for a cause they had made their own by their deeds; the rest followed suit.

But let the army speak for itself on the freedom of this vote of the soldiers. A soldier belonging to the 6th of the Line commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse writes as follows: —

"As far as the common soldiers were concerned, the voting was really a roll-call. The non-commissioned officers, corporals, drummers, and soldiers were mustered into their ranks in presence of the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, and officers, and as each man answered 'Present' to the call of the quartermaster, his name was inscribed by the sergeant-major. The colonel said, rubbing his hands, '*Ma foi*, Messieurs, the thing is getting on capitally!' While the colonel was speaking, a corporal of the company to which I belonged approached the table where the serjeant-major was, and asked

him for his pen in order to inscribe his name himself on the register marked 'No,' which had remained blank. 'What!' cried the colonel, 'you who are to be appointed quartermaster at the first vacancy, — you formally disobey your colonel, and that in presence of your company! Still, it would not matter so much if what you are now doing was only an act of insubordination; but do you not know, unhappy man, that by your vote you are calling for the destruction of the army, the burning of your father's house, the annihilation of the entire social system? You are holding out a hand to debauchery! What! you X——, whom I intended to promote, you come to-day and say all this to my face?' As may easily be conjectured, the poor devil allowed himself to be inscribed like all the rest."

Multiply this colonel by six hundred thousand, and you have the pressure exercised by functionaries of all classes, military, political, civil, administrative, ecclesiastic, judicial, excise, municipal, educational, commercial, and consular, in every part of France, on soldier, bourgeois, and peasant. Add, as we have already pointed out, the so-called communistic *Jacquerie* and the real Bonapartist terrorism, the government overbearing the weak by its spectres and the reluctant by its absolute authority, and striking terror with both at the same time. A special volume would be needed to relate, expose, and thoroughly examine the innumerable details of this enormous extortion of signatures called the vote of the 20th of December.

The vote of the 20th of December has demolished the honour, the initiative, the intelligence, and the moral life of the nation. France has been, in relation to this vote, like a flock of sheep going to the slaughter-house. Let us pass on.

2. *That the vote be a enlightened vote.* The following is an elementary principle: where there is no liberty

of the press, there is no vote. Liberty of the press is the condition *sine qua non* of universal suffrage. A radical nullity of every ballot exists in the absence of the liberty of the press. The liberty of the press draws after it as necessary corollaries the liberty of meeting, the liberty of hawking pamphlets, tracts, etc.,—all the liberties which right, primal and pre-existent, has engendered as agents of enlightenment before a vote is given. Can we imagine a blind pilot at the helm? Can we imagine a judge with his ears stuffed, and his eyes knocked out? Liberty, therefore, — liberty to enlighten one's self by every possible means, by inquiry, by the press, by speech, by discussion,— is the express guarantee, the essential condition of universal suffrage. For a thing to be done validly, it must be done knowingly. Where there is no light there is no validity. These are axioms. Outside these axioms everything is null and void.

Now, let us consider. Has M. Bonaparte in his ballot of the 20th of December obeyed these axioms? Has he fulfilled these conditions of free press, free meetings, free tribune, freedom to post placards and hawk pamphlets, free inquiry? The answer is a roar of laughter even in the Elysée. So you are yourselves forced to acknowledge the way in which "universal suffrage" has been dealt with!

What! I know nothing of what has taken place. People have been killed, butchered, fusiladed, assassinated, and I am kept in ignorance! Men have been sequestrated, tortured, expelled, exiled, deported, and I have had hardly a glimpse of the outrage! My mayor and curé say to me: "These folk they are leading away tied with cords are ticket-of-leave men!" I am a peasant; I cultivate a bit of land down in one of the provinces; you suppress the newspaper, you stifle revelations, you prevent the truth from reaching me, and

you make me vote! Make me vote; how? In the depth of night! groping in the dark! What! you spring abruptly from the shadow with a sabre in your hand, and you say to me, "Vote!" And you call this a ballot! Oh, yes! a ballot "free and spontaneous," say the sheets of the *coup d'état.* Every sort of knavery has been at work in this vote. A village mayor, a sort of sapling Escobar, sprouting in the open field, said to his peasants: "If you vote *yes,* you vote for the Republic; if you vote *no,* you vote against the Republic." The peasants voted *yes.*

And now let us throw a light on another side of this turpitude named "the *plebiscite* of the 20th of December." How has the question been put? Has there been a choice possible? Has the door been opened to every party (and it was the least that might be expected from a man of the *coup d'état* in a ballot so strange as this, where everything was called in question) through which the principle it rested on could find an entrance? Have the Legitimists been allowed to turn towards their exiled prince and the ancient honour of the *fleurs-de-lis?* Have the Orleanists been allowed to turn towards that proscribed family which the services of two soldiers — De Joinville and D'Aumale — ennoble, and that great soul, Madame the Duchess of Orleans, encircles with a halo? Have the people — which are not a party, which are *the people,* that is to say, the sovereign, — have the people been offered a chance to vote for that true Republic before which every monarchy vanishes as the night before the day; that Republic which is the evident and irresistible future of the civilized world; the Republic without dictatorship; the Republic of concord, science, and liberty; the Republic of universal suffrage, of universal peace, and of universal happiness; the Republic that instructs peoples and liberates nationali-

ties; that Republic which, when all is said and done, "will have," as the author of this book says elsewhere,[1] "France to-morrow, and Europe the day after"? Has this been offered? No.

Here is how Monsieur Bonaparte has presented the question: At this ballot there have been two candidates, — first candidate, Monsieur Bonaparte; second candidate, the bottomless pit! France has had her choice. Admire the address of the man, and his humility somewhat also! Monsieur Bonaparte has selected as his rival in this affair, who? M. de Chambord? No. M. de Joinville? No. The Republic? Still less. Monsieur Bonaparte, like those pretty Creoles who use the presence of some hideous Hottentot as a foil to their beauty, has selected as his competitor in this election a phantom, an apparition, a sort of Nuremberg socialism, with teeth and claws and burning coals for eyes; the ogre of Tom Thumb, the vampire of the Porte-Saint-Martin, the hydra of Théramène, the big sea-serpent of the "Constitutionnel," kindly lent by its shareholders for the occasion; the dragon of the Apocalypse, the Tarasque, the Drée, the Gra-ouilli, a scare-crow. Assisted by some Ruggieri or other, Monsieur Bonaparte has produced on this pasteboard monster certain blood-red effects by means of Bengal fire, and said to the scared voter: "There is nothing possible except this or me. Choose! Choose between Beauty and the Beast: the Beast is communism; the Beauty is my dictatorship. Choose! There is no middle course! Society overthrown, your house burned, your granary pillaged, your cow stolen, your wife violated, your field confiscated, your children massacred, your wine drunk by others, yourself eaten alive by that huge, gaping mouth you see there, or me the emperor! Choose! Me or Croquemi-

[1] Littérature et Philosophies mêlées. 1830.

taine!" The bourgeois, frightened and therefore a child, the peasant, ignorant and therefore a child, have preferred Monsieur Bonaparte to Croquemitaine. Let us say, nevertheless, that out of ten million of voters it would appear that five hundred thousand preferred Croquemitaine. After all, Monsieur Bonaparte had only seven million, five hundred thousand votes.

In this fashion, then, freely as is seen, knowingly as is seen, what Monsieur Bonaparte has the goodness to call universal suffrage has voted. Voted what? A dictatorship, an autocracy, a slavery, a Republic that is the domain of a despot, a France that is the domain of a pasha, fetters on every hand, a seal on every mouth, silence, abasement, and fear, with the spy as the soul of all! To a man, — to you! — have been given omnipotence and omniscience! This man is made the supreme constituent, the legislator, the alpha of right, the omega of power! It has been decreed that he is Minos, that he is Numa, that he is Solon, that he is Lycurgus! In him are incarnated the people, the nation, the State, and the law! And for ten years! What! do I, a citizen, vote not only my own self-effacement, my own forfeiture, my own surrender, but the surrender for ten years of universal suffrage by the new generations over which I have no right, over which you the usurper force me to be a usurper also? For that matter, let us say, in passing, that this would of itself be sufficient to brand this monstrous election as null and void, if every kind of nullity was not already amalgamated with it, heaped and piled upon it. What! it is this that you compel me to do! You compel me to vote that all is ended, that there is no longer anything, that the people is a negro! You say to me: "Whereas thou art sovereign, thou shalt give thyself a master; whereas thou art France, thou shalt become Haiti!" What abominable derision!

Such is the vote of the 20th of December, that sanction, as M. de Morny says, that absolution, as Monsieur Bonaparte says. Truly, in a little time from now, — in a year, in a month, in a week perhaps, — when all we see at present will have vanished, we shall be somewhat ashamed of having done, though it were for a minute, to this infamous semblance of a vote called the ballot of seven million, five hundred thousand, the honour of even discussing it. It is however the only basis, the only prop, the only rampart of the prodigious power of Monsieur Bonaparte. This vote is the excuse of cowards; this vote is the buckler of dishonoured consciences. Generals, magistrates, bishops, all kinds of prevarication and complicity shelter their ignominy behind this oath. France has spoken, they say, — *vox populi, vox Dei;* universal suffrage has voted; a ballot covers everything. That a vote! that a ballot! Spit on it, and pass by.

3. *That the figures be genuine.* I admire these figures, — 7,500,000. They must have produced a fine effect through the fog of the 1st of January, written in letters of gold three feet long, on the front of Notre Dame. I admire these figures. No one was refusing Monsieur Bonaparte good measure. After what he had done on the 2d of December, he had a right to something better than that. Who was preventing him from putting it at eight millions, nine millions, a round number? As to myself, I have been deceived in my expectations. I reckoned on unanimity. *Coup d'état,* you are modest.

What! You have done all we have just recalled or related; you have taken an oath, and perjured yourself; you were the guardian of a constitution, and you have destroyed it; you were the servant of a republic, and you have betrayed it; you were the agent of a legislative assembly, and you have crushed it to pieces; you have

made of the military countersign a poniard to slay military honour; you have used the flag of France to wipe off mud and shame; you have handcuffed the generals of Africa; you have made the representatives of the people ride in prison vans; you have filled Mazas, Vincennes, Mount Valérien, and Sainte-Pélagie with men whose persons were inviolable; you have shot on the barricade of the law the legislator clad with that scarf which is the law's sacred and venerable emblem; you have given to a colonel we could name a hundred thousand francs for trampling his duty under his feet, and to each soldier ten francs a day; you have expended in four days forty thousand francs' worth of brandy on each brigade; you have entirely covered the carpet of the Elysée with the gold of the Bank of France, and have said to your friends, "Take;" you have killed M. Adde in his home, M. Belval in his, M. de Couvercelle in his, M. Debaecque in his, M. Labilte in his, M. Monpelas in his, M. Thirion de Montauban in his, you have massacred on the boulevards and elsewhere, fusiladed we know not where nor whom, committed a great number of murders of which you have the modesty to acknowledge only a hundred and ninety-one; what! you have changed the ditches round the trees of the boulevards into tanks filled with blood; you have shed the blood of the child along with the blood of its mother, and mixed with all this blood the champagne of your gendarmes,—you have done all these things, you have taken all this trouble, and when you ask the nation, "Are you content?" you obtain only 7,500,000 *yeas!* In good truth, you are not repaid. This is the return for devoting oneself to "saving a society!" O ingratitude of Nations!

In reality, three millions of mouths have answered *no!* Who was it, then, who said that the savages of the South Sea used to call the French the *oui-oui?*

Let us speak seriously. For irony grows wearisome when dealing with such a tragic business as this. People of the *coup d'état*, no one believes in your seven million, five hundred thousand votes. Come now, a little fit of frankness will do no harm. Confess that you know you are all blacklegs; cheating then is natural to you. In your balance-sheet of the 2d of December you count too many votes, — and not enough of dead bodies. 7,500,000! What are those figures really, now? Where do they come from? Where do they start from? What do you wish us to do with them? Seven millions, eight millions, ten millions, what difference does it make! We grant you everything, and we dispute everything with you. You have the seven millions *plus* the five hundred thousand; the sum *plus* the balance, — so you say, Prince; you swear to it. But who proves it? Who counted it? — Baroche. Who examined it? — Rouher. Who checked it? — Pietri. Who added it? — Maupas. Who audited it? — Troplong. Who published it? — Yourself. Which means that baseness has counted, platitude has examined, trickery has checked, falsehood has added, venality has audited, and lying has published. Good! Whereupon Monsieur Bonaparte ascends the Capitol; orders M. Sibour to give thanks to Jupiter; makes the Senate put on a livery of blue and gold, the Legislative Body one of blue and silver, his coachman one of green and gold; lays his hand on his heart, and declares that he is the product of universal suffrage, and that his "legitimacy" has jumped from the ballot-urn.

This urn is a juggler's cup.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO REALLY VOTED FOR MONSIEUR BONAPARTE.

WE declare, then, purely and simply, that on the 20th of December, 1851, eighteen years after the 2d, M. Bonaparte has rummaged with his hand in the conscience of every individual, and from every individual has stolen his vote. Others filch a pocket-handkerchief; he filches an empire.

Let us however be understood. Do we mean to imply that no one really voted for Monsieur Bonaparte; that no one voluntarily said *yes;* that no one freely and knowingly accepted this man? Not at all. Monsieur Bonaparte had for him the vulgar rabble of functionaries, the twelve hundred thousand parasites on the budget and their connections and underlings, — the corrupt, the compromised, the crafty, — and in their train the fools, a no inconsiderable mass. He had for him the cardinals, the bishops, the canons, the curés, the vicars, the archdeacons, the deacons, the sub-deacons, the prebendaries, the vestrymen, the sacristans, the beadles, and the "religious" men so-called. Yes, we have no difficulty in acknowledging that Monsieur Bonaparte had for him all those bishops who cross themselves after the fashion of Veuillot and Montalembert, and all those religious men (a precious race, somewhat antique, but very much increased and recruited since the terror of the property-owners in 1848) who pray in these terms: "O my God! send up my Lyons railway shares! Sweet

Lord Jesus, let me gain twenty-five per cent on my Rothschild-Naples certificates! Holy Apostles, sell my wines! Blessed martyrs, double my rents! Holy Mary, Mother of God, Virgin immaculate, Star of the Sea, deign to cast a favourable eye on my little business at the corner of Rue Tirechappe and Rue Quincampoix! Tour of Ivory, grant that the shop opposite me turn out ill!"

All these have really and incontestably voted for Monsieur Bonaparte: first category, the functionary; second category, the fool; third category, the religious voltairian-proprietor-manufacturer.

Let us say at once that in the human intellect — and the bourgeois intellect in particular — there are some singular enigmas. We know this, and have no desire to conceal it, that from the shopkeeper to the banker, from the petty trader to the stock-broker, a good number of men engaged in commerce and manufactures in France, — that is to say, a good number of those men who know the meaning of a well-placed confidence, of a deposit faithfully guarded, of a key put into safe hands, — have voted, after the 2d of December, for Monsieur Bonaparte. If you had happened to meet one of these men of trade, you might very likely have exchanged with him some such dialogue as the following: —

"Have you voted for Louis Bonaparte to be President of the Republic?"

"Yes."

"Would you take him for your cashier?"

No, certainly not!"

CHAPTER V.

A CONCESSION.

AND that is the ballot! We must repeat this, we must insist on this, we must not grow weary. "I cry out a hundred times the same things," says Isaias, "that they may be heard once." That is the ballot, that is the vote, that is the sovereign decree of "universal suffrage," which gives the shelter of a shadow, which gives a title of authority and a diploma of government to those men who hold France to-day; who command, administer, judge, reign, with their hands in gold up to the elbows, and their feet in blood up to the knees!

Now, to have done with the thing, let us make a concession to Monsieur Bonaparte. Let there be no more cavilling. His ballot of the 20th of December was free, was enlightened; all the newspapers printed what they pleased. Who have said the contrary? Calumniators only. Electoral meetings were opened; the walls disappeared under their placards; the pedestrians of Paris swept with their feet a regular snow, on the boulevards and on the streets, of white ballots and blue ballots, yellow ballots and red ballots; all who wished spoke, all who wished wrote; the figures were genuine; it was not Baroche who counted; it was Barême; Louis Blanc, Guinard, Felix Pyat, Raspail, Caussidière, Thoré, Ledru-Rollin, Étienne Arago, Albert, Barbès, Blanqui, and Gent have been the examiners; they too were the very persons who published the seven million five hundred

thousand votes. We grant all this; we yield all this. And then? What conclusion does the *coup d'état* draw from it?

What conclusion does it draw from it? It rubs its hands. It does not ask better; this is enough. It concludes that all is well, that all is finished, that all is ended, that there is nothing more to say, that it is "absolved."

Stop right there! In regard to the free vote, the genuine figures form but the material side of the question; there remains the moral side. "Oh, there is, then, a moral side?" Why yes, Prince! It is this side that is precisely the true side, the grand side of this question of the 2d of December. Let us examine it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MORAL SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

IT is first necessary, Monsieur Bonaparte, that you should get a little information as to what the human conscience really is. There are two things in this world — learn this novel fact — which are called good and evil. This will be a revelation to you; but it is necessary for you to know it. To lie is not good, to betray is bad, to assassinate is worse. It does not matter whether this thing is useful or not, it is forbidden. "By whom?" you will say to me. We shall explain it to you further on; but to continue. Man — again learn this singular circumstance — is a thinking being, free in this world, responsible in the next. A strange thing, — and which must surprise you surely, — he was not made solely for enjoyment, solely in order to satisfy all his fancies, to set all his appetites in motion at random, to crush whatever is before him when he walks, be it blade of grass or sworn oath, to devour whatever comes in his way when he is hungry. Life is not his prey. For example: in order to pass from nothing a year to twelve hundred thousand francs a year, he is not permitted to take an oath which he has no intention of keeping; and in order to pass from twelve hundred thousand francs a year to twelve millions, he is not permitted to break the laws and Constitution of his country, to rush from an ambuscade on a sovereign Assembly, to slaughter Parisians, to deport ten thousand persons, and

to proscribe forty thousand more. I must continue my task of enabling you to dive into this strange mystery. Most undoubtedly it is agreeable to have a man's lackeys wear white-silk stockings; but in order to arrive at this grand result he is not permitted to suppress the glory and thought of a people, to overturn the central tribune of the civilized world, to impede the progress of the human race, and to shed oceans of blood. This is forbidden. "By whom?" you will repeat, — you who do not see before you a single person who forbids you anything. Patience. You shall know immediately.

What! here you are disgusted, and I understand it. When a man has on one side his interest, his ambition, his fortune, his pleasures, a fine palace to retain possession of in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, and on the other the jeremiads and squalling of a lot of women who have lost their sons; of families who have lost their fathers; of children who have no longer bread; of a people whose liberties have been confiscated; of a society from under which its support, the laws, has been torn away, — what! when all this squalling is on one side and interest on the other, that he should not be permitted to disdain this hurlyburly, to let all these people "vociferate" away, to march over every obstacle, and go quite naturally in the direction where he sees his fortune, his pleasure, and his fine palace in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, — this is going a little too far. What! he would have to trouble his head about something that occurred three or four years ago, no one knows any longer when or where, — about a day of December, when it was very cold and rained, and it became necessary for him to leave his room in a certain inn, in order to procure a better lodging; and so he pronounced, with reference to something or other, no one any longer knows what, in a hall very badly lit, before eight or nine hun-

dred imbeciles who believed him, these eight letters, "Je le jure!" What! when a man is contemplating "a great act," must he pass his time asking himself what will be the result of it; bother himself as to whether so and so will rot in prison ships, or die of hunger in Cayenne, or be bayoneted here, or foolish enough to get himself killed there? Must he be disturbed because some are exiled and others ruined, and because those who are shot and massacred, who rot in hulks and starve in Africa, happen to be honest men who have done their duty? It would be a nice state of affairs if all this was to be an obstacle in his path. Why, imagine it! you have certain appetites; you have no money, you are a prince; chance has placed power in your hands, you use it; you authorize lotteries, you have gold ingots exposed in the Jouffroy thoroughfare; the pocket of every one is accessible, and you draw out whatever you can; you share with friends, with devoted companions to whom you owe gratitude: and to fancy that when the public is indiscreet enough to interfere, when that infamous thing, liberty of the press, would meddle with the matter, and the law imagines it has something to do with it,—that then you should quit the Elysée, abandon power, and, like an idiot, take your seat between two gendarmes on a bench of the Sixth Chamber! Nonsense! Is it not a simpler course to sit on the throne of the Emperor? Is it not a simpler course to crush the liberty of the press? Is it not a simpler course to crush justice? Is it not a shorter course to put the judges under your feet? They ask no better; indeed, they are all ready!

And this is not permitted? And this is forbidden? Yes, Monseigneur, this is forbidden. "Who does not permit it? Who forbids it?" Monsieur Bonaparte, a man may be the master; he may have eight million votes for his crimes and twelve million francs for his

amusements; he may have a senate and M. Sibour in it; he may have armies, cannon, fortresses, Troplongs lying flat on their bellies, Baroches creeping on all fours; he may be a despot, he may be all-powerful: but one who is shrouded in obscurity, who is a stranger to you, rises up before you and says, "Thou shalt not do this thing!" This mouth speaking in the shadow, whom we hear not, see not,— this unknown one, this insolent one, is the human conscience!

This, then, is the human conscience. It is some one, I repeat, whom we see not, and who is stronger than an army, more numerous than seven million five hundred thousand votes, higher than a senate, more religious than an archbishop, more learned in law than M. Troplong, quicker to outstrip justice than M. Baroche, and who *thee's* and *thou's* your Majesty.

CHAPTER VII.

AN EXPLANATION TO MONSIEUR BONAPARTE.

LET us try to probe somewhat these strange things.

Learn this fact then, Monsieur Bonaparte: that which separates man from the brute is the notion of good and evil, — of that good and that evil about which I spoke to you just now. That is the abyss. The animal is a complete being. The greatness of man consists in this, that he is incomplete; that he feels himself, in a multitude of directions, beyond the finite; that he perceives something beyond himself and on this side of himself. This something beyond man and on this side of man is the mystery; it is (to employ those weak human expressions that never express more than one aspect of a thing) the moral world. In this moral world man is steeped as much as in the material world; nay, more. He lives in what he feels more than in what he sees. Creation may beleaguer him, want may assail him, enjoyment may tempt him, the beast that is in him may torment him; his perpetual aspirations towards another world hurl him irresistibly beyond creation, beyond want, beyond enjoyment, beyond the beast. Always, everywhere, at every moment, he has a glimpse of the superior world; and with this vision he fills his soul, and by it he rules his actions. He does not feel himself perfected in the life here below. He bears in himself, so to speak, a mysterious exemplar of the world anterior and ulterior, — of the perfect world, with which, un-

ceasingly and in spite of himself, he is comparing this imperfect world, himself, his infirmities, his appetites, his passions, and his actions. When he recognizes that he is approaching that ideal model, he is joyous; when he recognizes that he is removing from it, he is sad. He understands thoroughly that there is nothing useless, and that nothing in this world can be destroyed. Justice and injustice, good and evil, good works and bad deeds, fall into the gulf but are not lost, depart into the infinite to the trouble or the benefit of those who accomplish them. After death they are found again, and the total reckoning is determined. To be lost, to fade away, to be annihilated is no more possible for the moral atom than it is for the material atom. Hence that great and twofold sentiment in man of his liberty and of his responsibility. He can be good or he can be wicked. That is an account he will have to settle. He can be guilty; and that — it is a striking fact, and one upon which I insist — is his greatness. Such is not the case with the brute. For it there is nothing but instinct, — to drink when thirsty; to eat when hungry; to procreate in due season; to sleep when the sun sets, to wake when it rises; to do the contrary if it be a beast of night. The animal has but a sort of obscure individuality, which no moral glimmer enlightens. All its law, I repeat, is instinct. Instinct is a species of rail along which irresistible nature drags the brute. No liberty, no responsibility; consequently no other life. The brute does neither good nor evil; it is uninformed. The tiger is innocent.

Now, if perchance you were innocent like the tiger? At certain times we are tempted to believe that, not having any inward monitor more than he, you have no more responsibility. In truth, there are hours when I pity you. Who knows? You are perhaps only a blind,

unhappy force. Monsieur Louis Bonaparte, the notion of good and evil you have not. You are perhaps the only man in all humanity who has not this notion. This shuts you off from the human race. Yes, you are formidable. It is what constitutes your genius, we are told. I agree that in any case it is what at the present moment constitutes your power.

But do you know what is born of that kind of power?

The fact? Yes. The right? No. Crime tries to deceive history as to its true name; it comes and says, "I am success." Thou art crime! You are crowned and masked. Off with your mask! Off with your crown! Ah, you have your labour for your pains, for your appeals to the people, your plebiscits, your ballots, your additions, your executive commissions proclaiming the sum total, your streamers with these figures on gilt paper, — 7,500,000! You will get nothing from this scenic display. As to certain things the universal sentiment cannot be put on a wrong scent. The human race, taken in the mass, is an honest man. Even in your environment you are judged. There is not a person in your household, gold-laced or embroidered, not a groom of your stables or a groom of your senate, who does not say quite low what I say aloud. What I proclaim they whisper, — that is all the difference. You are omnipotent; they bow before you, — nothing more. They salute you, their cheeks flushing with shame. They feel that they are vile, but they know that you are infamous.

And now, as you are ready to give chase to all those you call "the revolted of December," since it is on them that you let slip your dogs; since you have instituted a Maupas and created a Ministry of Police especially for this, — I denounce to you that rebel, that revolter, that insurgent, *the conscience of each individual!*

You give money, but it is the *hand* that receives it, not the conscience. The conscience! While you are about it, inscribe it on your list of exile. It is a stubborn opponent, that, — obstinate, tenacious, and inflexible, — an opponent that causes trouble everywhere. Hunt me that out of France: you will be tranquil then. Would you know how it treats you, even among your friends? Would you know in what terms a worthy chevalier of Saint Louis, eighty years old, a great adversary of "the demagogues," and a partisan of yours, defended himself for voting for you? "He is a wretch," he said; "but *he is a necessary wretch.*" No! there are no necessary wretches. No! crime is never useful. No! crime is never good. Society saved by treason, blasphemy! — leave such sayings as that to the archbishops. Nothing good has evil for its basis. God does not impose on humanity the necessity of wretches. There is nothing necessary in this world but justice and truth. If this old man looked less on life and more on the tomb, he would have seen this. These words are surprising in the mouth of an old man; for a light from God enlightens those who are approaching the grave, and shows them the truth. Never do righteousness and crime meet. The day they could be united, the words of human speech would change their meaning, all certitude would vanish, and darkness would overspread society. When by some chance (this has occasionally been seen in history) it happens, for a moment, that crime has the force of law, something trembles in the very foundations of humanity. "Jusque datum sceleri!" exclaims Lucian, and this verse traverses history like a cry of horror.

Then, by the confession of those who voted for you, you are a wretch: I omit the "necessary." Make your best of the situation.

"Well, be it so," you will say. "Why, that is the

case exactly; one can get himself 'absolved' by universal suffrage."

"Impossible!"

"What! impossible?"

Yes, impossible. I shall now force you to lay your finger on the point in question.

CHAPTER VIII.

AXIOMS.

YOU were captain of artillery at Berne, Monsieur Louis Bonaparte; you have necessarily a tincture of algebra and geometry. Here are some axioms of which you have probably an idea.

Two and two make four.

Between two given points the straight line is the shortest.

The part is less than the whole.

Now, get seven million five hundred thousand votes to declare that two and two make five, that the straight line is the longest road, that the whole is less than its part; get it declared by eight millions, by ten millions, by a hundred millions of votes, you will not have advanced a step. Well, then, now you are going to be surprised. There are axioms in probity, in honesty, in justice, as there are axioms in geometry; and the truths of morality are no more at the mercy of a vote than are the truths of algebra. The notion of good and evil cannot be resolved by universal suffrage. It is not given to a ballot to make the false become the true and the unjust the just. The human conscience cannot be put to the vote.

Do you understand now? You see that lamp, that little obscure light forgotten in a corner, lost in the shadow: look at it, admire it! It is hardly visible; it burns in solitude. Get seven million five hundred

thousand mouths to blow upon it at the same time, you will not extinguish it; you will not even make the flame quiver. Get the hurricane to blow upon it, — the flame will continue to mount straight and pure up to heaven.

This lamp is conscience. This flame is that which in the night of exile sheds a light on the paper on which I write at the present moment.

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE MONSIEUR BONAPARTE HAS BEEN MISTAKEN.

THUS then, whatever be your figures, controverted or not, extorted or not, true or false, it little matters. Those who live with their eyes fixed on justice will say, and keep on saying, that crime is crime, that perjury is perjury, that treason is treason, that murder is murder, that blood is blood, that dirt is dirt, that a rascal is a rascal, and that he who thinks he is copying Napoleon in miniature is copying Lacenaire at full length. They say this, and they will repeat it in spite of your figures, because seven million five hundred thousand votes weigh nothing against the conscience of the honest man; because ten millions, a hundred millions, the unanimity even of the human race voting *en masse* would not count before this atom, this particle, of God, — the soul of the just man; because universal suffrage, which has entire sovereignty over political questions, has no jurisdiction over moral questions.

I leave aside for the moment, as I said just now, your methods in connection with the ballot, — the bandages over the eyes, the gag in every mouth, the cannon on the public squares, the sabres drawn, the spies swarming, silence and terror leading the vote to the urn like a malefactor to the station-house, — I leave aside this. I suppose (I tell you again) universal suffrage to be free; true, pure, real, universal suffrage sovereign of itself as it ought to be; the journals in every hand, men and

acts questioned and examined, placards covering the walls, free speech everywhere, light everywhere! Well, to such universal suffrage as this submit peace and war, the effective force of the army, public credit, public relief, the budget, the penalty of death, the irremovability of judges, the indissolubility of marriage, divorce, the civil and political status of women, gratuitous instruction, the constitution of the commune, the rights of labour, the salary of the clergy, free trade, railroads, the currency, fiscal questions, colonization, — all the problems whose solution does not bring with them its own abdication, for universal suffrage can do everything except abdicate, — submit these to it, and it will resolve them, doubtless with error, but with the totality of certitude which human sovereignty includes; it will resolve them authoritatively. Now, try to get it to settle the question whether John or Peter has done well or ill in stealing an apple from an orchard. There it halts; there it fails. Why? Is it because this is a lower question? No; it is because it is a higher one. All that constitutes the organization proper to societies, whether they be considered as territory, as commune, as state, as country, — all political, financial, and social matters depend on universal suffrage, and obey it; the smallest atom of the least moral question defies it. The ship is at the mercy of the ocean, but not the star.

It has been said of M. Leverrier and of you, Monsieur Bonaparte, that you were the only two men who believed in your star. In fact, you do believe in your star; you search for it above your head. Well, this star which you seek for outside yourself, other men have within themselves. It shines under the vault of their skulls; it enlightens and guides them; it shows them the lineaments of life; it points out to them in the darkness of human destiny the good and the evil, the just and the

unjust, the real and the false, ignominy and honour, righteousness and felony, virtue and crime. This star, without which the human soul is only night, is moral truth. Missing this light, you have been at fault. Your ballot of the 20th of December is for the thinker but a sort of monstrous artlessness. You have applied what you call "universal suffrage" to a question that does not admit of universal suffrage. You are not a statesman, you are a malefactor. That which has reference to you does not concern universal suffrage.

Yes, artlessness; I insist on this. The bandit of the Abruzzi, his hands hardly washed, and the blood still between his nails, goes to the priest for absolution. You, you have gone for absolution to a vote, only you have forgotten to confess; and while saying to the vote, "Absolve me," you have pressed the muzzle of your pistol against its temples. Ah, desperate wretch! to "absolve" you, as you say, is beyond the power of the people; it is beyond the power of humanity. Listen!

Nero, who had invented the society of the 10th of December, and who like you engaged it to applaud his comedies, and even (like you again) his tragedies, — Nero, after gashing the womb of his mother with a knife, might also, like you too, have convoked his universal suffrage. Nero, who resembled you again in this, that he was not troubled by the license of the press, — Nero, pontiff and emperor, surrounded by judges and priests prostrate before him, could, laying one of his bloody hands on the dead body of his mother and raising the other towards heaven, have called all Olympus to witness that he had not shed this blood, and have adjured his universal suffrage to declare before the face of gods and men that he, Nero, had not slain this woman. His universal suffrage, operating pretty much like yours, with

the same enlightenment and with the same liberty, could have affirmed by seven million five hundred thousand votes that the divine Cæsar Nero, pontiff and emperor, had done no harm to this woman who was dead. Yet know this, Monsieur! Nero would not have been thereby "absolved;" it would have sufficed if one voice, one single voice on the earth, the humblest and obscurest, had arisen amid that profound night of the Roman empire, and cried out in the darkness, "Nero is a parricide!" for the echo, the eternal echo of the human conscience to repeat for ever and ever, from people unto people and from century unto century, "Nero has slain his mother!" Well, this voice uttering its protest in the shadow is mine. I cry out to-day, and do not doubt the universal conscience of humanity cries with me: "Louis Bonaparte has assassinated France! Louis Bonaparte has slain his mother!"

BOOK VII.

THE ABSOLUTION.

Second Form.

THE OATH.

CHAPTER I.

TO AN OATH ADD AN OATH AND A HALF.

WHAT is Louis Bonaparte? He is perjury alive; he is mental reservation incarnate; he is felony in flesh and bones; he is false swearing wearing a general's hat and getting itself called Monseigneur.

Well! what is this man of the ambuscade asking of France now? An oath. An oath! Surely, after the 20th of December, 1848, and the 2d of December, 1851; after the inviolable Representatives of the people had been arrested and hunted; after the republic had been confiscated; after the *coup d'état*, — a cynical and downright roar of laughter at the oath from this malefactor was the thing to look forward to. It might have been expected that this Sbrigani would say to France: "See here! it is true! I gave my word of honour. It is funny, is n't it? Let us not speak of these follies any further."

No, he wants an oath. So come hither, mayors, gendarmes, judges, spies, prefects, generals, police agents, gamekeepers, commissaries of police, functionaries, senators, councillors of State, legislators, clerks, — all the herd: the thing is decided, he wills it; this idea has come into his head; it is his desire, it is his good pleasure. Make haste and form in line then, you from your record office, you from under the eye of your corporal, you from the bureau of the minister. File off, you senators, to the Tuileries, into the Hall of the Marshals; you, spies, to the Prefecture of Police; you, first presidents and *procureurs-généraux*, into his antechamber. Come hither, riding, driving, walking, in robe or scarf, costume or uniform, draped, gilded, spangled, broidered, plumed, with sword at side, cap on head, band on neck, girdle on stomach; come on, some before the bust of plaster, others before the man himself. Good! you are there, — you are all there; no one is missing. Now look him well in the face; enter into yourselves; dive into your consciences, your sense of decency, your loyalty, your religion; take off your gloves, raise your hands, and plight your faith to his perjury, and swear fidelity to his treason! Is it done? Yes. Ah, what an infamous farce! And Louis Bonaparte takes this swearing quite seriously. It is really true that he believes in my pledge, in thine, in yours, in ours, in theirs; he believes in everybody's pledge except his own. He insists on those around him swearing, and he enjoins them to be loyal. Messalina is pleased to surround herself with maids. Grand! it is his will that a body have some honour paid him; you understand this, Saint-Arnaud; you will pay heed, Maupas!

Let us nevertheless get to the bottom of the thing; there are oaths and oaths. The oath you take freely, solemnly, in the face of God and men, after receiving a

confidential mandate from six millions of your fellow-citizens, in full National Assembly, to the Constitution of your country, to law, to right, to the people, to France,— such an oath is nothing, binds you to nothing, can be laughed at, and torn one fine morning by the heel of your boot; but the oath you take under cannon, under the sabre, under the eye of the police, to keep the position by which you live, the grade which is your only property; the oath you take to save your bread and the bread of your children to a knave, a rebel, to the violator of the laws, the murderer of the Republic, a backslider from all justice, to the man who has himself broken his oath, — oh, that oath is sacred! Let us not jest. The oath taken to the 2d of December, nephew of the 18th Brumaire, is sacro-sanct!

What astonishes me is the folly of it all. To receive as sterling coin and hard cash all these *juro's* of the official plebs; never even to dream that all scruples have been got rid of, and that there cannot be in this a single word of sound currency! A man happens to be a prince and a traitor at the same time, and he imagines that the example given from the summit of the State will not be followed! Think of it! To sow lead and fancy that gold will be harvested! Not even to perceive that in such cases all consciences mould themselves after the conscience above them, and that the false oath of the prince makes base money of all oaths!

CHAPTER II.

A DIFFERENCE IN VALUES.

AND then of whom are these oaths asked? Of that prefect? — he has betrayed the State. Of that general? — he has betrayed the flag. Of that magistrate? — he has betrayed the law. Of all those functionaries? — they have betrayed the Republic. A curious thing, and one calculated to make the philosopher ponder, is this heap of traitors from which issues this heap of oaths!

Now, let us dwell on the lovely feature of the 2d of December. Monsieur Bonaparte Louis believes in the oaths that are pledged to him! When M. Rouher takes off his glove and says, "I swear!" when M. Suin takes off his glove and says, "I swear!" when M. Troplong places his hand on his breast, over the spot where senators have the third button and other men the heart, and says, "I swear!" — then Monsieur Bonaparte feels the tears in his eyes, adds up with emotion all these loyal souls, and contemplates these beings with tenderness. He trusts! he believes! O depth of candour! In truth, the innocence of scoundrels is sometimes a source of astonishment to honest men.

One thing nevertheless surprises the benevolent observer, and vexes him a little. It is the capricious and disproportionate fashion in which the oaths are paid for; it is the inequality of the values which Monsieur Bonaparte puts on the merchandise. For instance, if M. Vidocq were still Chief of the Police Department,

he would have six thousand francs a year. M. Baroche has eighty thousand. It follows therefore that the oath of M. Vidocq would bring him in only sixteen francs sixty-six centimes a day, while the oath of M. Baroche brings him in two hundred and twenty-two francs twenty-two centimes a day. This is evidently unjust. Why this difference? An oath is an oath; an oath is composed of a glove taken off and eight letters.[1] What is there then in the oath of M. Baroche more than there is in the oath of M. Vidocq? You will tell me that this arises from the different nature of their functions; that M. Baroche presides over the Council of State, while M. Vidocq would only be chief of the Police Department. I answer that this is mere chance; that M. Baroche would probably excel in directing the Police Department, and that M. Vidocq might have made a very good president of the Council of State. That is not a reason.

Has the oath, then, different qualities? Is it like Masses? Are there also Masses at forty sous and Masses at ten sous? Has a person oath enough for his money? Is there, then, in this commodity of the oath the superfine, the extra-fine, the fine, and the demi-fine? Are some of a higher grade than others? Are they firm of texture, less mixed with oakum and cotton, better dyed? Are there oaths quite new, that have never been used, and oaths worn out, patched, threadbare? In fine, is there a choice? Let us be told if there is. The answer is worth waiting for. It is we who foot the bills.

Having made this observation in the interest of the tax-payers, I ask pardon of M. Vidocq for making use of his name. I acknowledge that I had not the right to do so. In fact, M. Vidocq would perhaps have refused the oath.

[1] Je le jure!

CHAPTER III.

THE OATH OF THE LETTERED AND THE LEARNED.

MONSIEUR BONAPARTE wanted Arago to swear, —a detail of much value this! Know, then, that astronomy must take an oath! In all well-regulated States France or China — everything is a public function, even science. The mandarin of the Institute holds his office from the mandarin of the police. The great telescope owes liege homage to Monsieur Bonaparte. An astronomer is a species of policeman of the heavens; the observatory is a sentry-box, like any other. The good God up yonder requires to be watched a little now and then; sometimes he does not seem to submit completely to the constitution of the 14th of January. The sky is full of disagreeable allusions, and requires to be kept well in hand. The discovery of a new sun-spot constitutes evidently a case within the domain of the censorship; the prediction of a high tide may be seditious; the announcement of an eclipse may be a treason. We are a little whimsical (*lune*) at the Elysée; a free astronomy is almost as dangerous as a free press. Does any one know what is taking place during these nocturnal *têtes-à-tête* of Arago with Jupiter. If it were Leverrier, it would be all very well; but a member of the provisional Government! Be on your guard, M. Maupas! Look out that the Board of Longitude does not conspire with the stars, and above all with these

wild contrivers of celestial *coups d'état* called comets. And then, as we have said already, a Bonaparte must of necessity be a fatalist. The great Napoleon had a star; the little one ought to have at least a nebula. Astronomers have certainly something of the astrologer about them too. Take your oaths, gentlemen.

It is hardly necessary to say that Arago refused.

One of the virtues of the oath to Louis Bonaparte is that according as you refuse it or give it, this oath takes from you or renders back to you your talents, your merits, your aptitudes. You are professor of Greek and Latin: take the oath! if not, you are banished from your chair; you no longer know Greek or Latin. You are professor of Rhetoric: take the oath! otherwise, tremble! The story of Théramène and the dream of Athalie are forbidden to you; you shall wander around for the rest of your days without ever having the chance of resuming them. You are professor of philosophy: take the oath to Monsieur Bonaparte; if not, you become incapable of comprehending the mysteries of the human conscience and explaining them to young people. You are professor of medicine: take the oath to Monsieur Bonaparte; except you do, you no longer know how to feel the pulse of your fever patients. But if all the good professors go away in this style, there will no longer be any good pupils. In medicine, particularly, this is a serious matter; what will become of the sick? Of whom, — the sick? Much we care about the sick! The important point is that medicine take the oath to Monsieur Bonaparte. Besides, either seven million five hundred thousand votes have not any meaning, or it is better to have one's leg cut off by a sworn ass than by a refractory Dupuytren.

Ah, you may well laugh; but all this is heart-rending. You are a young, rare, and noble intellect,

like Deschanel; you are a man of firm and upright soul, like Despois; a grave and energetic philosopher, like Jacques; an eminent writer, a popular historian, like Michelet,—take the oath or starve! They refuse. The silence and the shadow to which they have stoically returned know the rest.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME CURIOUS FEATURES.

ALL morality is denied by such an oath, all shame drained to the dregs, all decency braved. No reason why we should not see incredible things: we see them. In such and such a town, — in Évreux,[1] for

[1] The President of the Tribunal of Commerce at Évreux refused the oath. Let the "Moniteur" speak: —

"M Verney, ex-President of the Tribunal of Commerce of Évreux, was summoned to appear last Friday before the judges of the Court of Misdemeanours of Évreux, on account of the acts that took place on the 29th of April last, in the consular sessions-hall. M. Verney was charged with the offence of contempt against the government. The Judges of First Instance dismissed M. Verney, but censured him by judgment. An appeal *a minima* was had by the Procureur of the Republic. Decree of the Court of Appeal of Rouen: 'Whereas the prosecution has for sole object the repression of the offence of contempt against the government; whereas this offence resulted, according to the prosecution, from the last paragraph of the letter written by Verney to the Procureur of the Republic at Évreux, on the 26th of April last, and which was conceived as follows: "But it would be too serious a matter to claim longer that which we believe to be the right. The magistracy itself will thank us for not exposing the robe of the judge to a surrender to force, as your dispatch announces;" whereas, however blamable may have been the conduct of Verney in this affair, the court cannot see in the terms of this part of his letter the offence of contempt against the government, since the order, in virtue of which force had to be employed to prevent the judges from sitting who refused to take the oath, did not emanate from the government; whereas, there is no ground since then for applying the penal law to him, — for these reasons the court confirms the judgment appealed from, without costs.'"

The Court of Appeal of Rouen has for First President M. Franck-Carré, ex-Procureur-General to the Court of Peers in the Boulogne prosecution, the same who addressed these words to Monsieur Louis Bonaparte: "You have tampered with the soldiers and distributed money to buy treason."

example, — the judges who took the oath have judged the judges who refused. Ignominy seated on the tribunal orders honour to be seated on the stool of repentance; the conscience that has been sold "censures" the conscience that has remained honest; the prostitute whips the virgin.

With that oath you march from one surprise to another. Nicolet is but a bumpkin compared to Monsieur Bonaparte. When Monsieur Bonaparte made his tour of his lackeys, his accomplices, and victims, and pocketed the oath of each, he turned with amiable simplicity to the valiant chiefs of the army of Africa and used pretty nearly this language: "By the way, you know I had you arrested at night in your beds by my people; my spies entered your homes with drawn swords; they have been even decorated by me for this feat of arms. I had you threatened with a gag if you uttered a cry; you were seized by the collar by my prison wardens. I had you shut up in Mazas in the cell of the thieves, and in Ham in my own cell; you have still on your wrists the marks of the cords with which I had you tied. Good-day, gentlemen, and may God have you in his holy keeping! Swear fidelity to me." Changarnier looked at him steadily and answered, "No, traitor!" Bedeau answered, "No, forger!" Lamoricière answered, "No, bandit!" Charras slapped his face. At the present moment the face of Monsieur Bonaparte is red, not from shame, but from that slap.

Another singularity of the oath: In the casemates, in the bastiles, in the prison ships, in the African penal settlements, there are prisoners by thousands. Who are these prisoners? We have said already, — republicans, patriots, soldiers of the law, the innocent, the martyred. We get a glimpse of their sufferings; generous voices have proclaimed them; we ourselves in the work spe-

cially devoted to the 2d of December, shall completely tear away the veil. Well, would you wish to know what is happening there now? Occasionally some of these unfortunates, worn out by their sufferings, bending under the weight of their misery; without shoes, without bread, without clothing, without a shirt, and eaten alive by vermin; poor workmen torn from their shops, poor peasants torn from their ploughs; bewailing a wife, a mother; bewailing their children, their bereaved families without food and perhaps without shelter, — some of these unfortunates we say, sick, dying, in their despair and utter distress weaken and consent to "ask pardon." Then a letter, ready prepared and addressed "Monseigneur le prince président," is brought to them to sign. We publish this letter, it is recognized as genuine by M. Quentin-Bauchart: —

"I, the undersigned, declare upon my honour that I accept with gratitude the pardon which has been offered me by Prince Louis Napoleon, and bind myself to take no more part in secret societies, to respect the laws, and to be faithful to the government which the country has given itself by the vote of the 20th and 21st of December, 1851."

Let there be no misunderstanding as to the meaning of this grave fact. This is not clemency granted; it is clemency begged. The formula "Ask us to pardon you" signifies "Grant us our pardon." The assassin, bending over his victim, with uplifted knife, cries to him: "I have stopped and seized thee, flung thee to the ground, despoiled and robbed thee; and now, pierced with wounds, thou art under my heel, thy blood flowing through twenty gashes; say that thou *repentest*, and I shall not kill thee outright." This *repentance* of the innocent, exacted by the guilty, is simply the external form taken by his inward remorse. He imagines that in this way

he is fortified against his own crime. To whatever expedients he may recur in order to dull the edge of his iniquity, though he have the little bells of the seven million five hundred thousand votes rung perpetually in his ear, the man of the *coup d'état* has a vague and dim perception of a morrow, and struggles against the inevitable future. He feels the need of a legal purgative, a discharge, withdrawal, quittance. He asks it of the vanquished, and when necessary tortures them in order to obtain it. At the bottom of the conscience of each prisoner, of each of the deported, of each of the proscribed, Louis Bonaparte feels that there is a tribunal, and that this tribunal is drawing up his indictment; he trembles; the executioner has a secret dread of the victim, and under the figure of a pardon granted by him to the victim he gets his acquittal signed by that judge. He thus hopes to deceive France, who also is a living conscience and an attentive tribunal; and that when the day for the sentence comes, seeing him absolved by his victims, she too will pardon him. He is mistaken. Let him break through a wall in some other direction, he will not escape through this.

CHAPTER V.

THE 5TH OF APRIL, 1852.

THIS is what was seen in the Tuileries on the 5th of April, 1852: Towards eight in the evening the antechamber was filled with men in red robes, grave, majestic men, speaking in low tones, holding their black velvet caps, adorned with gold lace, in their hands. Most of them were white-haired. They were the presidents and councillors of the Court of Cassation, the first presidents of the Courts of Appeal, and the *procureurs-généraux*, — all the high magistrature of France. These men had been introduced into this antechamber and left there by an *aide-de-camp;* they came and went, backwards and forwards, talking to one another, pulling out their watches, waiting for the touch of a bell. At the end of an hour they perceived they had not even chairs to sit on. One of them, M. Troplong, went into another antechamber where the servants were, and complained; they brought him a chair. At last a folding-door opened; they entered helter-skelter into a salon. A man in a black coat was standing there, with his back to the chimney-piece. What business had those men in red robes with this man in a black coat? He was Monsieur Bonaparte, and they had come to take the oath to him. He nodded to them; they bent down to the ground, as was proper. In front of Monsieur Bonaparte, a few yards from him, was M. Abbattuci, once a Liberal deputy, now Minister of Justice of the *coup d'état.* Proceedings were then

begun. M. Abbattuci delivered a discourse, and Monsieur Bonaparte made a speech. The prince, looking at the carpet, uttered a few drawling and disdainful words; he spoke of his "legitimacy." After which the magistrates swore, each lifting his hand one after the other. While they were swearing, Monsieur Bonaparte, with his back half turned away from them, chatted with the *aides-de-camp* near him. When it was finished, he turned his back on them completely, and they left, shaking their heads, ashamed and humiliated, — not because they had committed an act of baseness, but because they had no chairs in the antechamber! As they were leaving, the following dialogue was heard: —

"That," said one of them, "was an oath we had to take."

"And which we must keep," returned another.

"Like the master of the house," added a third.

All this is the very essence of humiliation. Let us pass on. Among these first presidents who swore fidelity to Louis Bonaparte, there was a certain number of ex-peers of France, who, as peers, had condemned Louis Bonaparte to perpetual imprisonment. But why look so very far back? Let us pass on still; this is a little better. Among those magistrates, there were seven whose names are Hardouin, Moreau, Pataille, Cauchy, Delapalme, Grandet, Quesnault. These seven men composed, before the 2d of December, the High Court of Justice; the first, Hardouin, was president, the two last deputies, the four others judges. These men had received and accepted from the Constitution of 1848 a mandate conceived in the following terms: —

"Article 68. Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or places an obstacle in the way of the exercise of its mandate, is a crime of high treason.

"The judges of the High Court shall immediately meet under penalty of forfeiture, convoke juries in the place they designate, to proceed to the trial of the President and his accomplices; they shall themselves name the magistrates charged with filling the functions of the public ministry."

On the 2d of December, in presence of the flagrant outrage, they had begun the trial and named a procureur-general, M. Renouard, who accepted the mission of prosecuting Louis Bonaparte for the crime of high treason. Let us join this name Renouard to the seven others. On the 5th of April the whole eight were in the antechamber of Louis Bonaparte. What they did there we have seen.

Here it is impossible not to pause. There are certain sad ideas on which we must have the strength to dwell, there are cesspools of ignominy which we must have the courage to sound.

Look at yon man. His birth was an accident, a misfortune; it took place in some hole, some kennel, some cave, no one knows where or from whom. He emerged from the dust to fall into the mud. He has not had father nor mother, except as far as was necessary for his existence; after this all was taken from him. He has crawled about as well as he was able; he has grown up barefooted, bareheaded, in rags, without a glimmer of knowledge as to why he was living. He does not know how to read; he does not know that there are laws above his head, — he hardly knows that there is a heaven. He has no home, no roof, no family, no belief, no book. He is a blinded soul; his understanding has never opened; for the understanding opens only to the light as the flowers open in the daytime, and he is in night. Still, he must eat; society has made a brute beast of him, hunger has made a wild beast of him. He watches the passer-by from the corner of a

wood, and robs him of his purse. He is taken and sent to jail. It is well.

Now look at that other man. His is not the red uniform; it is the red robe. He believes in God, reads Nicole, is a Jansenist and devotee, goes to confession, and receives the consecrated bread. He is well-born, as it is said; he does not want for anything, has never wanted for anything; his family has lavished on his infancy the most anxious care, he has had lessons, advice, masters, instruction in Greek and Latin literature. He is a grave and scrupulous personage, and so he has been made a magistrate. Seeing this man spend his days in meditating on all the great texts, sacred and profane, in the study of the law, in the practice of religion, in the contemplation of justice and injustice, — seeing this, society has intrusted to his guardianship its most august and venerable possession, the book of the law. It has made him the judge and chastiser of treason. It has said to him: "A day may come, an hour may strike, when the head of the material force of the nation will trample on the law and the right; then shalt thou, the man of justice, rise up and strike with thy wand the man of power." For this reason, and in the expectation of that perilous and supreme day, it heaps benefits upon him, and clothes him with purple and ermine. That day comes at last, that unique and solemn hour, that grand hour of duty. The man with the red robe begins to stammer forth the words of the law; suddenly he perceives that justice does not prevail, that treason is in the ascendant. And then this man who has spent his life in imbuing his mind with the pure and holy light of justice; this man who is nothing if he is not the despiser of iniquitous success, — this lettered man, this scrupulous man, this religious man, this judge to whom has been confided the guar-

dianship of the law and in some sort of the universal conscience, turns towards the triumphant perjurer, and with the very mouth, the very voice with which he would have said if the traitor had been conquered, "Criminal, I condemn you to the galleys!" he says, "Monseigneur, I swear fidelity to you!" Take a balance, put in one scale the judge and into the other the felon, and tell me to which side it leans.

CHAPTER VI.

SWEARING ON ALL SIDES.

SUCH are the things which have been seen in France on the occasion of the oath to Monsieur Bonaparte. There has been swearing here, swearing there, swearing on all sides, — at Paris, in the provinces, at sunrise, at sunset, in the north and in the south. During one entire month France has been a scene of arms stretched out and hands uplifted; with the final chorus, "Let us swear!" etc. The ministers have sworn before the President, the prefects before the ministers, the herd before the prefects. What does Monsieur Bonaparte do with these oaths? Does he make a collection of them? Where does he put them? It has been noticed that the oath is seldom refused except by unpaid functionaries, — councillors-general, for example. The oath has in reality been taken to the budget. On the 29th of March a certain senator was heard to protest in a loud voice that his name had been passed over, which must have happened through some sort of fortuitous decency. M. Sibour,[1] archbishop of Paris, has sworn; M. Franck-Carré,[2] procureur-general to the Court of Peers in the Boulogne affair, has sworn; M. Dupin, president of the National Assembly on the 2d of December,[3] has sworn. Great God! it is enough to make one wring one's hands with shame!

[1] As Senator.
[2] As First President of the Court of Appeal of Rouen.
[3] As Member of his Municipal Council.

And yet an oath is a holy thing. The man who takes an oath is no longer a man; he is an altar on which God descends. Man, that infirmity, that shadow, that atom, that grain of sand, that drop of water, that tear fallen from the eyes of destiny; man, so little, so feeble, so uncertain, so ignorant, so perplexed; man, who walks in bewilderment and in doubt, knowing little of yesterday and nothing of the morrow, seeing just enough of his path to take a step forward, the rest all darkness, — trembling if he look before him, sad if he look behind him; man, enfolded in the immensities and obscurities of time, space, being, and lost in them, — having a gulf in himself, his soul, and a gulf outside himself, heaven; man, who at certain hours bends with a sort of sacred horror under all the forces of Nature, — under the roaring of the sea, the moaning of the trees, under the shadow of the mountains, under the radiance of the stars; man, who cannot raise his head during the day without being blinded by the light, nor during the night without being crushed by the infinite; man, who knows nothing, sees nothing, understands nothing, who may be borne off to-morrow, to-day, in a moment, by the passing wave, by the rustling breeze, by the pebble that falls, by the hour that strikes; — yet on a given day man, that quivering, shuddering, wretched being, the toy of chance, the plaything of the expiring minute, draws himself up on a sudden before the enigma called human life, feels that there is in him something greater than the abyss, honour; stronger than fatality, virtue; deeper than the unknown, faith, — and alone, feeble, and naked he says to all this formidable mystery which holds and encompasses him, "Do with me what thou wilt, but I will do this and I will not do that!" and proud, serene, tranquil, creating by one word a fixed point in this sombre instability which fills the horizon, as the sailor casts

an anchor into the ocean he casts his oath into the future.

O oath! admirable confidence of justice in itself! sublime permission to make a solemn averment granted by God to man! It is ended; it exists no longer. One more glory of the soul faded away into space!

BOOK VIII.

PROGRESS CONTAINED IN THE *COUP D'ÉTAT.*

CHAPTER I.

THE QUANTITY OF GOOD CONTAINED IN THE EVIL.

AMONG us democrats many sincere spirits have been stricken with stupor by the events of the 2d of December. Some have been disconcerted, others discouraged, many dismayed; some of those whom I have seen have cried out, "Finis Poloniæ!" As to myself, I, — since at certain moments it becomes necessary to say *I*, and to speak in presence of history as a witness, — I have seen this event without anxiety, and I proclaim the fact. I say more, — there are moments when the 2d of December finds me a satisfied observer.

When I succeed in abstracting myself from the present; when it is in my power to turn away my eyes for a moment from all these crimes, from all the blood spilt, from all the victims, from all the proscribed, from the death-rattle on the convict-ship, from the frightful prisons of Lambessa and Cayenne where death is quick, from that exile where death is slow, from that vote, that oath, from that enormous blot of shame staining France and widening every day; when, forgetting for some minutes these painful thoughts, — thoughts that habitually possess my soul, — I succeed in shutting my-

self up in the austere coldness of the statesman, and considering no longer the fact but the consequences of the fact; — then, among many results doubtless disastrous, I see real, considerable, nay immense progress; and at that moment, while I am always one of those whom the 2d of December rouses to indignation, I am no longer one of those whom it grieves. With my eyes fixed on certain aspects of the future, I arrive at this conclusion: the proceeding is infamous, but the fact is good.

Efforts have been made to account for the unaccountable victory of the 2d of December in a hundred fashions. A balance has been taken between the different sorts of resistance possible, and they have been set off one against the other. The people have been afraid of the *bourgeoisie*, the *bourgeoisie* has been afraid of the people; the Faubourgs have hesitated before the restoration of the majority, — fearing, wrongly for that matter, that their victory would bring back to power that Right which was so profoundly unpopular; the shopkeepers have recoiled before the Red Republic, the people did not understand, the middle classes shuffled. Some have said, " What kind of persons are we likely to send to the Legislative Palace ? " Others have said, " What kind of people are we likely to see in the Hôtel de Ville ? " In fine, the harsh repression of 1848, the insurrection crushed by cannon, the casemates, the banishments, the transportations, — it was a living and terrible memory; and then, If the rappel could have been beaten! if a single legion had turned out! if M. Sibour had been M. Affre, and had thrown himself in front of the balls of the pretorians! if the High Court had not let itself be dispersed by a corporal! if the judges had done as the Representatives, and the red robes as well as the scarves had been seen on the barricades! if a single arrest had failed! if a regiment had hesitated! if the massacre on

the boulevard had not occurred, or had fared ill for Monsieur Bonaparte! etc. All this is true; and nevertheless that has been which ought to have been. Let us repeat that beneath this monstrous victory and in its shadow a vast and certain progress has been accomplished. The 2d of December succeeded because — I say again — from more than one point of view it was perhaps good that it should succeed. All explanations are just and all explanations are vain. The invisible hand is concerned in all this; Providence has made the event. It was in fact necessary that *order* should reach its logical conclusion. It was well that it should be known, and known forever, that in the mouth of the men of the past this word "order" means false swearing, perjury, robbery of the public funds, civil war, councils of war, confiscation, sequestration, deportation, transportation, proscription, fusilades, police, censorship, dishonour of the army, negation of the people, the abasement of France, the senate mute, the tribune prostrate, the press crushed, the political guillotine, the butchery of liberty, the strangling of right, the violation of the laws, the sovereignty of the sabre, massacre, treason, and ambuscade. The spectacle before our eyes is a useful spectacle. The things seen in France since the 2d of December are the orgies of *order*.

Yes, Providence is concerned with this event. Think again of this; that for fifty years the Republic and the Empire filled all imaginations, — the one with its reflection of terror, the other with its reflection of glory. In the Republic men saw only 1793, — that is to say, the formidable necessity of revolutions, as fiery furnaces; in the Empire they saw only Austerlitz. Hence, a prejudice against the Republic and a prestige in favour of the Empire. Now, what is the future of France? Is it the Empire? No! it is the Republic.

It was necessary to change this situation, — to destroy the prestige of what cannot be revived, and destroy the prejudice against what must be. Providence has done it; it has destroyed two mirages. February came, and took from the Republic its terror; Louis Bonaparte came, and took from the Empire its prestige. Henceforth, 1848 (fraternity) is superimposed on 1793 (terror); Napoleon the Little is superimposed on Napoleon the Great. Two great things — of which the one frightened, the other dazzled — retire from the field: '93 is seen no longer except through its justification, and Napoleon is seen no longer except through his caricature; the senseless dread of the guillotine is dissipated, the vain popularity of the Empire has vanished. Thanks to 1848, the Republic no longer alarms; thanks to Louis Bonaparte, the Empire no longer fascinates. The future has become possible. These are the secrets of God.

Moreover, the word "Republic" is not enough; it is the *thing* republic that is wanted. Well, we shall have the thing with the word. Let us develop this point.

CHAPTER II.

THE FOUR INSTITUTIONS OPPOSED TO THE FUTURE.

WHILE waiting for the marvellous but ultimate simplifications which the union of Europe and the democratic federation of the continent must one day bring to pass, what will be in France the form of the social edifice which the thinker sees dimly at present, whose vague and luminous lineaments he traces through the darkness of dictatorships? This form will be as follows:—

The commune sovereign, administered by an elected mayor; universal suffrage everywhere, subordinate to the national unity only in what touches general interests: so much for the administration. Syndicates and trades-councils regulating the private differences of associations and industries; the jury, magistrate of the fact, instructing the judge, himself the magistrate of the law; the judge elected: so much for the judiciary. The priest excluded from everything except the Church; living with his eye fixed on his book and on heaven; a stranger to the budget, ignored by the State, known only by his followers; having no longer authority, but having liberty: so much for religion. War confined to the defence of the territory; the nation a national guard divided into three bands, and able to rise like one man: so much for power. The law everywhere, the right everywhere, the vote everywhere; the sabre nowhere.

Now, to this future, to this magnificent realization of the democratic ideal, what were the obstacles? There were four obstacles, and they were these:—

A permanent army.
A centralized administration.
A paid clergy
An irremovable magistracy.

CHAPTER III.

SLOWNESS OF NORMAL PROGRESS.

WHAT these obstacles are, what they were even under the Republic of February, even under the Constitution of 1848; the evil they produced, the good they prevented, the past which they perpetuated, the excellent social order which they delayed, — these the political writer saw imperfectly, the philosopher knew, the nation was ignorant of. These four institutions — enormous, ancient, and solid, buttressed one upon the other, intermingled from their base to their summit, growing like a forest of huge old trees, their roots under our feet and their branches over our heads — were stifling and crushing all the scattered germs of new France. Where there should have been life, movement, association, local liberty, communal spontaneity, there was administrative despotism; where there should have been the intelligent vigilance, armed if needful, of the patriot and the citizen, there was the passive obedience of the soldier; where the living Christian faith might have gushed forth, there was the Catholic priest; where there should have been justice, there was the judge. And the future was there under the feet of the suffering generations, which could not emerge from earth and were waiting.

Was this known among the people? Was it suspected? Was it surmised? No, far from it. In the eyes of the greatest number, and of the middle classes

in particular, these four obstacles were four supports. The magistracy, the army, the administration, and the clergy were the four virtues of order, the four social forces, the four holy pillars of the ancient French formation. Attack that if you dare! I do not hesitate to say that in the state of blindness to which the best minds were a prey, with the methodical march of normal progress, with our assemblies (which no one will suspect me of disparaging, but which when they are at once honest and timid, as often happens, are willing to be governed by their average; that is to say, by mediocrity), with the commissions of initiative, the delays and repeated ballotings, — if, in this state the 2d of December had not come with its astounding demonstration, if Providence had not interfered, France would have been condemned indefinitely to endure an irremovable magistracy, a centralized administration, a permanent army, and a paid clergy.

Certainly it is not I who will seek to contest, much less to depreciate, the power of the press and the power of the tribune, these two great combined forces of civilization. But see, nevertheless, what efforts of every kind and in every sense and under every form have been required for the tribune and the newspaper, for books and eloquence, to succeed even in shaking the universal prejudice in favour of these four fatal institutions. What gigantic struggles would be needed, then, to overthrow them; to brandish the evidence before all eyes; to overcome the resistance of the interested, the passionate, and the ignorant; to enlighten thoroughly public opinion, the public conscience, the official powers; to make this fourfold reform penetrate first into ideas and then into the laws! Reckon up the discourses, the writings, the articles in the journals; the projects of law, the counter-projects; the amendments, the amend-

ments on amendments; the reports, the counter-reports; the facts, incidents, polemics, discussions, affirmations, denials, the storms; the steps forward, the steps backward; the days, weeks, months, years; the quarter of a century, the half century!

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT THE ASSEMBLY MIGHT HAVE DONE.

LET us imagine seated on the benches of an assembly the most fearless of thinkers, — a brilliant intellect; one of those men who when they stand on the tribune feel that there is a tripod beneath them, feel their body expand instantaneously, become giants, tower above the massive appearances that mask realities, and see the future above the high and sombre walls of the present. This man, this orator, this seer, would bid his country take heed; this prophet would enlighten statesmen. He knows where the rocks are; he knows that society will crumble precisely because of these four false supports, — administrative centralization, the permanent army, the irremovable judge, the salaried priest; he knows this, he wishes all to know it; he ascends the tribune, and he says: "I warn you of four great public perils. Your political system bears within itself that which will slay it. It is necessary to transform, root and branch, the administration, the army, the clergy, and the magistracy; to suppress here, retrench there, renew everything, or perish through these four institutions which you take for elements of duration, but which are elements of dissolution."

Murmurs. He exclaims: "Do you know what your centralized administration can become in the hands of a perjured executive power? An immense treason carried

into effect at the same time over the whole surface of France by all functionaries without exception."

The murmurs break out again, and with more violence; the audience cries, "Order!" the orator continues: "Do you know what your permanent army may one day become? An instrument of crime. Passive obedience is the bayonet eternally levelled at the heart of the law. Yes, even here, in this France which is the instructor of the world; in this land of the tribune and the press; in this fatherland of human thought, — an hour may strike when the sabre will rule; when you, inviolable legislators, will be seized by the collar by corporals; when our glorious regiments will be transformed, to the profit of a man and the shame of a people, into gilded hordes and pretorian bands; when the sword of France will be something which strikes from behind, like the poniard of a *sbirro;* when the blood of the first city in the world will bespatter the gold epaulets of your generals."

The murmurs become a clamour. Cries of "Order!" are heard on all sides. The speaker is apostrophized by every one, "You have just insulted the administration; now you outrage the army!" The President calls the speaker to order. The speaker resumes: "And if haply the day should come when a man having the five hundred thousand functionaries who constitute the administration, and the four hundred thousand soldiers who compose the army, in his hand; if a day should come when this man would tear the Constitution to pieces, violate all laws, infringe all oaths, break through all rights, commit all crimes, — do you know what your irremovable magistracy would do, — that protector of right, that guardian of the laws, — do you know what it would do? It would hold its peace!"

The last words of the speaker are lost in the clamour. The tumult becomes a tempest. "This man respects

nothing! After the administration and the army, he drags the magistracy in the mud! The censure! the censure!" The speaker is censured, and the censure is recorded on the minutes. The President declares that if he continue the Assembly will be consulted and he shall be silenced. The speaker continues: "And your paid clergy, and your salaried bishops: the day when some pretender or other employs the magistracy, the administration, and the army in all these criminal deeds; the day when all these institutions drip with the blood shed by the traitor and for the traitor, — placed between the man who commits these crimes and the God who orders them to hurl an anathema at the criminal, do you know what your bishops will do? They will fall prostrate, not before God, but before this man!"

Is it possible to form any idea of the fury, the hooting, the jeers, the imprecations, with which such words would be received? Is it possible to imagine the cries, the apostrophes, the menaces, the entire body rising as one man, and the tribune scarcely protected from violence by the efforts of the ushers? The speaker has profaned all the holy arks in succession, and at last touches the holy of holies, the clergy! And then what does he really suppose? What a heap of impossible and infamous hypotheses is this? Hear Baroche bellow and Dupin thunder! The speaker would be again called to order, censured, compelled to apologize, excluded from the Chamber for three days, like Pierre Leroux and Emile de Girardin; perhaps — who knows? — expelled like Manuel. And on the next day the indignant *bourgeoisie* would say, "Well done!" and from all quarters the journals of order would shake their fists at the "calumniator;" and even in his own party, on his own bench in the Assembly, his best friends would abandon him and say, "It is his own fault; he has supposed

chimeras and absurdities!" And after this generous and heroic effort, it would be discovered that the four institutions attacked had become more venerable and impeccable than ever, and that instead of advancing, the question had retreated.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT PROVIDENCE HAS DONE.

BUT Providence acts differently. It puts the thing under your eyes, illuminated on all sides, and says, "See!"

One fine morning a man arrives; and what a man! — the first comer, the last comer, without a past, without a future, without genius, without glory, without prestige. Is he an adventurer? Is he a prince? This man has quite frankly filled his hands with money, bank-notes, railway shares, places, decorations, sinecures; this man bows to his functionaries and says, "Functionaries be traitors!" The functionaries become traitors. All, — without exception? Yes, all. He addresses the generals and says, "Generals, massacre!" The generals massacre. He turns towards the irremovable judges and says: "Magistrates, I break the Constitution; I perjure myself; I dissolve the sovereign Assembly, I arrest the inviolable Representatives; I pillage the public treasury, I sequestrate; I confiscate; I banish whoever displeases me, or as my fancy dictates; I shoot down without notice, I fusilade without a trial; I commit all that men have agreed to call crime, I violate all that men have agreed to call right: behold the laws, they are under my feet!"

"We shall pretend not to see," say the magistrates.

"You are insolent!" replies the providential man. "To turn away your eyes is to insult me. I intend

you to assist me. Judges, to-day you shall congratulate me, — me, who am force and crime, — and to-morrow you shall try those who resisted me, those who stand for honour, right, and law, and you shall condemn them."

The irremovable judges kiss his boot, and set about examining into the *affair of the troubles.* Into the bargain, they take an oath to him.

Next he perceives the clergy in a corner, endowed, gilded, crossed, coped, and mitred, and says to them: "Ah, you are there, archbishop! Come here; you shall bless all this for me." And the archbishop intones his *magnificat.*

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT THE MINISTERS, THE ARMY, THE MAGISTRACY, AND THE CLERGY HAVE DONE.

AH, what a striking thing, and what a lesson! "Erudimini!" Bossuet would say. The ministers fancied they were dissolving the Assembly; they have dissolved the administration. The soldiers have fired on the army and slain it. The judges imagined they were judging and condemning some innocent persons: they have judged and condemned to death the irremovable magistracy. The priests believed they were chanting a hosanna over Louis Bonaparte: they have chanted a *De profundis* over the clergy.

CHAPTER VII.

FORMS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

WHEN God wishes to destroy a thing, he makes the thing itself his agent. All the bad institutions of this world end in suicide. When they have weighed long enough on men, Providence sends to them, as the sultan does to his viziers, the bowstring by the hand of a mute: they execute themselves. Louis Bonaparte is the mute of Providence.

CONCLUSION.

FIRST PART.

PETTINESS OF THE MASTER, SHABBINESS OF THE SITUATION.

I.

BE tranquil! history has him in its grip. Still, if to be laid hold of by history flatters the vanity of Monsieur Bonaparte; if he chance to have (and really it looks like it) any mental illusion as to his value as a political scoundrel, — let him discard it. He must not imagine that because he has piled horror on horror he will ever be able to hoist himself up to the level of the great bandits of history. We have done wrong, perhaps, in some pages of this work to draw a parallel between him and these men. No; although he has committed great crimes, he himself remains paltry. He will never be anything but the nocturnal strangler of liberty; he will never be anything but the man who intoxicated soldiers, — not with glory, as did the first Napoleon, but with wine; he will never be anything but the pygmy tyrant of a great people. The stature of the individual is entirely incompatible with greatness, even in infamy. As a dictator he is a buffoon; as emperor, he will be grotesque. That will finish him. It will be his destiny to make the human race shrug its shoulders. Will his punishment be the less harsh on account of

this? No; disdain in no way lessens resentment. He will be hideous, and he will continue ridiculous, — nothing more. History while laughing at him smites him. Even the indignation of those most indignant cannot get him out of this position. Great thinkers take a delight in chastising great despots, and sometimes enlarge them a little to render them worthy of their wrath; but what can the historian do with such a personage as this? The historian can only lead him to posterity by the ear. The man once stripped of his success, the pedestal taken away, the tinsel and the glitter and the big sword removed, the poor little skeleton left naked and shivering, — can anything be imagined more beggarly and pitiful?

History has its tigers. Historians, the immortal guardians of ferocious animals, exhibit this imperial menagerie to the nations. Tacitus alone, that great belluarius, has caught and imprisoned eight or ten of those tigers in the iron cages of his style. Gaze on them! they are terrific and superb; their spots form a part of their beauty. Look! yonder is Nimrod, the hunter of men; this is Busiris, the tyrant of Egypt; this is Phalaris, who roasted living men in his brazen bull, in order to make the bull bellow; this is Ahasuerus, who tore the skin from the heads of the seven Maccabees and then had them roasted alive; this is Nero, who burned Rome and covered the Christians with wax and pitch and lit them as torches; this is Tiberius, the man of Capreæ; this is Domitian; this is Caracalla; this is Heliogabalus; that other is Commodus, who to his other horrible merits has added that of being the son of Marcus Aurelius; those are the czars, those others the sultans; those are the popes (among them notice the tiger Borgia); yonder is Philip called the Good, as the furies were called the Eumenides; yonder is Richard III., sinister and de-

formed; that is Henry VIII., with his huge belly and broad face, who killed two of his five wives and ripped up one; this is Christiern II., the Nero of the North; that is Philip II., the demon of the South. They are appalling; hearken to their roars, observe them one after another. The historian leads them before you; he drags them to the edge of their cage, opens their mighty jaws, shows you their teeth, and their claws. You may say of each, "That is a royal tiger." In fact, they have been caught on all the thrones of earth. History conducts them through the ages; she will not let them die; she takes care of them. They are her tigers; she does not mix them with the jackals; she puts and keeps apart the filthy beasts.

Monsieur Bonaparte will be, with Claudius, with Ferdinand VII. of Spain, with Ferdinand II. of Naples, in the cage of the hyænas. There is a little of the brigand about him, but much more of the trickster. He always gives you the impression of the poor blackleg-prince who lived by his wits in England; his present prosperity, his triumph, his empire, and his self-importance generally, do not affect you in the least; the purple mantle trails over boots down at the heels. Napoleon the Little, — nothing more, nothing less; the title of this book is a good one. The meanness of his vices is injurious to the greatness of his crimes. Just consider. Pedro the Cruel massacred but did not steal; Henry III. assassinated but did not swindle; Timur crushed children under the feet of his horses, pretty much as Monsieur Bonaparte has exterminated women and old men on the boulevard, but he did not lie. Listen to the Arabian historian: —

"Timur-Beg, Sahebkeran (master of the world and of the century, master of the planetary conjunctions), was born at Kesch in 1336; he butchered one hundred thousand captives.

When he was besieging Siwas, the inhabitants, to move him, sent a thousand little children bearing each a Koran on its head, and crying, 'Allah! Allah!' He had the sacred books removed with respect, and the children crushed under the hoofs of his horses. He used seventy thousand human heads, together with cement, stone, and brick, in building towers at Herat, Sebzvar, Tekrit, Aleppo, and Bagdad. He detested falsehood; when he pledged his word, he could be trusted."

Monsieur Bonaparte does not reach this stature. He is without the dignity which the great despots of the East and West blend with their ferocity. He lacks the majestic proportions of the Cæsars. To be the counterpart and semblance of all those executioners who have tortured humanity for four thousand years, a man must not be a cross between a general of division and a mountebank on the Champs Elysées; he must not have been a policeman at London; he must not have wiped from his face, with eyes cast down, in the open Court of Peers, the scornful insults of M. Magnan; he must not have been called pickpocket by the English journals; he must not have been menaced with Clichy; he must not, in a word, be a scamp.

Monsieur Louis Napoleon, you are ambitious, you aim high, but you must be told the truth. Now, what do you wish we should do in this matter? It is all very well for you to realize, by overthrowing the tribune, the wish of Caligula after your own fashion, "Would that the human race had but a single head, that I might cut it off at one stroke;" it is all very well for you to banish republicans by thousands, as Philip III. expelled the Moors, and as Torquemada hunted the Jews; it is all very well for you to have casemates like Pedro the Cruel, prison-ships like Hariadan, dragonnades like Père Letellier, and dungeons like Ezzelino III., to be a perjurer like Ludovico Sforza, a murderer and assassin of

his subjects like Charles IX; — it is all very well for you to act in this manner: you do so in vain. When we hear your name, you can never make us connect it with theirs in our minds; you are but a rascal. Not every one who wishes to be a monster attains his wish.

II.

From every aggregation of men, from every city, from every nation, there is evolved of necessity a collective force. Place this collective force at the service of liberty, let it be regulated by universal suffrage, and the city becomes a commune, the nation a republic.

This collective force is not, of its own nature, intelligent. Belonging to all, it belongs to none; it floats, so to speak, outside the people. Until the day when, according to the true social formula, "The least government possible," this force can be used as an agent for the maintenance of good order on the streets and highways, for paving the roads, lighting the lamps, and looking after malefactors; until that day, this collective force, being at the mercy of many hazards and ambitions, requires to be guarded and defended by jealous, clear-sighted, and well-armed institutions. It may be enslaved by tradition; it may be surprised by cunning. A man may rush upon it, seize it, bridle it, and tame it, and use it to ride over his fellow-citizens. A tyrant is that man who, sprung from tradition like Nicholas of Russia, or from cunning like Louis Bonaparte, secures for his profit and disposes of as he wishes the collective force of a people. If that man is by his birth what Nicholas was, he is the social enemy; if he has done what Louis Bonaparte has done, he is the public robber. The first has nothing to do with the regular

and legal tribunals, with the articles of the codes. Behind him vengeance is lying in wait, hatred is watching; Orloff is in his palace and Mouravieff among his people; he may be assassinated by some one of his army or poisoned by some one of his court; he runs the risk of barrack conspiracies, military secret societies, domestic plots, sudden and obscure maladies, terrible strokes, grand catastrophes. The second must go simply to Poissy. The first has the wherewith to die in purple, to end pompously and royally, as monarchies and tragedies end. The second must live, — live between four walls, behind gratings which allow the people to see him, sweeping yards, making hair-brushes or cloth slippers, emptying tubs, with a green cap on his head and sabots on his feet and straw in his sabots.

Ah, leaders of the old parties, men of absolutism! in France you voted *en masse* among the seven million five hundred thousand votes; outside of France you applauded, and you took this Cartouche for the hero of order. He is ferocious enough to be so, I acknowledge; but look at his stature! Be not ungrateful to your real colossuses: you have been too ready to get rid of your Haynaus and your Radetzkys. Above all, meditate on that parallel that will present itself so naturally to your minds. What is this Lilliputian Mandrin in comparison with Nicholas, Czar and Cæsar, Emperor and Pope, — his power one half Bible and the other half knout; who damns and condemns; who puts eight hundred thousand soldiers and two hundred thousand priests through the exercise; who holds in his right hand the keys of paradise and in his left hand the keys of Siberia; who possesses as his own private property sixty millions of men, — their souls as if he were God, their bodies as if he were the grave!

III.

If there were not before long an abrupt, imposing, and striking termination; if the present situation of the French nation were prolonged and extended, — the great injury, the terrific injury, would be the moral injury.

The boulevards of Paris, the streets of Paris, the fields and towns of twenty departments in France, have been strewn on the 2d of December with citizens killed and dying; fathers and mothers have been butchered on the threshold of their homes, children sabred, the hair of women matted with blood and their bosoms torn by grape-shot; suppliants have been massacred in their houses, others shot in heaps in their cellars, others dispatched by bayonets under their beds, others laid low on their own hearths; the marks of bloody hands are still imprinted here on a wall, there on a door, there on an alcove. After the victory of Louis Bonaparte, Paris tramped for three days through a reddish mud, — a cap filled with human brains has been seen hanging from a tree on the Boulevard des Italiens. I who write these lines have seen among other victims on the night of the 4th, near the Mauconseil barricade, an old man with white hair extended on the pavement, his breast perforated by a musket-shot and his collar-bone broken; the gutter of the street that flowed under him carried away his blood. I have seen, have touched with my hands, have aided in undressing, a poor child of seven years killed, I was told, in the Rue Tiquetonne; he was pale, his head moved backward and forward on his shoulders while we were taking off his clothes; his eyes, half-shut, were fixed, and on leaning over near his mouth it seemed as if you could hear him feebly murmur from his half-open lips the word "mother!"

Well! there is something more poignant than that murdered child, more lamentable than that old man dabbled with blood, more horrible than that rag stained with human brains, more frightful than those pavements red with carnage, more irreparable than those men and women, those fathers and mothers, butchered and assassinated: it is the vanished honour of a great people! Certainly, those pyramids of dead bodies seen in the cemeteries after the wagons which came from the Champ de Mars had discharged their burdens, those immense open trenches filled hastily in the morning before the twilight brightened into day, brought terror to the hearts of the witnesses; but it is more frightful still to think that at the present moment the peoples of the earth are in doubt, and that for them France, that great splendour of morality, has disappeared! More heart-rending than the heads cloven by the sabre, than the breasts riddled with bullets; more disastrous than violated houses, than murder filling the streets, than blood spilt in the gutters, — is the thought that now among all nations it is said: "That nation of nations, that people of the 14th of July, that people of the 10th of August, that people of 1830, that people of 1848, that race of giants which crushed bastiles, that race of men whose visage shone with light; that fatherland of mankind, which produced heroes and thinkers who made all revolutions and gave birth to all births; that France whose name meant liberty, that soul of the world which radiated over Europe, that light — well! some one has walked over it, and has extinguished it. France is no more; it is ended. Look! darkness everywhere! The world is groping on all fours!"

Ah, it was so great! Where are those times, those glorious times, filled with storms, but splendid; when all was life, when all was gran-

deur; those times when the French people, awake, standing in the shadow before all, its brow lighted by the dawn of the future which had already arisen for it, said to other peoples still torpid and afflicted and hardly stirring their chains in their sleep: "Be tranquil! I am doing the work of all, I am digging the soil for all, I am God's worker"? Oh, the anguish of it all! Behold that lethargy where there was such power; behold that shame where there was such pride; behold that superb people which once held up its head, and bends it now!

Alas! Louis Bonaparte has done more than kill persons; he has made souls shrink, he has made smaller the heart of the citizen. It is necessary to belong to the race of the indomitable and the invincible, to persevere in the rugged path of renunciation and of duty. Some horrible gangrene of material prosperity is menacing public honesty with destruction and rottenness. Oh, what happiness, after all, to be banished, to be fallen, to be ruined! Is it not so, brave workmen? Is it not so, honest peasants, hunted out of France, without an asylum and without shoes? What happiness to eat black bread, to sleep on a mattress on the ground, to be out at elbows, but to be beyond this, and able to meet those who say, "You are a Frenchman!" with the answer, "I am proscribed!"

And what a miserable spectacle is the delight of self-interest and of cupidity as they gorge themselves at the trough of the 2d of December! "Let us live! Let us do business, — job in zinc shares and railway shares. Let us get money: it is ignoble, but, faith! it is excellent. A scruple lost is a louis gained; so let us sell our souls at this rate!" And so men run, jostle one another, dance attendance, and drain all shame to the dregs. If a railway concession in France or lands in

Africa cannot be obtained, a place is asked for. A crowd of fearless and devoted beings besiege the Elysée and throng around the man. Junot, near the first Napoleon, braved the splashes from the howitzer-shell in the sand; those near the second brave the splashes of mud. What care they if they share his ignominy, provided they share his fortune. There is a struggle as to who shall be first in this cynical traffic in one's self; and among these people there are young men, with pure and limpid eyes and all the appearances of ingenuous youth, and there are old men who have only one fear,— namely, that the place solicited may not reach them in time, and they may die before succeeding in dishonouring themselves. One would surrender himself for a prefecture, another for a receivership, another for a consulship; this one wants a tobacconist's shop, that one an embassy. All want money, — some more, some less; for it is of the salary they are thinking, not of the office. Each has his hand outstretched; all offer themselves for sale. One of these days an assayer of consciences will be appointed, just as there is an assayer of coin.

What! they have come to this? What! those very men who supported the *coup d'état;* those very men who were frightened by the red ogre and the *Jacquerie* trash in 1852; those very men who found that this crime was good, because, according to them, it extricated from peril their incomes, their money-boxes, their quittances and receipts,— these same men do not understand that the material interest which alone floated amid an immense moral shipwreck would be, after all, but a poor and worthless waif, and that that situation is indeed frightful and monstrous of which it may be said, "All is saved, except honour"? The words "independence," "enfranchisement," "progress," "popular pride," "national self-respect," "French greatness," can no longer be

uttered in France. Hush! these words make too much noise; we must walk on the tips of our toes, and speak low. We are in the chamber of a sick man. What is that man? He is the chief, he is the master; everybody obeys him. Everybody respects him, then? No, everybody despises him. Oh, what a situation!

And military honour,—where is it? Let us no longer speak, if you wish, of what the army did in December, but of what it is undergoing at the present moment, of him who is at its head, and of him who is above its head. Do you think of this? Does it think of it? O Army of the Republic!—army that had for captains generals paid four francs a day! army that had for chiefs Carnot, austerity; Hoche, honour; Marceau, disinterestedness, Kléber, devotion; Joubert, probity; Desaix, virtue; Bonaparte, genius!—O French army! poor unhappy army! misled and misguided by these men of to-day! What will they do with it, where will they conduct it, in what will they employ it? What parodies are we destined to see and hear? Alas! what sort of men are those who command our regiments and who govern? The master—we know him. This general would have been "attached" on the 3d of December; it is why he *made* the 2d. This other is the "borrower" of the twenty-five millions from the Bank; this other is the man of "the Gold Ingots." "A friend" of this other said to him before he was minister: "You are bilking us with your shares in the affair in question; if there is swindling, I must be in it, however!" Another, who has the epaulets, has just been convicted of fraud. Another, who also has the epaulets, received on the morning of the 2d of December a hundred thousand francs "for eventualities;" he was only a colonel, if he had been a general he would have had more. Another, who is a general, was a body-guard of Louis XVIII.,

and stood as sentinel behind the king at Mass; he was dismissed for cutting off a gold acorn from the throne and putting it in his pocket; he was, in consequence, expelled from the guards. (Surely, to these men a column might be raised, *ex ære capto*, with the money taken.) Another, who is a general of division, appropriated fifty-two thousand francs, to the personal knowledge of Colonel Charras, out of the funds used for the construction of the villages of Saint-André and Saint-Hippolyte near Mascara. Another, who is commander-in-chief, was nicknamed at Ghent, where he was known, General *Cinq-cent-francs*. Another, who is Minister of War, owes it to the clemency of General Rulhière that he was not brought before a council of war. Such are the men. It does n't matter. Forward! beat drums, sound trumpets, wave flags! Soldiers! from the height of the pyramids the forty thieves are gazing on you!

Let us get ahead with this painful question, and examine it in all its aspects.

The mere spectacle of such good fortune as that of Monsieur Bonaparte placed on the summit of the State would suffice to demoralize a people. There always is, and that through the fault of social institutions, which ought, above all, to enlighten and civilize, — there always is among a population as numerous as that of France a class which is ignorant, which suffers, which covets, which struggles, placed between the bestial instinct that urges to take and the moral law that invites to labour. In the painful and distressed condition in which it still exists, this class to keep upright and honest needs all the pure and holy light which is found in the Gospel; it needs that the spirit of Jesus on the one hand, and the spirit of the French Revolution on the other, should address it in the same manly language, and show forth unceasingly, as the only beacon worthy

of the eyes of man, the lofty and mysterious laws of human destiny, — abnegation, devotion, self-sacrifice, labour which conducts to material happiness, probity which conducts to interior happiness. Even with this perpetual teaching, at once human and divine, this class, so worthy of sympathy and fraternity, often succumbs; suffering and temptation are stronger than virtue. Now, do you understand the infamous counsels which the success of Monsieur Bonaparte gives to this class? A poor man in rags, without resources, without labour, is there in the shadow, at the corner of the street, seated upon a post; he is meditating and at the same time resisting a bad action; now he wavers and now he is strong; he is hungry, and he would like to steal; to steal, he must have a false key, he must climb a wall; then, the false key made, and the wall climbed, he reaches the money-box; if any one awakens, if he is hindered, he will have to kill; his hair stands on end, his eyes grow wild; his conscience, the voice of God, revolts, and cries to him: "Stop! it is wrong! these are crimes!" At that moment the head of the State passes by; the man sees Monsieur Bonaparte in the uniform of a general, with the red ribbon, and lackeys in gold-laced liveries, riding at full gallop towards his palace in a carriage drawn by four horses. The wretch, halting in presence of his crime, drinks in greedily this splendid vision; and the serenity of Monsieur Bonaparte, and his gold epaulets and the red ribbon and the livery and the palace and the carriage with four horses say to him, "Succeed!" He hangs on to this apparition; he follows it; he runs to the Elysée. A splendidly arrayed crowd is following in the wake of their prince; all kinds of carriages pass through this gate, and he gets a glimpse of men happy and joyous. Yonder is an ambassador; the ambassador looks at him and says,

"Succeed!" Yonder is a judge; the judge looks at him and says, "Succeed!" Yonder is a bishop: the bishop looks at him and says, "Succeed!" So for him henceforth the whole moral law consists in getting clear of the police. To rob, pillage, stab, assassinate, is bad only when you are stupid enough to allow yourself to be taken. Every man who meditates a crime has a constitution to violate, an oath to infringe, an obstacle to destroy. In a word, take your measures well; be clever, — succeed. The only guilty actions are those that miscarry. You put your hand in the pocket of some passer-by, in the evening, at nightfall, in a lonely place; he seizes you, you surrender; he takes you prisoner, and leads you to the station: you are guilty, to the galleys! You do not surrender; you have a knife about you, — you plunge it into the throat of the man; he falls, he is dead; now take his purse and get off. Bravo! it is a thing cleverly done. You have shut the victim's mouth, the only witness that could speak; you will have no further trouble. If you had only robbed the man, you would have done wrong; kill him, and you are right.

Succeed! that is everything. Ah, this is a thing to be dreaded. On the day when the human conscience becomes abashed, on the day when success makes right, all is over. The last flickering ray of morality ascends again to heaven; darkness is in the soul of man. All that is left you is to devour one another, — ferocious beasts!

To moral degradation is joined political degradation. Monsieur Bonaparte treats France as a conquered country. He effaces republican inscriptions; he cuts down the trees of liberty and makes fagots of them. There was in the Place Bourgogne a statue of the Republic, — he uses a pickaxe on it; there was a figure of the Re-

public, crowned with ears of wheat, on the coinage, — Monsieur Bonaparte puts the profile of Monsieur Bonaparte in its place. He has his bust crowned and harangued in the public markets, as Gessler had his cap saluted. The bumpkins of the faubourgs were accustomed to sing in chorus, when returning from work in the evening; they sang the grand republican songs, — the "Marseillaise," the "Chant du Départ." They were ordered to cease; the denizens of the faubourgs must no longer sing; obscene and bacchanalian ditties are alone permitted.

This triumph has been so great that Monsieur Bonaparte is no longer embarrassed about things. Yesterday there was a certain amount of caution; the fusilade took place at night. This was horrible enough, but it evinced some degree of shame. To-day there is a public display; fear has vanished; the guillotine is erected in broad daylight. Who are guillotined? Who? The men of the law, and justice is there! Who? The men of the people, and the people are there! This is not all. There is one man in Europe who horrifies Europe; he has sacked Lombardy, erected gibbets in Hungary, and flogged a woman under the gibbet on which her husband and son hung strangled. The terrible letter in which this woman relates the foul deed, and says, "My heart has become stone," is still remembered. Last year this man thought he would visit London as a tourist, and being in London he had a fancy to enter a brewery, — the brewery of Barclay and Perkins. There he was recognized; a voice murmured, "It is Haynau!" "It is Haynau!" repeated the workmen. There was a frightful roar; the crowd made a rush on the wretch, tore out fistfuls of his infamous white hair, spat in his face, and flung him outside. Well! this old epauletted bandit, who still feels on his cheek the terrible buffet

of the English people, has been invited, it is announced, to visit France at the invitation of "Monseigneur the Prince President." It is but just. London outraged him; Paris owes him an ovation. It will be a reparation. Be it so; we shall witness it. Haynau was received with curses and hooting at the Perkins brewery; at the Saint Antoine brewery he should be presented with flowers. The Faubourg Saint Antoine will receive orders to be good. The Faubourg Saint Antoine, mute, motionless, and impassive, will see Louis Bonaparte, the butcher of the boulevard, giving his arm to Haynau, the flogger of women; will see them pass along its old revolutionary streets, — the one in French uniform, the other in Austrian, — triumphant, and chatting like two old friends.

Go on! continue! heap insult upon insult! disfigure this France prostrate on the pavement! render her unrecognizable! crush the face of the people with repeated blows of your heel! Oh, grant me, find out for me, invent, discover for me any way, short of the dagger (which I will not have: a Brutus for this man! shame! shame! he does not deserve even Louvel), — find me any means whatever of casting down this man and delivering my country; of casting down this man, — this man of craft, this man of falsehood, this man of success, this man of woe! Any means, the first at hand, — pen, sword, paving-stone, riot, by the people or by the soldier, — yes, whatever it be, provided it be loyal and open, I lay hold of it, we all lay hold of it, we the proscribed, if it can restore liberty; deliver the Republic, raise our country out of shame, and send back into the dust, into his past oblivion, into the slums from which he emerged, this imperial ruffian, this pickpocket prince, this vagabond of kings, this traitor, this circus-rider, this radiant ruler, unshaken, satisfied, crowned by his happy crime;

who comes and goes, and walks peacefully through shuddering Paris, and who has everything in his favour, — the Bourse, the shop, the magistracy, all influences, all guarantees, all invocations, from the *Nom de Dieu* of the soldier to the *Te Deum* of the priest! Truly, when one keeps his eyes fixed too long on certain aspects of this spectacle there are times when a kind of giddiness seizes the firmest minds.

Still, does this Bonaparte do himself justice? Has he any glimmer, any idea, any perception, any suspicion whatever of his infamy? Really, one is compelled to doubt it. Yes, sometimes to hear the lofty phrases that escape him, his incredible appeals to that posterity which will shudder with anger when it comes across him, — to listen to him speaking with entire self-possession of his "legitimacy" and of his "mission," a person would be almost tempted to believe that he has succeeded in having a high consideration for himself, and that his head is turned to such a degree that he no longer knows what he is nor what he does. He believes in the adhesion of the proletariat; he believes in the good-will of kings; he believes in the *fête* of the eagles; he believes in the harangues of the Council of State; he believes in the benedictions of the bishops; he believes in the oath he has had sworn to himself; he believes in the seven million five hundred thousand votes! He speaks now, finding himself in the temper of Augustus, of "amnestying" the proscribed. Usurpation amnestying right! treason amnestying honour! cowardice amnestying courage! crime amnestying virtue! He is so brutalized by success that he finds all this quite natural.

Strange effect of intoxication! singular optical illusion! He sees something glorious, splendid, radiant, in that thing of the 14th of January; in that constitution soiled with mud, stained with blood, adorned with

chains, drawn amid the hootings of Europe by the police, the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State, all shod anew! He takes for a triumphal chariot, and will have it driven as such under the Arc d'Étoile, that hurdle on which he stands, hideous, with scourge in hand, dragging after him the bloody corpse of the Republic!

SECOND PART.

MOURNING AND FAITH.

I.

PROVIDENCE, by the mere fact of universal life, leads on to maturity men, things, events. In order that an old world fade away, it is sufficient for civilization, ascending majestically towards her solstice, to illuminate ancient institutions, ancient prejudices, ancient laws, and ancient manners. Her radiance burns up the past and devours it. Civilization enlightens (this is the visible fact), and at the same time consumes (this is the mysterious fact). Under its influence, that which should decline declines, and that which should grow old grows old, slowly and without shock; wrinkles come to things condemned, be they castes, or codes, or institutions, or religions.

This travail of decrepitude is in some sort its own work, — fertilizing decrepitude under which germinates the new life. Destruction goes on gradually; deep crevices which we do not see branch out in the shadow and reduce to dust the interior of that venerable formation which still seems massive from the outside; and then suddenly, some fine day, that antique pile of worm-eaten facts which compose decaying societies becomes unsightly; the edifice cracks, splits, and leans forward. After this nothing can hold together. Let one of those giants peculiar to revolutions arise; let this giant raise his hand, and all is over. There has been such an hour

in history, when a blow of Danton's elbow would make Europe crumble. 1848 was one of those hours. Old Europe, feudal, monarchic, and papal, staggered. But a Danton was lacking. The fall did not take place.

It has been often said, in the threadbare phraseology employed in such cases, that 1848 had opened a gulf. No. The corpse of the past was stretched over Europe; it is still so now. 1848 opened a ditch, and was proceeding to throw that corpse into it; it is that ditch that was taken for a gulf. In 1848, all who clung to the past, all who lived on the corpse, saw that ditch close by them. Not only were the kings on their thrones, the cardinals under their birettas, and the captains on their war-horses thrown into agitation; but whoever had any interest whatever in this thing that was about to disappear; whoever cultivated a social fiction for his profit, and leased or rented an abuse; whoever was the guardian of a falsehood, the door-keeper of a prejudice, or the farmer of a superstition; whoever utilized the people for his own ends and ground it down with usury, with taxes, and with lies; whoever sold with false weights, — from those who alter a balance to those who falsify a Bible, from the bad trader to the bad priest, from those who manipulate figures to those who coin miracles, — all, from the Jewish banker, who is somewhat of a catholic, to the bishop, who is somewhat of a Jew, — all the men of the past leaned their heads towards one another and trembled. That yawning ditch into which all their fictions, their treasury, were so near falling, — fictions that weighed over man for so many centuries, — they resolved to fill up. They resolved to wall it in, to pile stones and rocks on it, and on the heap to erect a gibbet, and to hang on that bloody and gloomy gibbet the great criminal — Truth! They resolved to have done once for all with the spirit of

enfranchisement and emancipation, and to tread down and crush forever the ascending forces of humanity.

The undertaking was a serious one. What it was we have already indicated, more than once, in this book and elsewhere. To undo the labours of twenty generations; to take the nineteenth century by the throat and slay in it three centuries, — the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth (that is to say, Luther, Descartes, and Voltaire, — religious inquiry, philosophical inquiry, universal inquiry); to crush throughout Europe that immense vegetation of free thought, — a great oak here, a blade of grass there; to marry the knout and the holy-water sprinkler; to put more of Spain in the South and more of Russia in the North; to resuscitate all that could be resuscitated of the Inquisition, and stifle all that could be stifled of intelligence; to stupefy youth, — in other words, to brutalize the future; to force the world to be present at the *auto-da-fé* of ideas; to overturn the tribunes, to suppress the journal, the public poster, books, utterances of every sort, — a cry, a murmur, a whisper; to create silence; to hunt down thought in the printer's case, in the composing-stick, in the leaden letter, in the stereotype plate, in the lithograph, in the theatre, in the mouth of the actor, in the copy-book of the school-master, in the pack of the pamphlet-hawker; to preach to man material interest as his faith, his law, his aim, and his God; to say to the people, "Eat, and think no longer;" to displace the brain of man and put it in his stomach; to extinguish individual initiative, local life, national aspirations, all the profound instincts that urge man towards rectitude; to annihilate that *ego* of nations which is called fatherland; to destroy nationality among divided and dismembered populations, constitutions in constitutional states, the Republic in France, liberty everywhere, and everywhere

to stamp out human effort: in a word, to close up that abyss which is named "progress," — such was the vast, enormous plan, extending over Europe, which no person conceived singly, for not one of those men of the old world had the genius to do so, but which all followed.

As to the plan itself, as to this immense idea of universal repression, whence did it come? Who can say? It was in the air; it appeared in the direction of the past; it lit up certain souls; it pointed out certain paths; it was like a glare of light issuing from the tomb of Machiavelli. At certain times of human history, when certain things are being plotted, when certain things are being done, it seems as if the old demons of humanity — Louis XI., Philip II., Catherine de Medicis, the Duke of Alba, Torquemada — are somewhere there in a corner, seated around a table and holding council. Yet, when we look and search, instead of the colossuses of old we see abortions; where we imagined the Duke of Alba, we find Schwartzenberg; where we imagined Torquemada, we find Veuillot. The ancient European despotism continues its march with these little men, and never ceases; it resembles the Czar Peter when travelling, — "We take relays of horses where we find them," he wrote, "and when we have no more Tartar horses we take asses." To attain this end, — the repression of everything and of every one, — it was necessary to tread a dark, tortuous, hard, and difficult road: it has been trodden. Some of those who entered it knew what they were doing.

Parties live on words. These men, these ringleaders, who were terrified and united by 1848 had, as we have said before, found their words, — "religion," "family," "property." Certain obscure phrases of what is called "socialism" they turned to account with that vulgar adroitness which suffices to impress timidity. It was necessary "to save religion, property, the family, the

flag!" they said; and the rabble rout of scared interests flocked to their side. They coalized, faced around, formed a square. They crowded together; and this crowd was composed of diverse elements. The proprietor entered it because his income had diminished; the peasant, because he had to pay the forty-five centimes; such a one who did not believe in God believed it necessary to save religion because he was compelled to sell his horses. The force which this crowd contained was released and made available. With it repression became the order of the day everywhere, and by means of everything, — by law, by arbitrary power, by assemblies, by tribunes, by the jury, by the magistracy, by the police; in Lombardy by the sabre, in Naples by the dungeon, in Hungary by the gibbet. To muzzle intellects, to fetter minds again (slaves escaped for a moment), to prevent the disappearance of the past, to prevent the birth of the future, to perpetuate the power of kings, and of all powerful, privileged, and fortunate personages, — everything became good, everything became just, everything became legitimate. For the necessities of the struggle a moral ambuscade against liberty was contrived and spread over the world, — put in action by Ferdinand at Palermo, Antonelli at Rome, Schwartzenberg at Milan and Pesth, and later on, by the men of December at Paris, those wolves of the human race.

There was among the peoples one people which was a sort of eldest brother in the family of the oppressed, which was like a prophet in the tribune of mankind. This people took the initiative in all the movements of humanity. It said, "Come!" and all followed. As a complement to the fraternity of men which is in the Gospel, this nation taught the fraternity of nations. It spoke by the voice of its writers, of its poets, of its philosophers, and its orators as by a single mouth; and its

words went to the extremities of the world, to settle like tongues of fire on the brows of all nations. It presided at the Divine Supper of human intelligence; it multiplied the bread of life to those who wandered in the desert. One day a storm encompassed it; it walked over the abyss and said to the frightened peoples, "Why fear ye?" The waves of the revolutions it raised grew calm under its feet, and far from engulfing, glorified it. Nations sick, suffering, and feeble pressed around it. This one limped; the chain of the Inquisition, riveted on her limbs for three hundred years, had lamed her: it said, "Walk!" and she walked. This other was blind; the old Roman papism had filled her eyes with fog and with night: it said to her, "See!" and she opened her eyes and saw. It said: "Throw away your crutches; that is to say, your prejudices. Throw away your bandages; that is to say, your superstitions. Stand up erect, raise your heads, look at the heavens, contemplate God! The future is yours, O peoples! You have a leper, — ignorance; you have a plague, — fanaticism; there is not one of you that does not bear one of those frightful maladies which is termed a despot. March on, forward! break the bonds of evil! I am your deliverer, your physician!" Through all the earth there was a grateful shout from the peoples which these words were restoring to health and strength. On one day it approached dead Poland; it lifted its finger and cried, "Arise!" and dead Poland arose.

This people the men of the past, whose fall it prophesied, dreaded and hated. By craft, and tortuous patience and audacity, they seized and succeeded in garoting it at last. For more than three years the world has witnessed a gigantic execution, a frightful spectacle. For more than three years the men of the past, the scribes and pharisees, the publicans and the high-priests, are

crucifying, in presence of the human race, the Christ of the peoples,— the French people. Some have furnished the cross, others the nails, others the hammer. Falloux has placed on her brow the crown of thorns; Montalembert has pressed the sponge of gall and vinegar on her lips; Louis Bonaparte is the wretched soldier who has pierced her side and forced from her the last cry, "Eli! Eli! Lamma Sabacthani!"

And now it is all over. The French people is dead. The great tomb is opened to receive it for three days.

II.

Let us have faith. Let us not be cast down. To despair is to desert.

Let us look to the future. The future! We know not what storms separate us from the port, but the far-off and radiant port is before our eyes. The future, we repeat, is the Republic for all; let us add, — the future is peace with all.

Let us not adopt the vulgar caprice of calumniating and dishonouring the age in which we live. Erasmus called the sixteenth century "the excrement of the times,"—*fex temporum.* Bossuet styled the seventeenth century "a bad and petty age." Rousseau branded the eighteenth century with these words: "This great rottenness in which we live." Posterity has taken these illustrious men to task; it has said to Erasmus, "The sixteenth century is great;" it has said to Bossuet, "The seventeenth century is great;" it has said to Rousseau, "The eighteenth century is great." Moreover, even if the infamy of these ages were real, these men would still have been in the wrong. The thinker must accept with simplicity and calmness the environment

amid which Providence has placed him. The splendour of human intelligence, the elevation of genius, is not less striking by contrast than by harmony with the times. A stoical and thoughtful man is not lessened by external degradation. Virgil, Petrarch, and Racine are great in their purple; Job on his dunghill is greater still.

But we who are men of the nineteenth century can say that the nineteenth century is not a dunghill. Whatever may be the shame of the moment; whatever be the blows dealt us by the backward and forward motion of events; whatever be the apparent desertion or the momentary lethargy of minds, — none of us democrats will deny the magnificent epoch in which we live, the virile age of humanity. Let us proclaim it aloud, proclaim it in downfall and defeat. This century is the grandest of centuries! And do you know why? Because it is the mildest. This century, the immediate issue of the French Revolution and its first-born, is freeing the slave in America, raising the pariah in Asia, extinguishing the suttee in India, and tramping out the last embers of the stake in Europe. It is civilizing Turkey; getting the spirit of the Gospel even into the Koran; elevating woman; subordinating the right of the stronger to the right of him who has more justice on his side; suppressing pirates; diminishing penalties; improving the sanitation of prisons; throwing the branding-iron into the sewer; condemning the penalty of death; taking away the ball from the legs of criminals; abolishing torture; discrediting and stigmatizing the sword; rendering harmless its Dukes of Alba and its Charles IX.'s, and tearing from tyrants their claws. This age proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and consecrates the man. In art it has genius of all kinds,

— writers, orators, poets, historians, publicists, philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians; majesty, grace, power, strength, splendour, depth, colour, form, and style. It steeps itself at once in the real and the ideal, and bears in its hands the two thunderbolts, — the true and the beautiful. In science it accomplishes all miracles; it makes a saltpetre out of cotton, a horse out of steam, a workman out of Volta's battery, a messenger out of the electric fluid, a painter out of the sun. It opens on two infinities two windows, the telescope and the microscope, — the one on the infinitely great, the other on the infinitely little; and it finds in the abyss of the insects as well as in the abyss of the stars a proof that God is! It suppresses duration, it suppresses distance, it suppresses suffering; it writes a letter from London to Paris, and receives a reply in ten minutes; it cuts off a thigh from a man, and the man sings and smiles. There is one more progress to be realized, and it is drawing near to it, — a progress that is nothing in comparison with the other miracles which it has already performed: it has but to find the means of guiding in a mass of air a lighter bubble of air. It has already the bubble of air, — it holds it imprisoned; it has but to find the impulsive force, to make the vacuum before the air-balloon, to burn the air before it as the fusee does the powder before it: it has only to resolve in any fashion whatever this problem, and it will resolve it, — and do you know what will happen then? That very instant frontiers vanish, barriers are effaced; the entire Chinese wall around thought, around commerce, around industry, around nationalities, around progress, falls down. In despite of censorships, in despite of indexes, it rains books and journals on all sides; Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, fall in hail-showers on Rome, Naples, Vienna, St. Petersburg; the human word is manna, and

the serf picks it up in the furrows; fanaticisms die, oppression is impossible. Man was crawling along the earth,— he is free; civilization becomes a cloud of birds, and flies and whirls around and perches at the same time on all points of the globe. Stay! do you see her yonder? She is passing! Level your cannon, old despotisms, — she disdains you; you are but the ball, she is the lightning. No more hatreds, no more self-interests devouring one another, no more wars; a new life made up of harmony and light prevails and tranquillizes the world; the fraternity of nations traverses space and communicates in the eternal azure; men meet one another in the heavens!

While watching for this last progress, observe the point to which this century has conducted civilization already. Once there was a world in which men walked with slow steps, with bent back and with bowed head; in which Count de Gouvan had himself waited on at table by Jean Jacques; in which the Chevalier de Rohan had Voltaire cudgelled; in which Daniel de Foe was put in the pillory; in which a town like Dijon was separated from a town like Paris by the necessity of making a will, by robbers at all the corners of the woods and a ride of ten days in a coach; in which a book was a kind of infamy and filth, which the executioner burned on the steps of the Palace of Justice; in which superstition and ferocity gave each other the hand; in which the Pope said to the Emperor, "Jungamus dexteras, gladium gladio copulemus;" in which crosses were met at every step from which hung amulets, and gibbets from which hung men; in which there were heretics, Jews, and lepers; in which houses had loop-holes and battlements; in which the streets were closed by a chain, the rivers by a chain, the camps even by a chain (as at the battle of Tolosa), the cities by walls, kingdoms by prohibitions

and penalties; in which except authority and force, always in the closest union, all was divided, severed, kept apart, alienated, set at variance, hating and hated, scattered and dead, — men dust, power a block of iron. To-day there is a world in which all is living, united, interlinked, and incorporated, — a world in which reign thought, commerce, and industry; in which political ideas, becoming more and more fixed, are tending towards an amalgamation with science, — a world in which the last scaffolds and the last cannon are hastening to cut off the last heads and vomit forth the last shells, — a world in which distance has disappeared; in which Constantinople is nearer to Paris than Lyons was a hundred years ago; in which America and Europe throb with the same heart-beat, — a world of universal dissemination and of universal love, whose brain is France, whose arteries are railways, and whose fibres are electric wires. Do you not see that to expound such a situation is to explain everything, to demonstrate everything, and to resolve everything? Do you not feel that the old world had of necessity an old soul, — tyranny; and that on the new world a young soul is about to descend necessarily, irresistibly, divinely, — liberty?

This was the work the nineteenth century had done among men and was gloriously continuing, — the nineteenth century, that century of decline, that century of decay, that century of abasement, as say the pedants, the rhetoricians, the imbeciles, and all that filthy brood of bigots, rogues, and knaves who sanctimoniously bespatter glory with their gall, who declare Pascal a madman, Voltaire a coxcomb, and Rousseau a brute, and whose triumph would set a dunce's cap on the human race!

You speak of the Lower Empire? Do you do so seriously? Had the Lower Empire behind it John Huss,

Luther, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Pascal, Molière, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Mirabeau? Had the Lower Empire behind it the taking of the Bastille, and the Federation, Danton, Robespierre, and the Convention? Had the Lower Empire America? Had the Lower Empire universal suffrage? Had the Lower Empire the two ideas of country and humanity, — country, the idea which enlarges the heart; humanity, the idea which enlarges the horizon? Do you know that under the Lower Empire Constantinople was falling into ruin, and at its capture had no more than thirty thousand inhabitants? Has Paris come to this? Because you have seen a pretorian onslaught successful, you declare you are in the Lower Empire. It is easy to say it, and cowardly to think it. But reflect for a moment, if you can. Had the Lower Empire the mariner's compass, the voltaic pile, the printing-press, the journal, the locomotive, the electric telegraph? — so many wings which bear man aloft, and which the Lower Empire had not. Where the Lower Empire crept, the nineteenth century soars. Do you really believe what you are saying? What! we will again see the Empress Zoe, Romanus Argyrus, Nicephorus, Logothetes, Michael Calafates? Folly! Do you imagine that Providence is an echo of itself? Do you believe that God is eternally repeating the same thing?

Let us have faith! Self-mockery is the beginning of baseness. Let us affirm the truth. It is by such affirmation we become good; it is by such affirmation we become great. Yes, the enfranchisement of intelligence, and the consequent enfranchisement of peoples, was the sublime task the nineteenth century was accomplishing in co-operation with France; for the double providential travail of the time and of the men, of maturity and of action, was blended in the common

work, and the great nation was the beacon of the great epoch.

O my country! it is now, when we behold thee bleeding, lifeless, with drooping head and closed eyes, and open mouth that no longer speaks; with the marks of the whip on thy shoulders, and the imprint of the nails of the boots of thy executioners on thy entire body, naked and soiled, and like unto the dead; the object of hatred and, alas! object of derision, — it is now, O my country! that the heart of the proscribed overflows with love and respect for thee! Thou liest motionless. The men of despotism and of oppression laugh, and delight in the haughty delusion that thou art to be feared no more. Fleeting will be their joy. The nations who are in darkness forget the past and see only the present and despise thee. Pardon them; they know not what they do. Despise thee! Great God! despise France? And who are they? What language do they speak? What books have they in their hands? What names do they know by heart? What posters are pasted on the walls of their theatres! What form have their arts, their laws, their manners, their garments, their pleasures, their fashions? What is the great date for them as for us? '89! If they take France out of their soul, what is left them? O peoples! though Greece were fallen, and fallen forever, would she be despised? Is Italy despised? Can France be despised? Gaze on those paps! she is your nurse. Gaze on that womb! she is your mother. If she sleeps, if she is in a lethargy, silence and hats off! If she is dead, on your knees!

The exiles are scattered; the winds of destiny disperse men as a handful of ashes. Some are in Belgium, in Piedmont, in Switzerland, where they have no liberty; others are in London, where they have no shelter

One is a peasant, torn from his natal vineyard; another is a soldier, having but the fragment of the sword broken in his hand; another a workman, ignorant of the language of the country, without clothing and without shoes, he knows not where he will get to-morrow's meal; another has quitted a wife and children, the darlings of his heart, the object of his toil, the joy of his life; another has an old white-haired mother weeping his absence, another an old father who will die without again beholding him; another has left behind him his love, the adored being who will forget him, — yet they stand erect, they clasp one another's hands, and they smile. There is no one who does not stand aside respectfully as they pass by; there is no one who does not contemplate with deep emotion, as one of the grandest spectacles afforded to mankind, all these serene consciences, all these broken hearts. They suffer and are silent; in them the citizen has immolated the man; they look adversity calmly in the face; they do not cry out even under the pitiless scourge of misfortune, "Civis Romanus sum!" But at evening, the season of meditation, when all in the foreign town is arrayed in sadness (for that which seems cold in the daytime becomes funereal in the twilight), — at night, when sleep comes not, souls the most stoical become the prey of sorrow and dejection. Where are the little children! Who will give them bread; who will give them their father's kiss? Where is the wife; where is the mother; where is the brother; where are they all? And those songs, heard in the evening in the mother-tongue, — where are they? Where is the wood, the tree, the pathway, the eaves full of nests, the belfry encircled by tombs? Where is the street, where the suburb, the lamp lit before the door, the friends, the workshop, the accustomed toil! And the furniture sold at public auction, the sale invading the sanctuary of

home! Oh, what eternal farewells! Destroyed, dead, cast to the four winds of heaven, is that moral being called the family hearth, made up not only of gossip and tenderness and embraces, but of fixed habits, the visits of friends, the laugh of this one, a shake of the hand from that one, a view from a certain window, the spot where such a piece of furniture rested, the arm-chair where the grandfather sat, the carpet on which the first-born played! Fled are the objects which had received the impress of your life! vanished the visible form of your remembrances! There are certain familiar and obscure phases of sorrow that bend the courage of the proudest. The orator of Rome blenched not as he stretched his neck to the knife of the centurion Lenas, but he wept at the thought of his house demolished by Clodius.

The proscribed are silent; or if they complain, it is among themselves. They know one another, and are doubly brothers, having the same country, and being victims of the same proscription; and so they retail their miseries, brother to brother. He who has money shares it with those who have none; he who has firmness gives a portion to those who lack. Recollections are interchanged, aspirations, hopes. With out-stretched arms they turn in the darkness to that which they have left behind. Oh, how happy yonder are those who no longer think of us! Each suffers, and at moments each becomes incensed. On all memories are engraved the names of all the executioners. Each has something which he curses, — Mazas, the prison-ship, the case-mate, the informer who betrayed him, the spy who lay in wait for him, the gendarme who arrested him, Lambessa where there is a friend, Cayenne where there is a brother. But there is one thing which they all bless; it is France! Ah, a complaint, a word against thee,

France! No, no! never has the fatherland a stronger hold on the heart than in exile. They will do their whole duty with tranquil soul and steadfast perseverance. No longer to behold thee is their sorrow; never to forget thee, their joy. But oh, the sadness of it all! And after eight months it is still in vain we tell ourselves that things are as they are. That yonder is the spire of Saint-Michel and not the Pantheon, that Sainte-Gudule is before our eyes and not Nôtre Dame; we cannot believe it! But it is true; it cannot be denied, and must be acknowledged, though we were to expire from humiliation and despair, that what is yonder, stretched prostrate on the earth, is the nineteenth century, is France!

What! it is this Bonaparte who has consummated this disaster? What! it is in the centre of the greatest people of the world, in the middle of the greatest century of history, that this man has arisen and triumphed? To make France his prey, great God! What the lion would not have dared, the ape has done! what the eagle would have feared to seize in his talons, the parrot has clutched in its claws! what Louis XI. would have failed in, what Richelieu would have hurled himself against in vain, what Napoleon would have been unequal to, — in one single day, between the dark and the dawn, the absurd has become possible; axioms have become chimeras, and everything that was a lie has become a living fact! What! the most signal cooperation of men, the most magnificent movement of ideas, the most tremendous concatenation of events, that which a Titan could not have restrained, that which a Hercules could not have turned aside, the river of humanity in its onward flow, with France surging ahead, civilization, progress, intelligence, revolution, liberty,— all has been brought on one fine morning to a stand, has been absolutely and at a moment's notice, stopped by

this mummer, this dwarf, this stunted Tiberius, this abortion, this nothing! God was marching onward; Louis Bonaparte, with plume on head, threw himself across the path and said to God, "Thou shalt go no farther!" And God has stopped.

And do you imagine that this is so! And do you fancy that this plebiscit exists; that this Constitution of some day or other in January exists; that this Council of State and Legislative Body exist? Do you imagine that there is a lackey called Rouher, a valet called Troplong, a eunuch called Baroche, and a sultan, a pacha, a master, named Louis Bonaparte? You do not see, then, that all this is a chimera! you do not see, then, that the 2d of December is only a monstrous illusion, a pause, a halt, a sort of stage curtain behind which God, that wonderful mechanist, is preparing and building up the last act, — the supreme and triumphal act of the French Revolution! You are gazing stupidly at the curtain, at the things painted on that coarse canvas, — the nose of this one, the epaulets of that one, the big sabre of that other; at those peddlers of cologne-water in their gold lace whom you term generals, those baboons whom you style magistrates, those simple creatures whom you dub senators; and you take this medley of caricatures and spectres for realities! And you do not hear, in the shadow beyond, that muffled sound! you do not hear some one moving backward and forward! you do not see that the breathing of that which is behind makes the canvas tremble!

THE END.

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